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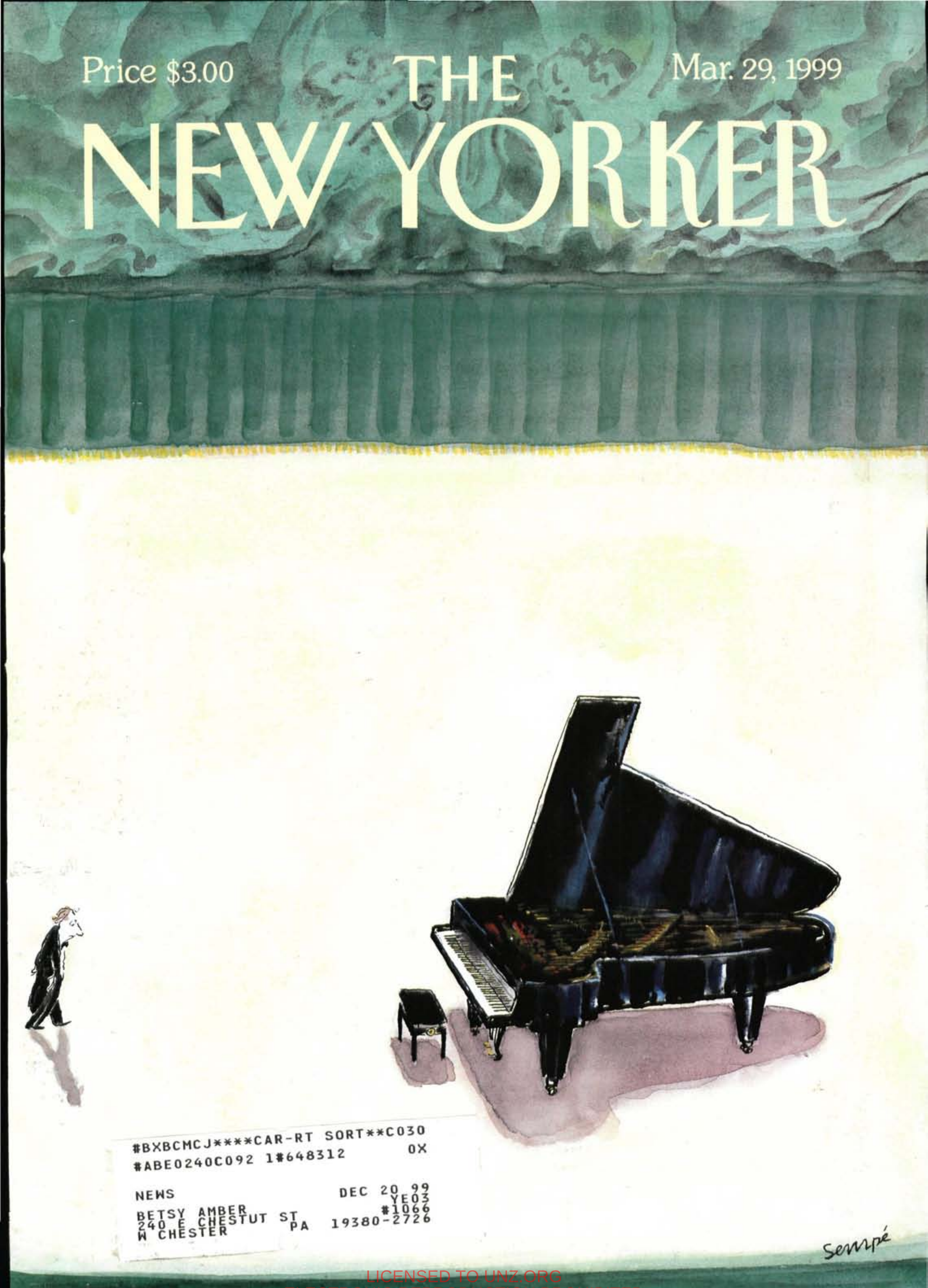

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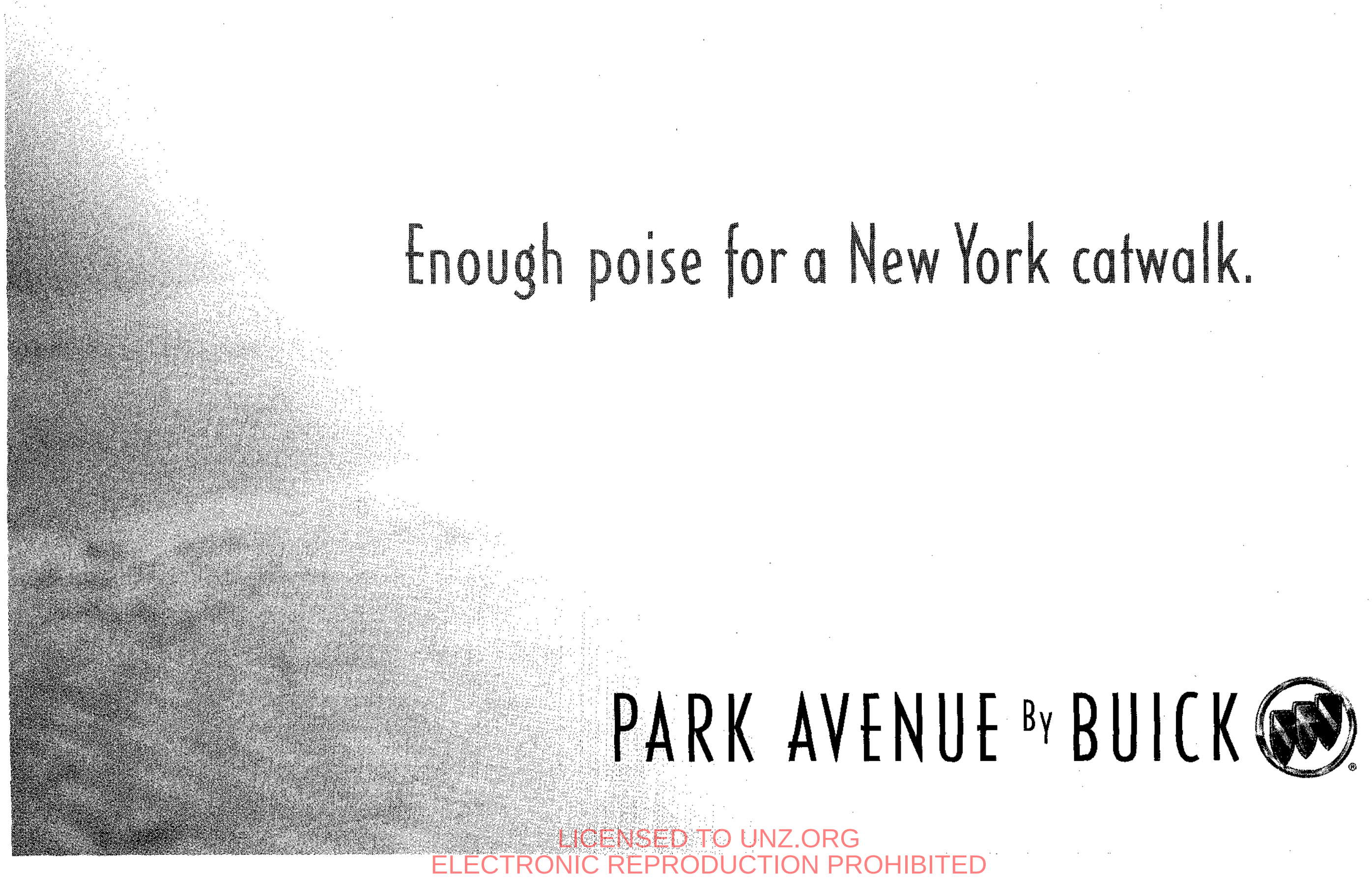
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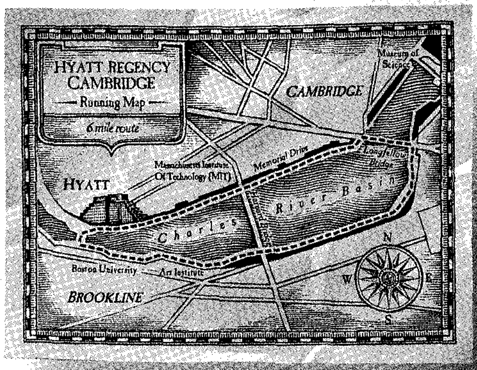
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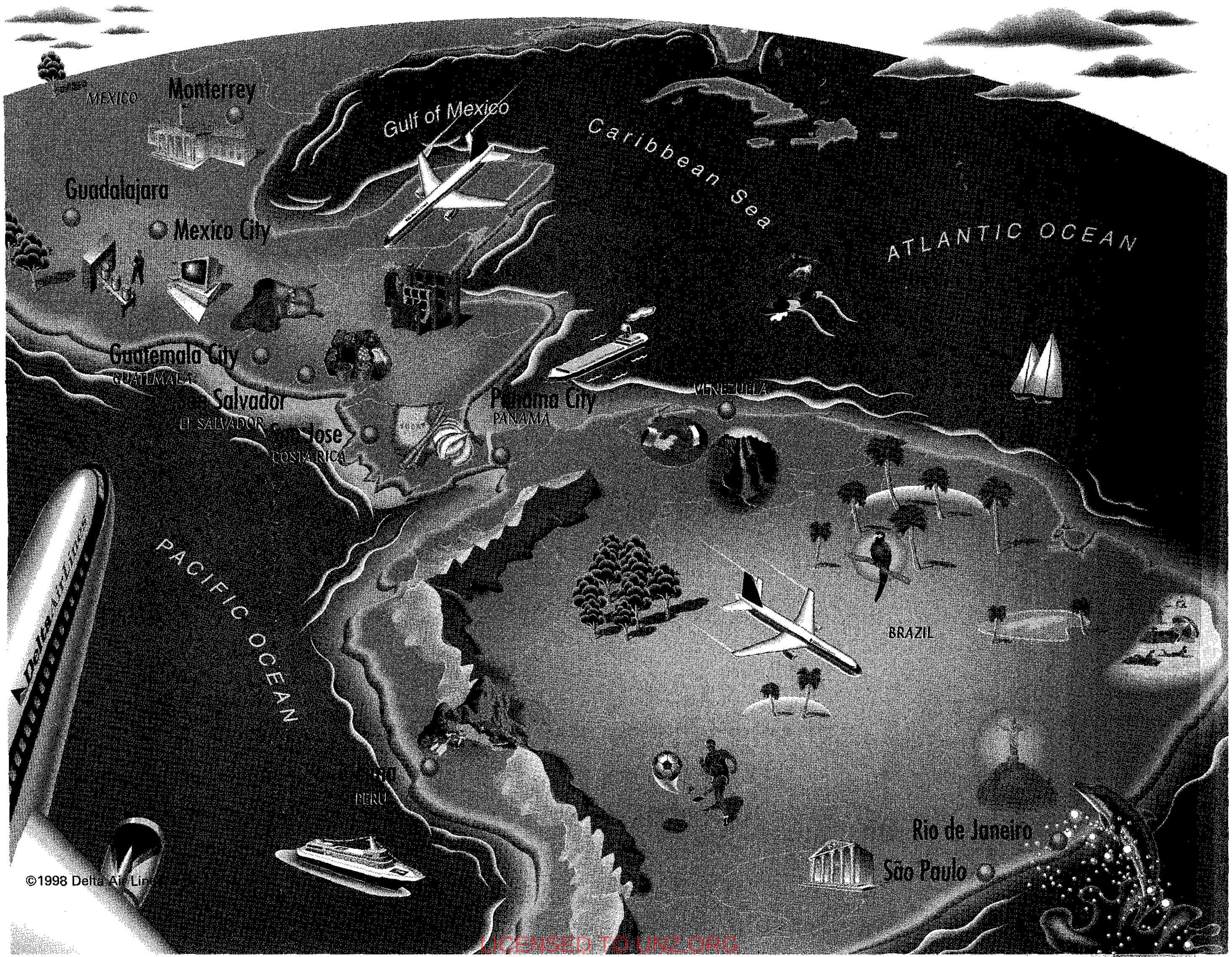
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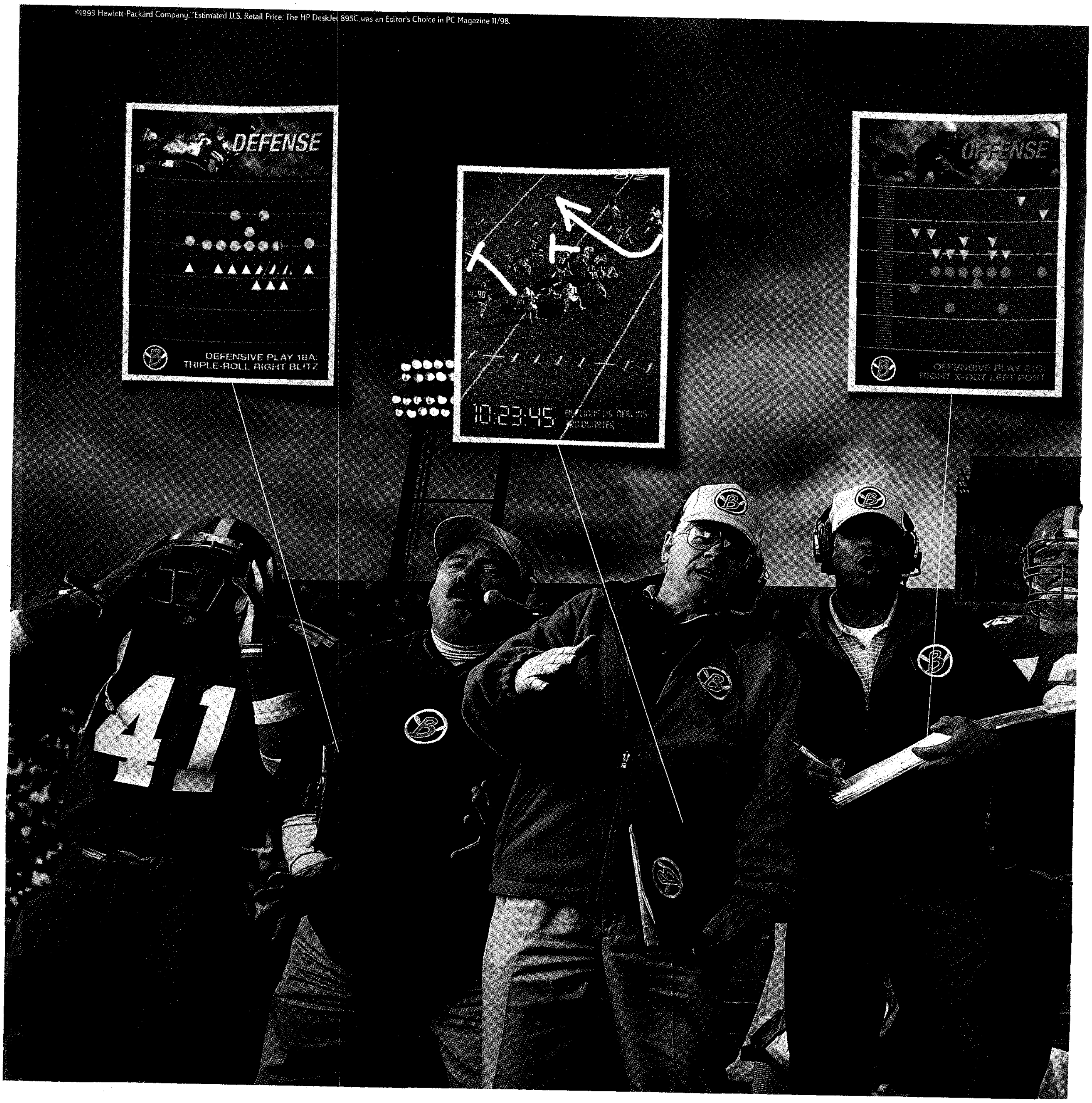
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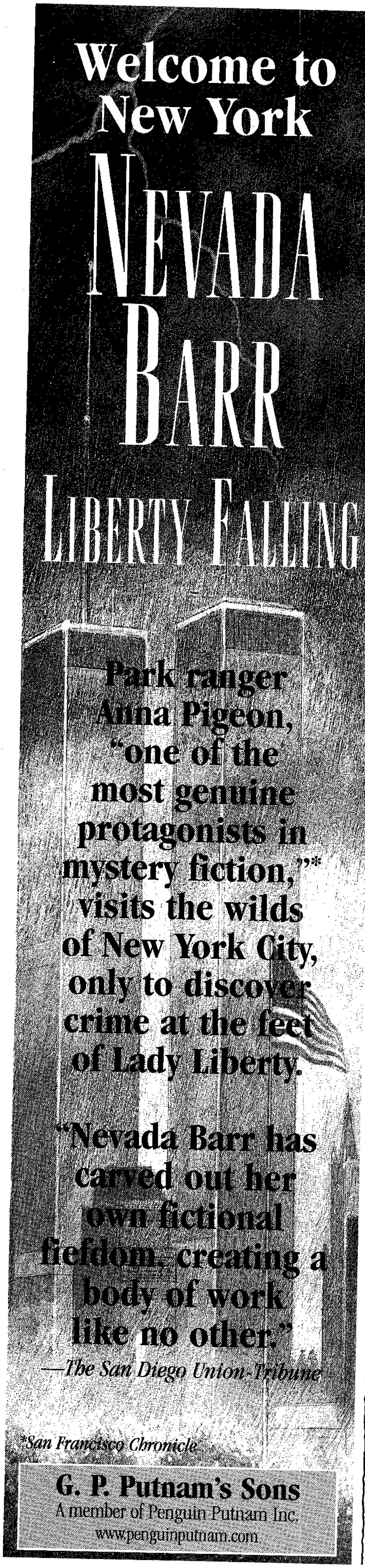
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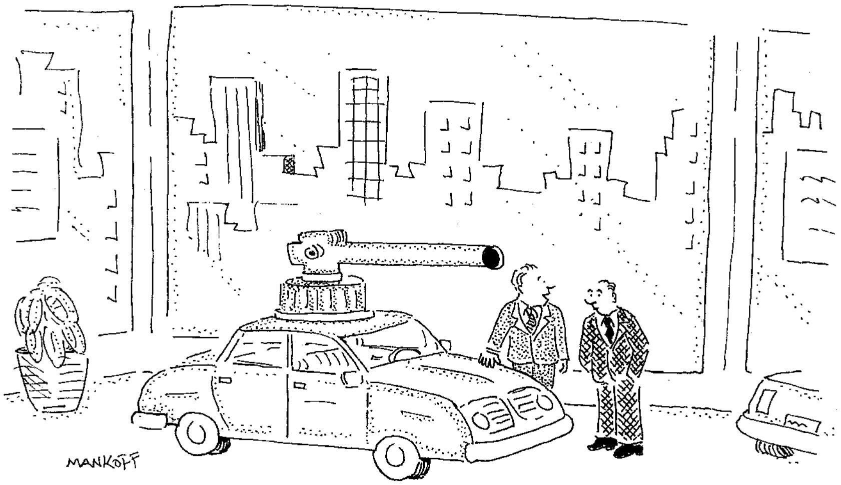

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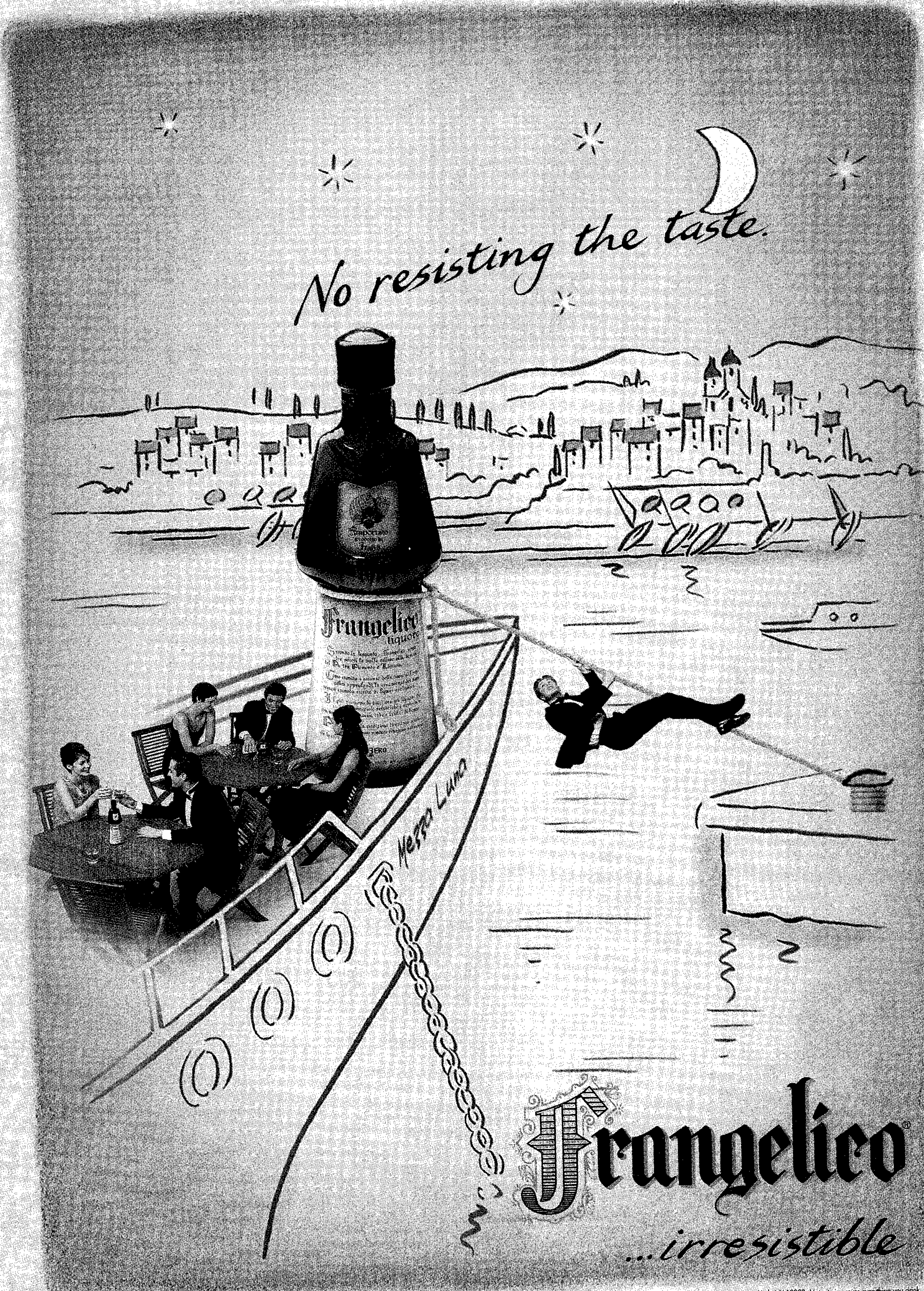
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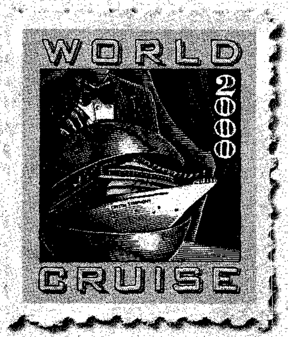

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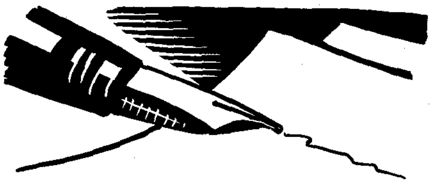

ART AND THE HOLOCAUST

After reading David Denby's first review of Roberto Benigni's "Life Is Beautiful" (November 16, 1998), I was not going to see the movie. But other reviews and word of mouth persuaded me that I should go. And now I find Denby's second review of the movie (The Current Cinema, March 15th) even more inappropriate, because of its insistence that there is one correct view of those past events. Because the Holocaust happened to so many different people, it also happened in as many different ways. It is not one single historical event but millions of personal events. So anyone who says that it would never have happened this way is wrong. The Holocaust happened every way imaginable. Benigni's film told a truth. Art Spiegelman's "Maus" told a truth. Does Denby know the truth better than Benigni does? He writes that "a young child entering Auschwitz would be immediately put to death." I have a friend who is a child survivor of Auschwitz: her mother was able to hide her in a clinic within the camp. It was not until much later that my friend learned that the other children there, who came and went, were twins set aside for experiments by Mengele. "What good did love do anyone at Auschwitz?" Denby asks. I, too, am a child survivor who was saved by her mother's love and cleverness. All of the many ways to represent the Holocaust are true, and all of them fall short. But the fact that Benigni had the courage to show us his vision of it has our—the survivors'—admiration.

KRISTINE KEESE
Plymouth, Mass.

Mr. Denby suggests that "Life Is Beautiful" represents "a benign form of Holocaust denial," but both the film's humor and its poignance depend upon the audience's remembrance of the Holocaust. Everything the audience knows about the Holocaust lurks in the film's periphery. Denby's insistence that a successful Holocaust counter-fantasy depict the Nazis' fiendish efficiency assumes that a movie's viewers, like Benigni's innocent son, will believe that the showers are just showers until they're shown otherwise. It's Denby who is treating us all like children.

ERIC MCHENRY
Boston, Mass.

"Life Is Beautiful" demonstrates popular culture's ability to transform everything it touches, regardless of how shameful or grim, into gold. The movie also establishes a milestone in the public memory of the Holocaust—a mark in the road beyond which facts are disregarded and fantasy rushes in to fill the void.

PETER HIMMELSTEIN
New York City

REMEMBERING MALINOWSKI

In "The Man Who Remembers" (February 15th), Bronislaw Malinowski, the Polish-born anthropologist who first wrote about the Trobriand Islands, serves as an almost comic foil to Giancarlo Scoditti and his experience on those same islands. Malinowski is portrayed as a bungling prude who, in Scoditti's view, failed to unlock the secrets of Trobriand culture and dismissed their sexual customs as "totally depraved." This is unfair to Malinowski. In his book, "The Sexual Life of Savages," Malinowski, arguably the inventor of ethnographic fieldwork, offers an unrelenting critique of judging a "primitive" culture by one's own standards. Scoditti's experiences, however, read like a familiar first-contact saga: the natives turn over the keys to their disappearing culture to a beloved visitor from the West. Scoditti's work with the Kitawans may be worthy of praise, but it's a praise that should not be won at the expense of Malinowski's fine scholarship.

STEVEN GREGORY
Associate Professor of Anthropology
New York University
New York City

•

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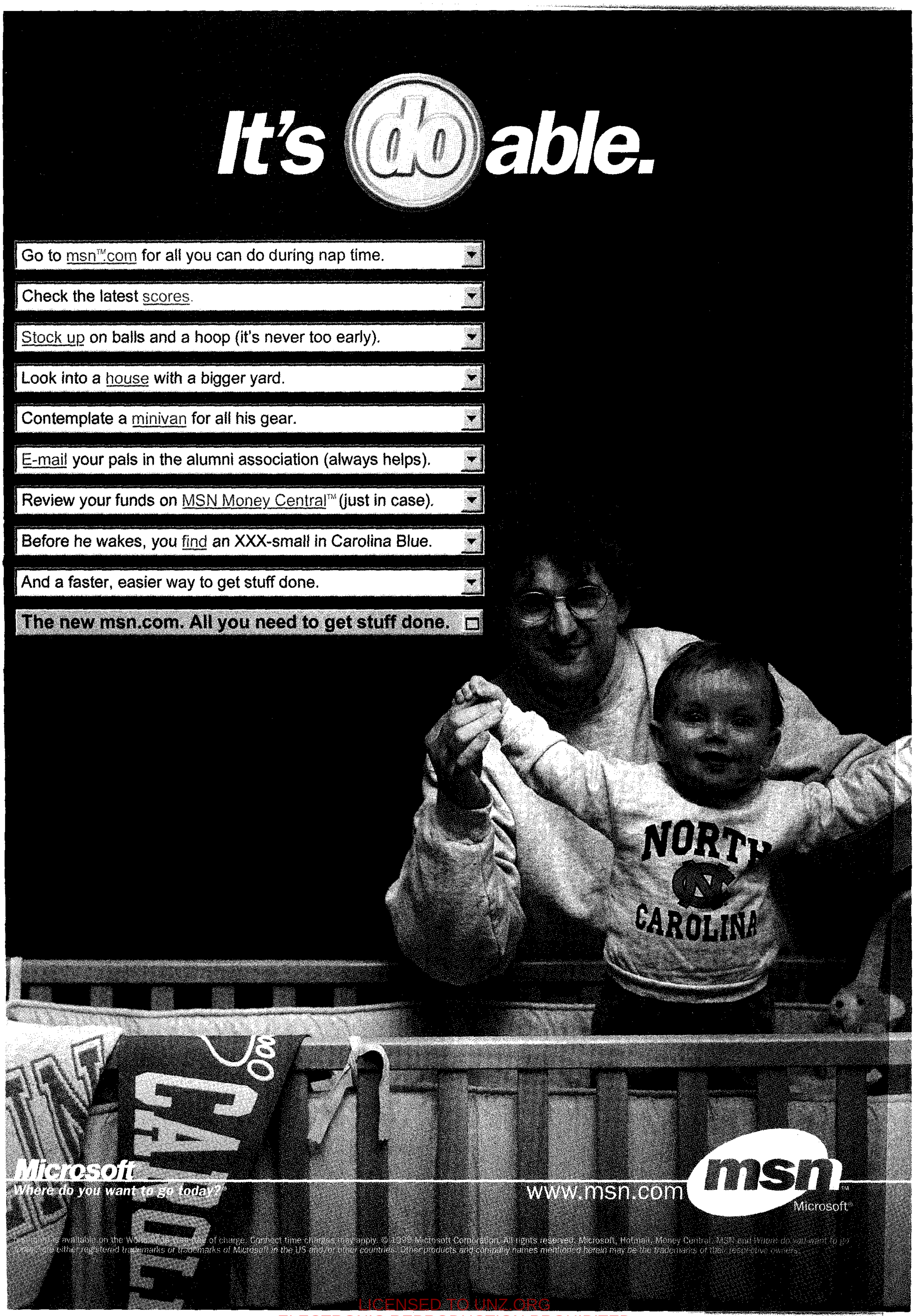

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THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Civil War—The musical. Frank Wildhorn wrote the music and book. Jerry Zaks is the director. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Closer—Natasha Richardson leads the cast in a new play by Patrick Marber, which examines the tangled relationship of four friends. Preview on March 24. Opens March 25 at 8. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Dream True—The Vineyard Theatre presents a musical that follows the lifelong relationship of two boyhood friends, with music by Ricky Ian Gordon and lyrics and book by Tina Landau. In previews. (108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

The Exact Center of the Universe—A small-town Southern man is torn between his overbearing mother and his sweetheart, in a comedy written by Joan Vail Thorne and starring Frances Sternhagen. Previews begin March 30. (WPP Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy—A revival of director Andrei Serban and composer Elizabeth Swados's 1974 collaboration comprising "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women." Performed in rotating repertory. In previews. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's late drama, starring Kevin Spacey. Howard Davies is the director. Previews begin March 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues—A revue tracing the history of the musical form, staged by the Crossroads Theatre Company. With Charles Bevel, Carter Calvert, Eloise Laws, Gregory Porter, Ron Taylor, Dan Wheetman, and Gretha Boston. Opens March 26 at 7 and continues through April 11. (New Victory, 209 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Lake Hollywood—The Signature Theatre Company wraps up its John Guare season with a new work by the playwright, starring Ralph Waite and Kate Burton. Previews begin March 30. (555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

Marlene—Siân Phillips portrays Marlene Dietrich, in a musical play by Pam Gems, set in a concert hall in Paris in 1969. Directed by Sean Mathias. Previews begin March 30. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

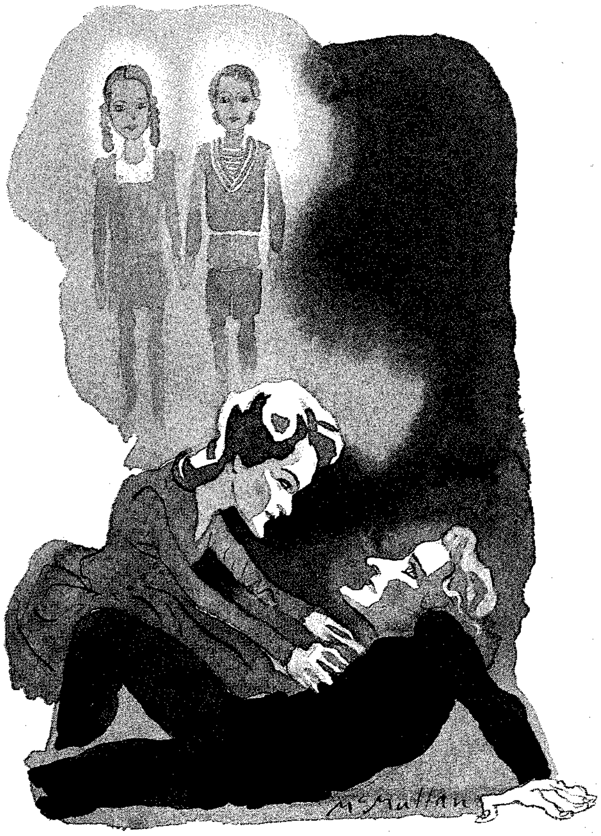
The Pitchfork Disney—A pair of immature twins pushing thirty mix it up with two eccentric cabaret singers, in a dark comedy by Philip Ridley. Presented by the Blue Light Theatre Company. In previews. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 279-4200.)

Tongue of a Bird—A rescue pilot (Cherry Jones) searches the Adirondacks for a missing girl, in a drama by Ellen McLaughlin. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

Trust Me—A dance-theatre fairy tale, about love. Written by Susan Eve Haar and choreographed by Jennifer Kries. March 25-26 at 8 and March 27-28 at 2 and 8. (Clark Studio Theatre, Lincoln Center. 539-3528.)

The Turn of the Screw—Jeffrey Hatcher's adaptation of the Henry James novella. Opens March 24 at 7. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

The 2.5 Minute Ride—In Lisa Kron's solo show about her family, she recalls a trip to Auschwitz with her father, a Holocaust survivor. In previews through March 27. Opens March 28 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)



Enid Graham and Rocco Sisto, in Jeffrey Hatcher's adaptation of "The Turn of the Screw."

The Weir—Four men tell ghost stories in a roadside pub, in a Royal Court Theatre staging of Conor McPherson's latest drama. Ian Rickson is the director. In previews. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Ziegfeld Follies—City Center's Encores! series continues with a concert staging of the 1936 Follies, with songs by Vernon Duke and Ira Gershwin and sketches by David Freedman. March 25-26 and March 29 at 8, March 27 at 2 and 8, and March 28 at 6:30. (131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Annie Get Your Gun—A terrific revival of Irving Berlin's solid-gold score. Peter Stone's cunningly updated book breathes new life into a show whose story has heretofore never lived up to its songs. It's played for romance and sass, which the vulnerable and charming Bernadette Peters and the hunky, easygoing Tom Wopat deliver in spades. With vivacious direction and choreography by Graciela Daniele and a witty Wild West set by Tony Walton. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Ashes to Ashes—Harold Pinter's masterly evocation of how torture corrodes the human spirit, directed by Karel Reisz and superbly acted by Lindsay Duncan and David Strathairn. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22 & 3/1/99.) (Gramercy, 127 E. 23rd St. 777-4900.)

Band in Berlin—A musical about the popular German sextet the Comedian Harmonists, three of whom were Jewish, who were banned by the Nazis on the ground that they were bad for German morale. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

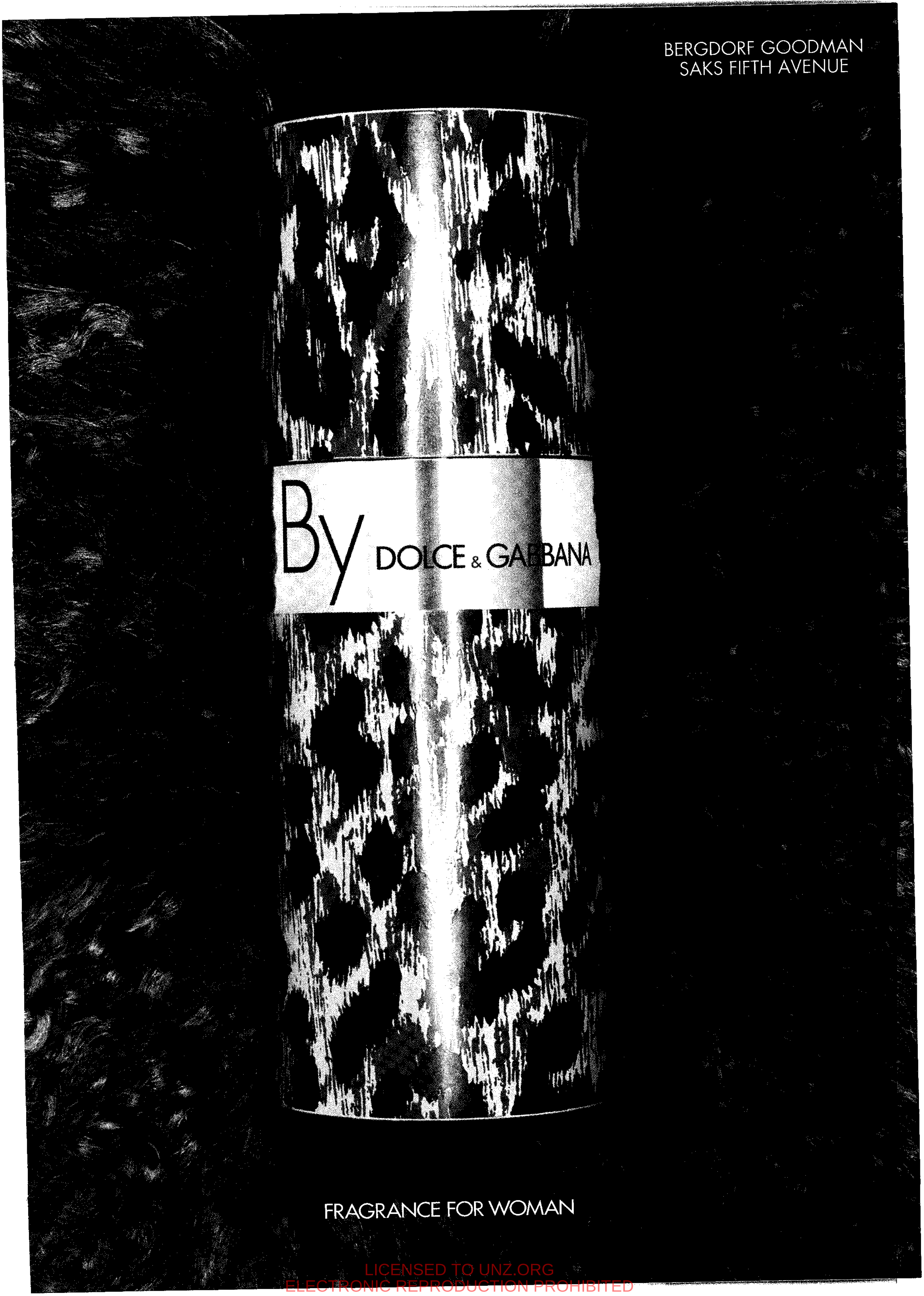
Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 drama, set in London, about two working-class boys who fall in love. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

Benten Kozo—Traditional Kabuki meets Jackie Chan in a delightful evening concocted by director Jim Simpson and his Bat Theatre Company. The company's hip updating of the nineteenth-century script and Moe Schell's clever costumes create an ironic, funny, energetic production. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St. 226-0051. Closes March 28.)

Betty's Summer Vacation—A summer share turns bad, in a new comedy by Christopher Durang. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes April 11.)

Captains Courageous: The Musical—Frederick Freyer and Patrick Cook's musical version of Kipling's book suffers not from a lack of conviction but from a lack of conception. Most of it takes place on a crowded fishing boat, and it feels like the crew is just trying to keep busy until shore leave, when they can get some real action. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes April 4.)

Cowboys & Indians—Francis Parkman's account of his Oregon Trail expedition, in 1846, inspired this comic reinterpretation by Richard Maxwell and Jim Strahs. (Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. 334-0962. Closes April 11.)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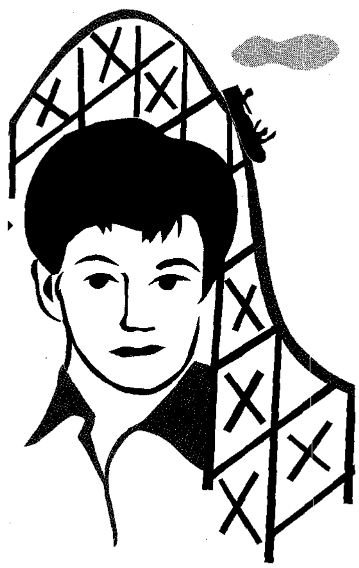
FRAGRANCE FOR WOMAN

Death of a Salesman—A fiftieth-anniversary staging of Arthur Miller's play. (3/8/99) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Everybody's Ruby—Thulani Davis's play about the murder of a prominent white doctor by his black mistress in a small Florida town is intelligent, but Davis can't decide if she's writing a detective thriller or a psychological literary biography; with jejune direction by Kenny Leon, it ends up seeming most like a Nancy Drew mystery. The Harlem Renaissance writer Zora Neale Hurston (Phylicia Rashad), who comes to town to report on the crime, is never without her typewriter, but she's also never at the center of the action, because she hasn't been imaginatively incorporated into it. Part of the drama involves an implied link between the doctor's wronged lover (Viola Davis, in a strong performance) who is trying to step out of her desperate life, and Hurston's downward trajectory (a social scandal, unpublished books, working as a maid in Florida). The playwright, however, treats this link more as documentary than as drama. Another rewrite and another director devoutly to be wished. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes April 11.)



TRAVELS WITH DAD: *The actress and playwright Lisa Kron, a founding member of the wryly outrageous comedy troupe the Five Lesbian Brothers, grew up gay and Jewish in the Midwest—in other words, an outsider. Luckily, her father—who was brought to America at fifteen by a rescue organization but later lost his parents to the Holocaust—taught her how invaluable an outsider's perspective is in viewing the world with empathy. Kron's astute humor and her compassion are put to good use in her solo show, "The 2.5 Minute Ride" (opening this week at the Public Theatre), in which she examines her father's experience through her own personal lens. The evening is a virtual slide show of memories—images of a trip Kron and her father made together to Auschwitz are deftly tempered with recollections of her family's regular summer pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park, where Mr. Kron, to his daughter's consternation, fearlessly rode the roller coasters well into old age.*

Far East—A drama by A. R. Gurney, set during the Korean War. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Footloose—A musical adaptation of the 1984 film. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Fosse—This steamy revue of works by the choreographer Bob Fosse doesn't reveal anything new about the man behind the dances, but it does remind us why we won't be forgetting him anytime soon. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Happy Prince—A puppet show based on the Oscar Wilde story. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes April 4.)

He Who Says Yes/He Who Says No—The National Asian American Theatre Company's staging of rarely performed companion works by Bertolt Brecht. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. For information about tickets, call 718-623-1672. Closes March 27.)

House/Lights—The Wooster Group presents surprisingly compelling nonsense—blending a Gertrude Stein opera libretto (something about Faust) and a campy, pre-silicone bondage film ("Olga's House of Shame") into a fast-paced, high-low sideshow. Director Elizabeth LeCompte makes a convincing argument for fractured attention (from Cubism to MTV) as a valuable twentieth-century development, but she couldn't do it without Kate Valk, who gives entrancing Betty Boop line readings of the Steinian babble. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes March 28.)

James Naughton: Street of Dreams—Between covers of romantic tunes by artists ranging from Billy Strayhorn to the King, Naughton inserts funny, standup-style anecdotes from his thirty-year stage career, and whether in monologue or in song he's a charmer. His voice is smoothly charged, and so is his band, which is led by the superb John Oddo on piano. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Closes April 11.)

Jodie's Body—A plump artist's model ruminates, in the nude, on the politics of beauty and the politics of her native South Africa. (Arc-Light Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. 307-4100.)

Killer Joe—In Tracy Letts's graphically violent dark comedy, an American family striving for a better life—in this case, a bunch of losers living in a trailer outside Dallas—hires a hit man to help things along. The terrific production is so vividly unself-conscious that you hardly feel assaulted at all. (SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.)

The Lion in Winter—The late James Goldman, who wrote the clumsy book to "Follies" with Stephen Sondheim and Hal Prince, could also write badly on his own. His 1966 version of the royal quarrels of Eleanor of Aquitaine and Henry II, turned into a bourgeois family squabble, makes a solid high-camp vehicle for Stockard Channing and Laurence Fishburne. "How was your crossing. Did the Channel part for you?" Henry asks the Queen at her entrance. "It went flat when I told it to; I didn't think to ask for more. How dear of you to let me out of jail," she responds—the medieval version of meeting cute. Since the stakes and the idiom are not real, neither are the issues. A well-managed waste of time, with a good set by David Gallo and able direction by Michael Mayer, who needs to get down to more serious business. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

Macbeth—Theatre for a New Audience's production of Shakespeare's tragedy. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes April 4.)

Marcel Marceau—The master of mime, in a brief New York engagement. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Closes March 28.)

Ennio Marchetto—A performance artist who creates paper costumes to transform himself into forty-odd pop-culture characters. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Closes April 4.)

The Mineola Twins—Paula Vogel's satire on women's roles—how they have changed and how they have stayed the same over the past forty years—predates her Pulitzer Prize-winning "How I Learned to Drive" and contains a lot less food for thought. Before the curtain goes up, Doris Day songs are played in the theatre and an enormous image of a torpedo bra stares out at the audience—and that's as subtle and fresh as this work gets. Under Joe Mantello's direction, Swoosie Kurtz, Mo Gaffney, and Mandy Siegfried (the latter two in gender-bending parts) bring what color they can to their rather schematic characters. Julie Kavner replaces Ms. Gaffney beginning on March 30. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-9300.)

Minnesota Moon—A one-act by Sarah Stern, set on a single night in 1968, in which two high-school friends (Jonathan Hyland and John McClure) prepare to go their separate ways after graduation. (ReBar, 127 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. 358-0486. Closes March 29.)

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—Paul Rudnick's new version of a very old tale. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Night Must Fall—Maybe Matthew Broderick is just too darned cute to play a psychopath, but the main problem with this National Actors Theatre production of Emlyn Williams's 1935 thriller is that the play was probably never that thrilling to begin with, and it certainly isn't thrilling in 1999. (Big house, rich old lady in a wheelchair, charming stranger? *Please.*) Whoever's in charge of selecting the N.A.T.'s material owes the talented cast an apology and the audience a sincere promise to think twice before exhuming another dead play. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Not About Nightingales—Tennessee Williams's recently rediscovered early play is directed by Trevor Nunn. (3/8/99) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Paradise Hotel—A look into the nightmarish yet often hilarious workings of the human subconscious is almost always what you get with a Richard Foreman play (no complaints here), and in this case his concerns are particularly libidinal. A group of unfulfilled travellers searching for sexual nirvana end up finding nothing even remotely like it. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Premium Bob—The comedy duo otherwise known as David Latham and Paul Boocock have moved uptown for a brief run of their latest show, "Manhunt." (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 216-9596.)

Red—In Chay Yew's drama, an American writer revisits her native China during the Cultural Revolution. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Rollin' on the T.O.B.A.—A musical about the final days of black vaudeville, starring Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Rudy Roberson, and Ronald (Smokey) Stevens. Co-directed by Mr. Stevens and Leslie Dockery. (Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

The Seagull—The Pearl Theatre Company's version of Chekhov's play. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes March 28.)

Snakebit—Two guys, a gal, and an AIDS test. With all the one-liners and dialogue cued by contemporary culture, this comedy by the actor and first-time playwright David Marshall Grant, like a lot of new plays, seems like a sitcom rewritten for the stage (fewer jokes, more "issues"). It has no real core to it, and throwing in the fear of H.I.V. comes off as a predictable and cheap attempt to give it one. Still, it's almost as painless as back-to-back episodes of "Friends," and the cast is topnotch. Jace Alexander directed. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

This Is Our Youth—While Kenneth Lonergan's highly praised comedy about postadolescent heartbreak shows real theatrical promise, it is good on surface behavior but not on subtext—everything that is psychologically important happens offstage. (Douglas Fairbanks, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

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Via Dolorosa—The playwright David Hare performs his new one-man play, inspired by a series of recent trips to Israel. Stephen Daldry is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Wit—Right up to the last second, this first play by Margaret Edson, about the life and death (from ovarian cancer) of a John Donne scholar (Kathleen Chalfant, in an excruciating, powerful performance), has riches of acting, writing, and stagecraft. (1/18/99) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—A nothing burger for audiences of all ages. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ART: Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CABARET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DE LA GUARDA:** Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RAGTIME:** Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **SIDE MAN:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE:** HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. . . . **TITANIC:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. (Closes March 28.) . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

Mark Morris Dance Group—The company performs "Falling Down Stairs," "Rhymes with Silver," and the new work "The Argument," a sextet performed by Morris and Mikhail Baryshnikov, among others, to Schumann's "Fünf Stücke im Volkston," played by Yo-Yo Ma. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. March 30 at 7:30.)

Shapiro & Smith Dance—The husband-and-wife choreography team of Danial Shapiro and Joanie Smith present two new works, "Notes from a Séance" and "Shtick," a solo for Shapiro studded with one-liners from Henny Youngman. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. March 23-26 at 8, March 27 at 2 and 8, and March 28 at 2 and 7:30.)

Carnival—Dance Theatre Workshop concludes its two-month-long series designed to give exposure to emerging companies. March 25-26 at 8: **MAURA NGUYEN DONOHUE** in "SKINing the surFACE." . . . ¶ March 27 at 8 and March 28 at 3: **JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND JANE COMFORT** in "Together Again." (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—The 92nd Street Y Harkness Dance Project ends its season with the choreographic début of Lucia Dlugoszewski, Hawkins's widow and longtime musical collaborator. In its three programs, the company will also perform four works by Hawkins, including "Cantilever Two" and "Why Does a Man Dance?" (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 415-5553. March 23-25 and March 27 at 8 and March 28 at 5.)

"Silver Series: Volume Two"—The second installment of programs celebrating Danspace Project's silver anniversary features performances by Kenneth King, Ralph Lemon, and Channel Z, followed by one-night-only appearances by David Zambrano (March 26), Dana Reitz (March 27), and Pooh Kaye (March 28). (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. March 26-28 at 8:30.)

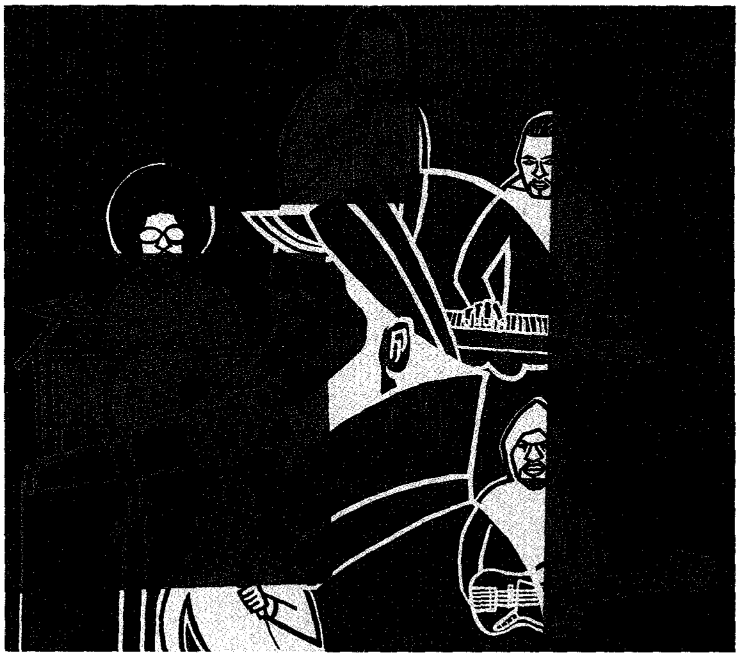
Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—The company's best young prospects perform ten works by a range of choreographers, including Ailey, Carmen de Lavallade, Ron Brown, and Sduduzo Ka-Mbili. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7148. March 26 at 11 and 8, March 27 at 2 and 8, and March 28 at 3.)

"Gotta Dance"—The spring concert of the N.Y.U. dance program features new works by Mark Dendy, David Dorfman, Doug Varone, and Douglas Becker. (Tisch School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. 998-1982. March 25-26 and 28-29 at 8 and March 27 at 2 and 8.)

"Body Walls City Pulse"—Three urban works by the Mills & Payne Dance troupe which move from the apartment ("Iron Thread") to the hallway ("Moving On") to the street ("Open Nerve"). (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 371-0237. March 25-26 at 9 and March 27 at 8.)

Sing Sing Rhythms—The fifteen-member company, many of them from the same family in the Wolof tribe of Cape Verde, performs traditional music and dance of the Mandingo and the Wolof. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. March 26 at 8.)

"The Memory of All That"—Janis Brenner & Dancers, whose members range in age from eight to sixty-eight, take turns telling their life stories as the other dancers move the storyteller into various spots and positions. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. March 25 at 8. No tickets necessary.)



Hip-hop artists the Roots, at Roseland.

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Lauryn Hill—The woman who put hip-hop music on millions of American coffee tables (via the cover of *Time*), stereos (with her hugely successful solo début, "The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill"), and television sets (she won a record-setting five Grammy Awards last month) takes Manhattan. (Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. March 23-25 at 8.)

The Roots—Rap groups generally aren't known for their musicianship, but this twelve-year-old Philadelphia (a.k.a. Illadelphia) outfit uses real instruments to create an authentically funky, quintessentially musical (as opposed to digital) backdrop. Principal members Black Thought (lyrics) and ?uestlove (drums) describe the Roots as the world's first hip-hop "band." On record, the boys have jammed with saxophonist Dave Murray and jazz vocalist Cassandra Wilson; live, they love to cover old rap classics and create all manner of blissful havoc. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. March 26 at 8.)

Cyrus Chestnut Trio—The impish powerhouse pianist, who seemingly came out of nowhere a few years back, has practically become an institution on the New York jazz scene. His spectacular virtuosity is captivating, but it's the naturalness of it all that wins you over. Chestnut's gift is being able to make each move seem preordained; there's no stress or self-consciousness in his decisions. And the ease with which he moves from modal jazz to gospel to R. & B. puts a smile on your face. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 26 at 8.)

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—The great South African a-cappella group, with their compatriot the jazz pianist Abdullah Ibrahim. (Town Hall. March 28 at 7.)

Blur—Best known to U.K. cognoscenti as the anti-Oasis, Blur has long been revered for its shiny-happy Brit-pop. Recently, the band's vocalist and chief songwriter, Damon Albarn, broke up with his longtime girlfriend (Elastica front woman Justine Frischman), and Blur's latest album, "13," is being touted as a dark, heart-busted dose of maturity (the handsome pair were once England's third-highest-ranking tabloid couple). Don't expect a tearjerker: weaned on Lennon and McCartney, Albarn's got so much melody in his veins that it pours out even when he slits them. (Roseland. March 30 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Baby Jupiter, 170 Orchard St. (982-2229)—March 25: Local singer-songwriter **DAVID YAZBEK,** whose smart, catchy, XTC-grade pop takes full advantage of his horn section—trumpeter Kevin Batchelor and saxophonists Paul Vercesi and Tony Orbach.

Baggot Inn, 82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622)—"Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk" may have closed, but the beat goes on. The back room of this West Village bar is home on Sunday nights to Jared Crawford, Raymond King, Darly Dove, Jr., and Larry Wright, the musicians who created the onstage percussion for the Broadway show. Crawford and his friends bang away on pots and pans, chairs, plastic buckets, and drums. The sticks fly. Sweat drenches their shirts. Just a few feet from the flurry, you hold on to your drink with both hands, mesmerized.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—March 26: Irish vocalist **NIAMH PARSONS.**

Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—March 27: Makers of nifty guitar pop without a guitarist, **MORPHINE** mines a miraculously rich vein of muscular riffs with nothing more than a two-string bass, saxes, drums, and Mark Sandman's dark, haunting vocals.

Connolly's, 14 E. 47th St. (867-3767)—March 27: The raucously rocking **BLACK 47** is a sort of local version of the Pogues—only with a wider musical point of view and fewer barroom brawls. Their fine American manners, however, don't reduce the ferocity of their shows (check out their latest album, "Live in New York City").

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—March 26: Singer-songwriter **DAVID POE.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—March 24: Jam-happy, Allman Brothers-inspired fare from **GOV'T MULE** and the **DEREK TRUCKS** band. March 25-26: The bleak and beautiful alternative sounds of **ELLIOTT SMITH.** March 29-30: Midwestern techno with **STABBING WESTWARD** and the androgynous, Bowie-flavored pop of **PLACEBO.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—March 24: **JULES SHEAR,** a witty and vastly underappreciated singer-songwriter in the Costello/Parker mold, whose songs have been huge hits for lesser artists. His latest album, "Between Us," is not to be missed; it features duets with such singers as Ron Sexsmith, Rosanne Cash, Freedy Johnston, and Margo Timmins. March 28: The bizarre and entertaining **BILLY NAYER SHOW** plays a set before heading home to San Francisco. Catch them while you can. March 30: **BARBEZ,** a local combo featuring an accordionist and a Continental post-punk sound.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Former David Letterman-band guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** joins forces with present Letterman bassist **WILL LEE** for an evening of low-rent fusion.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—March 27: **DAN BERN,** an up-and-coming alternafolkie with a sharp, sarcastic bent. With **DAVID POE.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—As the brains behind the Dream Syndicate, **STEVE WYNN** (March 26) was a high-ranking post-punk auteur; the group's 1982 LP, "The Days of Wine and Roses," was a cherished soundtrack to dorm-room angst, and it has worn surprisingly well. Backed by a tight quartet that includes Come guitarist Chris Brokaw, keyboardist (and pop archivist) Joe McGinty, and former Pere Ubu bassist Tony Maimone, Wynn continues in this vein with his latest album, "My Midnight." March 27: **VERSUS,** a topnotch combo with a gift for Sonic Youth-style droning. March 30: **LOTION.**

Shine, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900)—March 26: Los Lobos guitarist **CESAR ROSAS.**

Tonic, 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—March 27: A fleet of the Big Apple's finest downtown hipsters, including postmodern guitar heroes **ARTO LINDSAY** and **MARC RIBOT,** and sometime Henry Rollins bassist **MELVIN GIBBS,** turn out to celebrate the first anniversary of this musical oasis.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—March 26: Modern rockers **BUFFALO TOM.** March 27: **ROBERT EARL KEEN.** Like fellow-Texans Steve Earle and Jimmie Dale Gilmore, this fine singer-songwriter packs a lot of hard-earned wisdom into his disarming tales of life on the road—and he has the cult following to prove it.

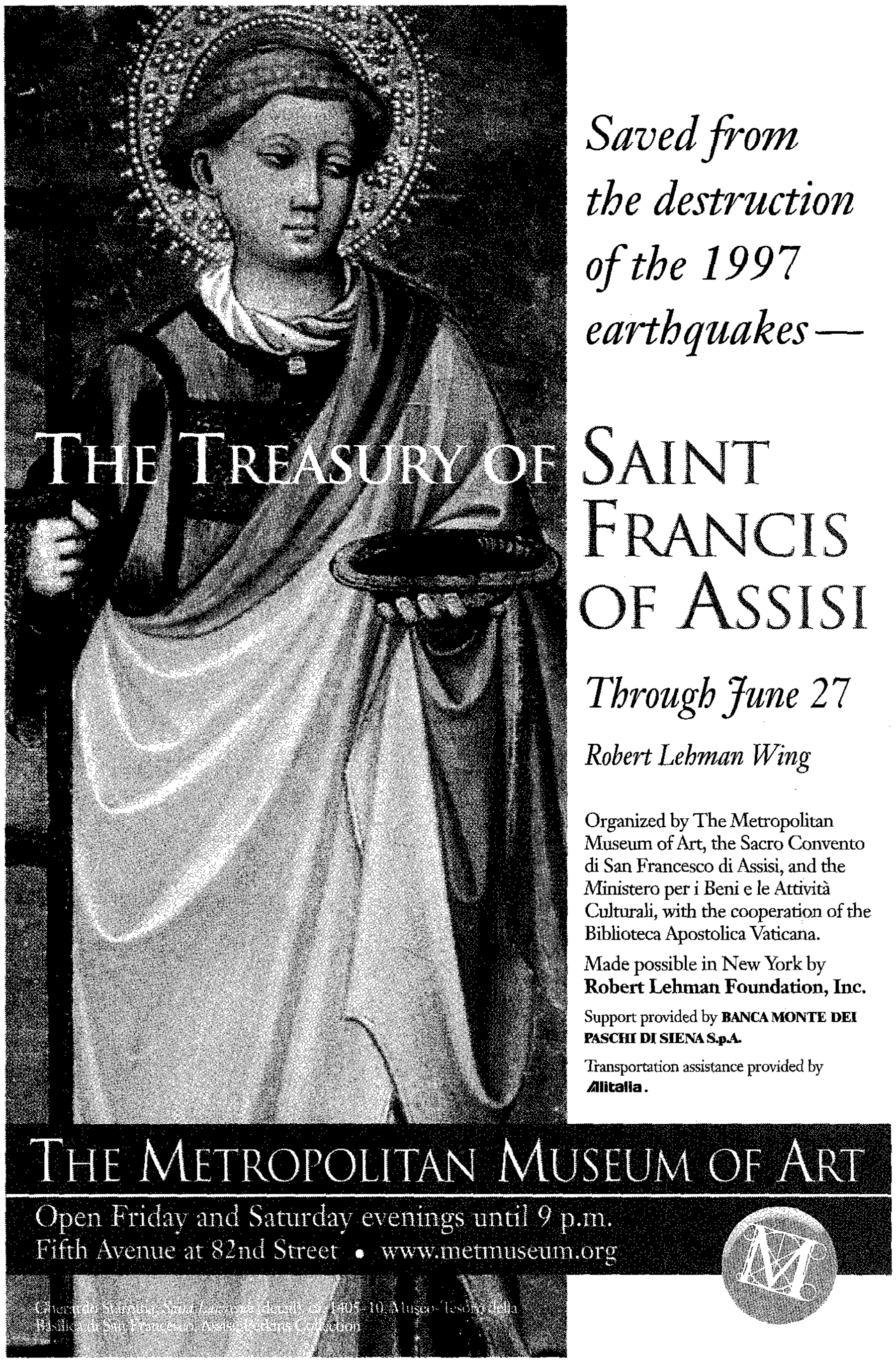
Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—March 25: Singer-songwriter **JILL SOBULE,** a feisty post-punk feminist whose work brings to mind a cross between Liz Phair and Gertrude Stein, and **DEREK TRUCKS** (see Irving Plaza).

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—March 24: **RON AFFIF,** a young guitarist with flying fingers and a heart filled with bebop, brings in his trio. March 30: The newly formed **MINGUS ORCHESTRA** (in on Tuesdays) now augments the well-entrenched Mingus Big Band (Thursdays at Fez) and concentrates on the late bassist-composer's more formal works. Gil Goldstein will conduct and contribute new arrangements. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through March 27, the big, unabashed voice and even bigger emotions of **BETTY BUCKLEY.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **PETER MINTUN** is in attendance.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through March 28: The **STEVE TURRE** sextet. Turre doesn't lack scope. Our premier trombonist



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Gherardo Starnina, *Saint Lawrence* (detail), ca. 1405–10, Museo-Tesoro della Basilica di San Francesco, Assisi, Perkins Collection

darts from hard-bop groups to conch-shell aggregations to big bands to Latin units, and back again. Whether coaxing extravagant melodies from his regular horn or mellifluous tones from his arsenal of mollusk shells, Turre's a lusty improviser who's been a welcome presence on the bandstand since his days with Rahsaan Roland Kirk in the mid-seventies. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

Jazz Standard, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—March 24-28: **BENNY GREEN AND CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE.** The bop pianist Green and the superlative bassist McBride came up together in Green's trio in the early half of the decade. Green has gone on to refine his once overanxious playing as a member of Ray Brown's band, while McBride becomes ever more superhuman with each passing year. Expect plenty of jaw-dropping virtuosity and fraternal good will. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—March 25: The **ODEAN POPE** trio. Pope plays lots and lots of horn. A mainstay of Max Roach's bands for some twenty years now, he turns each solo into a compressed symphony; his complete command of the tenor sax is a given by the end of his first chorus. Marathon playing of this calibre can be as majestic as it is exhausting. March 26: **MARC RIBOT Y LOS CUBANOS POSTIZOS.** Appropriating the arrangements of Arsenio Rodriguez and other pre-Castro bandleaders, Ribot's prosthetic Cubans are a postmodern, post-Cold War pleasure. March 27: **MICHAEL BLAKE'S FREE ASSOCIATION** features the tenor saxophonist Blake, a cerebral and venturing improviser whose captivating tone has enlivened the Lounge Lizards and Ben Allison's Medicine Wheel, alongside a well-calibrated group of like-minded players.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The guitarist and occasional violinist **WOLFGANG MUTHSPIEL** (through March 28) may not lend fusion enough lustre to make it a part of anyone's steady listening diet, but he's shown plenty of smarts and historical insight as a featured soloist with Gary Burton and Paul Motian's Electric Bebop Band. He's also got a sharp rhythm team in bassist **LARRY GRENADIER** and drummer **TOM RAINEY** to help him make his case. Dining.

Tonic, 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—March 28: Klezmer Brunch, with **DAVID KRAKAUER'S KLEZMER MADNESS!** Krakauer can play just about anything on the clarinet, from free jazz to contemporary classical, but set him loose on klezmer with his appropriately titled band and he really goes to town. No straitlaced traditionalist, Krakauer has one ear tuned to the streets of mid-nineteenth-century Warsaw and the other to late-twentieth-century New York.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through March 28: The **JIM HALL** trio. Some guitarists are bent on cramming together as many notes as possible, but Hall plays the instrument with a jeweller's touch: a gorgeous chord here, a lyrical phrase there, a perfectly placed note ringing in luxurious space. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

West Bank Café, 407 W. 42nd St., at Ninth Ave. (695-6909)—March 26: The **MICHAEL WOLFF JAZZWORLD WORKSHOP.** A whole lot of shaking, banging, whacking, and general percussive merriment ensues when jazz pianist Wolff invites drummers of all nations to join him at this weekly engagement, through May 7. Indian tabla player **BADAL ROY,** Latin percussionist **FRANK COLÓN,** and jazz drummer **CLARENCE PENN** help drive the multistylistic beat.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through March 27: The **BILL CHARLAP** trio. Pianist Charlap is a paid-in-full member of an as yet unclassified association of gifted, resolutely thoughtful New York players infatuated with lyricism and musicality. He may not be the flavor du jour, but his elegance and discernment have a cleansing effect. Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Eighteenth-Century French Drawings in New York Collections." Through April 25. . . . ¶ "The Mirror of the Medieval World" presents two decades' worth of acquisitions by the Cloisters and the Met's department of medieval art. Through July 4. . . . ¶ "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." Through June 6. . . . ¶ "The Treasury of St. Francis of Assisi," an exhibition of medieval and Renaissance works, including panel paintings, textiles, wrought gold, and illuminated manuscripts, organized in conjunction with restoration efforts following the Assisi earthquakes. Through June 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Pop Impressions Europe/USA." Printmaking provided Pop artists on both sides of the Atlantic with a medium conducive to their themes, particularly consumerist culture and erotica. For example, one can compare the breast-obsessed œuvres of the Americans Mel Ramos and Tom Wesselmann with those of the Briton Peter Blake or the German K. P. Brehmer. This sharp, focussed exhibition also features plenty of familiar (and often terrific) work by old favorites like Warhol and Lichtenstein (both made silk-screen prints on shopping bags) and a lot of less familiar work by American and especially European artists, including Allan D'Arcangelo, Martial Raysse, Dieter Roth, Patrick Caulfield, and Daniel Spoerri. Through May 18. . . . ¶ A demure exhibition of twenty-five small framed samplers, embroidered by Elaine Reichek. Through March 30. . . . ¶ "Julia Margaret Cameron's Women." Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Sight Gags: Grotesque, Caricature, and Wit in Modern and Contemporary Drawing." Through May 4. . . . ¶ "The Museum as Muse: Artists Reflect." Through June 1. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"Picasso and the War Years: 1937-45." Through May 9. . . . ¶ "Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959-69." Through May 16. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—An exhibition of fifty-two Brice Marden drawings. Through March 28. . . . ¶ "Pale Guide to Transparent Things," an exhibition of photographs by Seton Smith. Through April 4. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

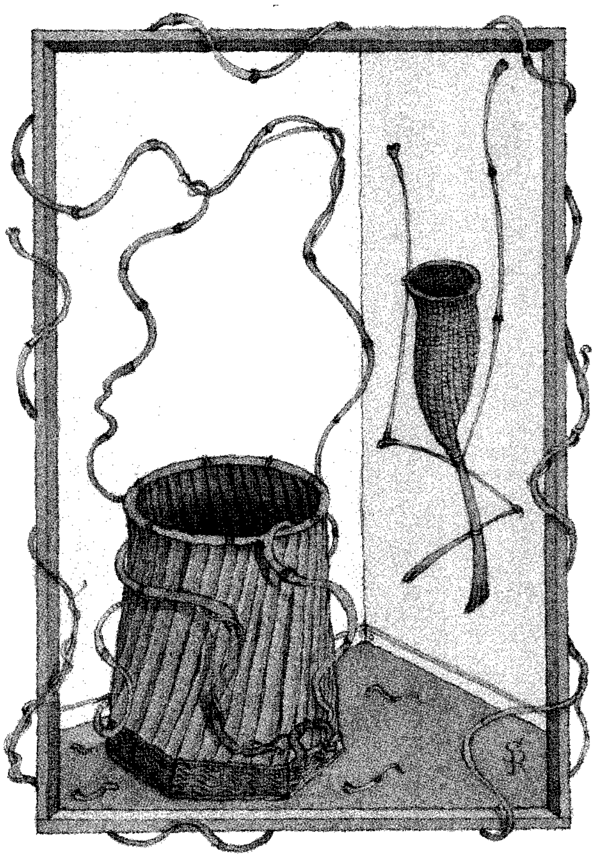
Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—The Japanese have never fretted about distinctions between art and craft. "Bamboo Masterworks," an exhibit of a hundred baskets from the collection of Lloyd Cotsen, demonstrates the expressive capacity of even this limited medium. A spherical flower container by the early-twentieth-century master Suzuki Kyokushosai takes the form of an exquisite Japanese lantern with openwork plaiting. Contemporary works are more often flights of sculptural fancy: Maeda Chikubosai's flower basket, from 1956, is a Möbius strip in bamboo, whose patterns intertwine in a harmonious fugue. The society's installation is superb; there are even a few baskets out in the open which the visitor can touch. Through May 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Michael Byron—A suite of oil paintings of sculptures—modernist works by Kirchner and Picasso, classical Indian reliefs of Ganesh, folk religious carvings from Indonesia and Thailand—done in grisaille. The compositions suggest black-and-white illustrations from an old art book, yet Byron's style is just loose enough to fracture the photographic effect. As if to underscore this ambiguity, many of the images are seen through a veil of bubbles, or as if through a greasy pane of glass spattered with drops of water. A painting of one of Byron's own sculptures, "The Artist's Brother's Foot," a mummified, black-nailed horror, flanks his version of Houdon's elegant bust of Lafayette. Through April 17. (Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. 581-9191.)

David Dewey—Watercolors on a heroic scale, many of them five feet in length, and a few miniatures, of coastal houses in Maine. Dewey's technique is heroic, too, capturing every fine degree of transparency his medium allows; he finds the light that shimmers in seaside shadows, as well as the stark quality of direct summer sunlight. These aren't pretty postcards: asymmetrical cropping leaves one wondering what's beyond the picture frame; telescoped vanishing points pull you in with a vertiginous insistency. A study of a derelict house seethes with blank menace, like a vignette from a tale by another Mainer, Stephen King. Through April 6. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907.)



"Bamboo Masterworks," at the Asia Society.

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Doug Safranek—Views of Brooklyn and Queens, often with the Manhattan skyline glittering in the distance like Oz, and a vista of London's Waterloo Station, rendered in egg tempera with painstaking detail and in a rich yet subdued palette. Time and motion are stilled in Safranek's paintings, which possess the tranquillity of Persian miniatures. Most of the panels are quite small, generally less than a foot square. "Giglio Sunday," measuring twenty-two by twenty-six inches, is the largest work, and also the tour de force of the show. In it, a throng of revellers at the Italian *festa* in Williamsburg is seen from a bird's-eye view: midday sun gleams off caps, windshields, copper spires, and fluttering flags as the image of St. Paulinus, passing on a tower, draws the attention of hundreds of heads, nearly every one of which has been given an individual expression. Through March 27. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122.)

Thomas Schütte—Biomorphic ceramic lumps, about two feet high, finished in a virtuosic range of glazed colors and textures, from deep, cloudy black to intense gold to mottled red. Resembling heads, eggs, or melting megaliths, they are grouped in clusters that might be social gatherings or religious conclaves or monstrous, overgrown fairy rings. Schütte reinvents himself with every new group of work; now he's moving into magic. Through April 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**William Bailey,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Through April 24. . . . **Deborah Barrett,** Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. 861-7338. Through April 17. . . . **Julie Heffernan,** Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. 980-2323. Through April 17. . . . **Bill Jacklin,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Through April 17. . . . **Joyce Kozloff,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111. Through March 27. . . . **Dennis Oppenheim,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888. Through March 27. . . . **Picasso and Hokusai,** Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. 265-8876. Through April 10. . . . **Anne Peretz,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays; through March 27. . . . **Charles Seliger** and **Morris Graves,** Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 247-0082. Both shows through May 1. . . . **Joelle Shallon,** Interchurch Center, 475 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. 870-2933. Through April 9. . . . **Billy Sullivan,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. 759-2345. Through March 27. . . . **Donald Sultan,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550. Through March 27. . . . **John Walker,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550. Through April 10. . . . **Neil Welliver,** De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through April 24. . . . **Beatrice Wood,** Moeller Fine Art, 167 E. 73rd St. 988-4500. Through April 10.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Fiona Banner—Works on paper by a young British artist with a pronounced conceptual bent. In one, a dense accumulation of text about the Vietnam War is rendered in pencil in an undulating, not clearly legible hand. The other drawings in this show are immense periods (as in punctuation marks). An eighteen-hundred-point enlargement no longer looks much like what it is (or was); instead, it is more like a sullen Ellsworth Kelly. Through April 3. (Guy, 453 17th St. 463-7372.)

Jeff Elrod and **Lisa Ruyter**—Two young painters attempting, like so many others today, to reinvigorate the seemingly exhausted conventions of painting. Ruyter's landscapes, which are based on photographs of urban and suburban settings, pack the punch of hallucinatory Pop. Other more or less monochrome paintings executed on vinyl siding seem to literalize the conceits of her figurative works. Elrod's abstractions are spindly sketches drawn on the computer and then transferred to canvas, rather like the recent, celebrated paintings of Monique Prieto. Both shows through April 10. (Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. 727-7366.)

TABLES FOR TWO

Palm Restaurant, 837 Second Ave., at 45th St. (687-2953)—Dinner at this clubby steak house is loud—a sort of spring break for suits. Commodity-floor banter and bachelor-party hoots drown out the conversations of more sedate diners—Japanese tourists with lobster bibs and Budweisers, a rich older gentleman dining discreetly with a pretty young woman. The racket is traditional: the Palm started out, in 1926, as a speakeasy for Italian immigrants, but it really took off in the thirties, when it was discovered by hard-drinking tabloid reporters, who were neither quiet nor flush. Some of them settled their bar bills by painting cartoons on the restaurant walls.

Their handiwork—a fresco of forgotten celebrities in funny-paper colors—still covers the walls, but it's best observed over a leisurely lunch, when there's room to breathe. The waiter, ageless in beige steak-house cottons, drops down the relish tray (olive, radish, green tomato) and announces, "Today we have four-, five-, and six-pound lobsters." Yes, the bartender has the special vermouth for your Martini. When the food comes, the salad's a landmark wedge of iceberg lettuce with blue cheese and red tomato, the steak is big and juicy, and the lobster is just huge—they must boil them in a bathtub. "You want me to crack your claws?" the waiter asks, ready to wrap the war clubs in a napkin and break them for you with his hands.

The Palm was christened when the two Italian owners tried to name their new place after their home town ("Parma! Parma!"); the permit processor just wrote down what he heard. When the chef found himself repeatedly running to the butcher's at the customers' request, the place became a steak house. A few items like penne Bolognese and veal piccata remain, but the Italian tradition seems to survive most strongly in the waiters—lifers with names like Bruno and Pino—who are as adjective-free as the menu (Lamb Chops, Hash Browns, Swordfish Steak) and accommodating in ways you thought went out with the nickel cigar. (Open Mondays through Fridays for lunch and dinner; Saturdays for dinner only. Entrées $21-$32.)

Jim Shaw—This endlessly industrious artist shows paintings, dioramas, and drawings—all that's missing is a video installation. It's a tightly edited exhibition for Shaw, who sometimes goes way over the top in the profusion of Pop-inspired objects he displays. Nevertheless, while he remains a significant and often very engaging artist, a certain boredom is setting in: Haven't we seen everything in this show before? Through March 27. (Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100.)

Short List—**Janine Antoni,** Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 206-9100. Through April 17. . . . **Donald Baechler,** Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727. Through March 27. . . . **Wallace Berman, Kenneth Goldsmith,** and **Allen Ruppersberg,** Gorney, Bravin, and Lee, 526 W. 26th St. 352-8372. All shows through April 17. . . . **Mary Beyt,** Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752. Through April 17. . . . **Jean Blackburn,** Deven Golden, 529 W. 20th St. 414-8456. Through April 17. . . . **Jeremy Blake,** Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. 929-0500. Through April 10. . . . **Stig Brøgger,** DCA Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-5511. Through April 17. . . . **Kwang-Young Chun,** Foster, 529 W. 20th St. 966-9024. Through April 24. . . . **Mary Kelly** and **Tirtza Even,** Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323. Both shows through April 24. . . . **Julian Lethbridge,** Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Through April 24. . . . **Kerry James Marshall,** Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Through April 17. . . . **Elizabeth Peyton,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Through May 1. . . . **Ruth Root,** Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. 741-8849. Through April 3. . . . **Jovi Schnell,** Eller, 529 W. 20th St. 206-6411. Through April 17.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Barbara Bloom—"The French Diplomat's Office," an installation of objects and pictures—some displayed as the artist found them, others bearing the marks of her discreet alterations—in which Bloom endows dry Conceptualism with an unexpected, sensuous density. Her re-creation of the diplomat's office includes a rug that bears the imprint of a man's and a woman's footsteps. Through April 24. (Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441.)

Douglas Gordon—"Through a Looking Glass." This Scottish artist often works with film sequences; in this installation Gordon uses projected video clips from "Taxi Driver." The scene is perhaps the most famous one in the movie, in which Travis Bickle addresses himself in the mirror, repeating "You talking to me?" One projection shows the sequence as it appeared in the film while on the opposite wall you see a mirror reflection of it—a video-art hall of mirrors. This doubling might not seem arresting, but as the loop continues the projections slip out of synch, creating an increasingly jarring visual and audio dissonance, mirroring Bickle's craziness and, if you hang out long enough, possibly your own. Through April 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828.)

Barry McGee—"The Buddy System," an indoor work by the San Francisco guerrilla muralist. A good portion of McGee's work has been painted over by local authorities, a fate he shares with Diego Rivera and graffiti artists, two of his principal influences. In the current installation, Olmec-like heads with lips curled in street-savvy *froideur* float on a blood-red ground covered with hip biomorphic doodles and graffiti tags. Percussive and energetic. Through April 24. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

Short List—**Marina Abramovic** and **Ana Mendieta,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405. Both shows through April 24. . . . **Donald Baechler,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. 274-9300. Through April 10. . . . **Neke Carson,** Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Through April 3. . . . **Patty Chang,** Tilton, 49 Greene St. 941-1775. Through April 24. . . . **Tim Hawkinson,** Ace, 275 Hudson St. 255-5599. Through April 30. . . . **Julie Heffernan** and **Nancy Spero,** P.P.O.W, 476 Broome St. 941-8642. Both shows through April 17. . . .

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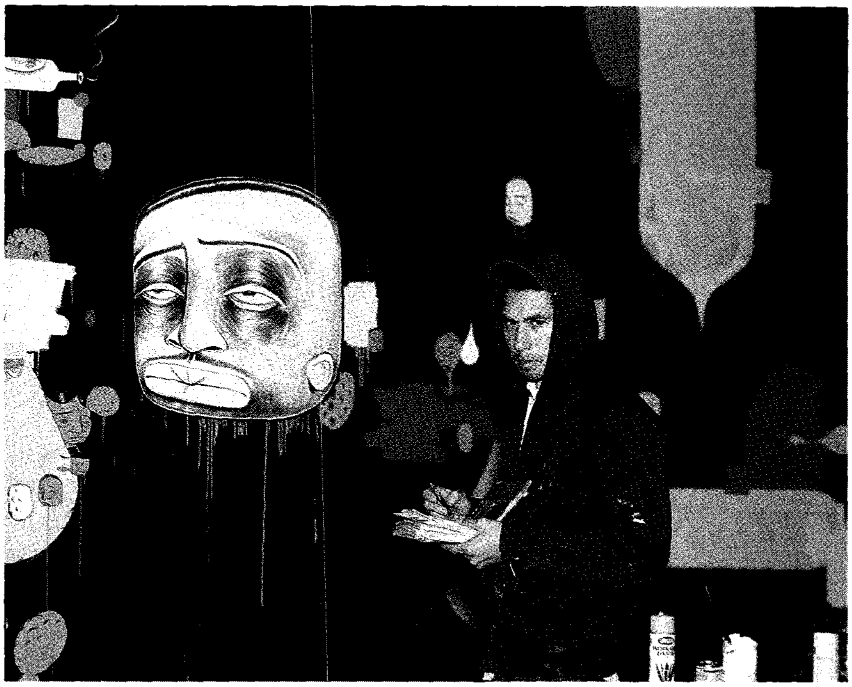

The muralist Barry McGee at work at Deitch Projects.

ON KAWARA, Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074. Through April 17. . . . **LUISA KAZANAS,** Sara Meltzer's on View, 588 Broadway. 343-8256. Through April 24. . . . **SUSAN MAYR,** Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Through April 25. . . . **RAYMOND PETTIBON,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166. Through April 10. . . . **RICHARD PETTIBONE,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. 226-3200. Through April 17. . . . **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG,** Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224. Through April 17. . . . **DEBORAH ROSENTHAL,** Joseph Gallery, Hebrew Union College, 1 W. 4th St. 824-2205. Through July 16. . . . **CHARLES STIVEN,** Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway. 941-6355. Through April 17.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—Final events of Asia Week. March 24: Japanese art, including many pieces from the notable collection of the late Charles A. Greenfield. . . . ¶ March 25: Indian and Southeast Asian art. . . . ¶ March 26: Asian decorative art. . . . ¶ March 27: Wine. . . . ¶ March 29-30: Continental furniture, decorative art, paintings, and silver from the Paris apartment of the interior designer Alberto Pinto. . . . ¶ March 30: An arcade sale of moderately priced American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. . . . **NOTE:** From March 24 to April 3, Sotheby's, in conjunction with the London dealers Rossi & Rossi, presents an exhibit of Buddhist ritual and ceremonial pieces from Tibet, in the auctioneers' gallery space at 41 E. 57th St.)

International Asian Art Fair—Sixty international dealers offer fine art and antiques from throughout the continent. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. March 25-30, with a benefit preview on March 24. For information, call 642-8572.)

Arts of Pacific Asia Show—Leading dealers of Orientalia gather for the sixth semiannual go-round of this comprehensive yet manageable antique show. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. March 24-28. For information, call 683-2434. . . . **NOTE:** On March 27, the show sponsors five lectures on textiles; reservations are required.)

Christie's—French and Continental furniture, tapestries, and other art works. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000. March 30.) . . . At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** Asian and European decorative art. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0430. March 24.)

Swann—Decorative graphics and books with plates. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. March 25.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Stephane Couturier / "Visage"—Large-scale Cibachrome prints of construction sites in Paris, Dresden, and Berlin. (Another show of Couturier's work is at La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews, at University Pl. 998-8750. Closed Saturdays.) / Fifteen vintage portraits by, among others, Julia Margaret Cameron, Walker Evans, Diane Arbus, and Helmar Lerski. Both shows through March 27. (Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 397-3930.)

"Au Revoir Paris"—A group show marking the closing to the public of the Zabriskie gallery in Paris, with works by Atget, Brassaï, Brancusi, Hugnet, and others. Through April 17. (Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223.)

International Center of Photography—"Newman's Gift: 60 Years of Photography," a retrospective of the portraitist Arnold Newman's career. Through June 6. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Short List—**BERND AND HILLA BECHER,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. 966-6160. Through March 27. . . . **TODD EBERLE AND ROBERT POLIDORI,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Through April 24. . . . **DAN ESTABROOK,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Through April 24. . . . **EVE FOWLER,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through April 10. . . . **ROBERT FRANK,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through April 24. . . . **ELDON GARNET,** Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through April 24. . . . **EDWARD KEATING,** Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through April 3. . . . **WENDELL MAC RAE,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through April 10. . . . **ROGER NEWTON,** Roth Horowitz, 160a E. 70th St. 717-9067. Through April 17. . . . **CLIFFORD ROSS,** Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through May 1. . . . **PETER SEKAER,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through May 1. . . . **NICK WAPLINGTON,** Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Through April 3. . . . **FREDERIC WEBER** and **AUGUST SANDER,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Both shows through March 27. . . . **FRED ZINNEMANN,** Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through May 1.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050, and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**AIDA,** with Maria Guleghina, Nina Terentieva, Dennis O'Neill, Alexandru Agache, and Robert Lloyd; conducted by Plácido Domingo. (March 24 and March 27 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Carol Vaness, Luciano Pavarotti, and James Morris; Nello Santi. (March 25 at 8.) . . . **THE QUEEN OF SPADES,** by Tchaikovsky, with Galina Gorchakova, Olga Borodina, Elisabeth Söderström, Plácido Domingo, Vassily Gerello, and Dmitri Hvorostovsky; Valery Gergiev. (March 26 at 8.) . . . With Irina Bogatcheva instead of Ms. Söderström and Nikolai Putilin instead of Mr. Gerello. (March 29 at 7:30.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Andrea Rost, Ramón Vargas, and Franz Grundheber; Maurizio Benini. (March 27 at 1:30 and March 30 at 7:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—March 24 at 8: "Lizzie Borden," by Jack Beeson. . . . ¶ March 25 at 7:30 and March 27 at 1:30: A double bill of Ravel's two operas, "L'Heure Espagnole" and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: "Madama Butterfly." . . . ¶ March 27 at 8 and March 28 at 1:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ March 30 at 7:30: "Don Giovanni." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Golden Fleece/Composer's Chamber Theatre—The group presents the premières of two operas it commissioned: Charles Kuskin's "Floating" and Memrie Innerarity's "Phaedra." (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. March 25-26 at 8, March 27 at 3 and 8, and March 28 at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

"The Past Is Present"—A multimedia cantata by Jeffrey Schanzer, about the legacy of the Holocaust, with baritone Thomas Buckner and the Sirius String Quartet among the performers. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 25-27 at 8.)

"Philemon and Baucis"—Though Haydn's operas rarely surface today, they occupied him mightily during the seventeen-seventies and -eighties, when he oversaw not one but two opera companies for his employer, Prince Nicolaus Esterházy of Austria-Hungary. The first, which was pretty much what we would imagine an opera company to be, produced both new operas by Haydn and revivals of generally conservative works that had premièred elsewhere. The second was an opera theatre for marionettes, about which the Prince was passionate. For these productions, Haydn directed singers and instrumentalists offstage, with the action played out by puppets. The Orchestra of St. Luke's has created a new production of this one-hour Haydn opera (from 1773), suitable for family audiences, in which the action is shared by puppets and dancers. Michael Barrett conducts. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 28 at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Charles Dutoit conducts Poulenc's "Les Biches" concert suite, Saint-Saëns's Cello Concerto No. 1 (featuring Han-Na Chang), and Holst's "The Planets" (with the women of the Judith Clurman Chorale helping out in the "Neptune" finale). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. March 25-27 at 8.)

Voices of Ascension—Dennis Keene directs a-cappella works by Renaissance and early-Baroque masters, including Josquin Desprez, Palestrina, and Byrd. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. March 24 at 8.)

Concordia Orchestra—Marin Alsop conducts works by Christopher Rouse, Newton Strandberg, William Thomas McKinley, Marie Barker Nelson, C. Alan Beeler, and Daniel Burwasser. (Alice Tully Hall. March 24 at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost leads music by Victor Herbert, including his Cello Concerto No. 2 (with Nathaniel Rosen) and a semi-staged performance of his 1899 operetta "Cyrano de Bergerac." (Alice Tully Hall. March 25 at 7:30.)

National Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. March 25 at 8: William Bolcom's Symphony No. 6, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's "Images" (featuring the piano duo of Katia and Mirielle Labèque), and Elgar's Symphony No. 3 (as completed by Anthony Payne). . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: Performing Corigliano's choral symphony "A Dylan Thomas Trilogy," with soprano Todd Breeden, tenor John Aler, baritone Håkan Hagegård, and the Choral Arts Society of Washington.

Amor Artis Chorus and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directs a rare performance of Heinrich Biber's late-seventeenth-century "Missa Alleluia," for twenty-six choral and orchestral parts (including a sumptuous complement of six trumpets). Also on the program are five motets by Victoria and Handel's cantata "Donna che in Ciel" (with soprano Julianne Baird). (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. March 26 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4513.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—The conductorless ensemble plays Mozart's Overture to "Der Schauspieldirektor," a new work by Han Yong, Ravel's G-Major Piano Concerto (with Olli Mustonen), and an orchestral version of Beethoven's C-Sharp-Major String Quartet (Op. 131). (Carnegie Hall. March 27 at 8.)

Choir of All Saints—Well, maybe a few of the group's members fall short of saintliness, but in this concert they'll make up the difference by performing music of intense spirituality: Ockeghem's "Missa Cuiusvis Toni" (its title allowing that it may be sung in any of the ecclesiastical modes; here, it's presented in the Phrygian), Pärt's "Summa," and Stravinsky's Mass. Gail Archer directs. (All Saints Episcopal Church, 230 E. 60th St. 758-0447. March 28 at 3.)

Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Edward Downes leads two programs of operatic excerpts, with sopranos Judith Howarth and Rita Cullis, tenor Paul Charles Clarke, and baritone William Dazeley. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. March 28 at 3 and March 29 at 7:30.)

Mozart's Requiem—Downtown and uptown versions. March 28 at 3 and April 2 at 8: Performed by Grace Church Choral Society, Bruce McInnes directing. (Broadway at 10th St. 254-2000, ext. 105.) . . . ¶ March 28 at 4: Stephen Hamilton leading the Choir and Orchestra of the Church of the Holy Trinity. (316 E. 88th St. 289-4100.)

Chorovaya Akademia—The Russian men's choir offers a-cappella sacred pieces by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and others. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. March 28 at 4. For information about tickets, call 721-6500.)

BachWorks—The chorus and period-instrument ensemble performs Bach's Cantatas No. 202 (with soprano Marguerite Krull) and No. 69. Anthony Newman directs. (St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 315 W. 22nd St. March 28 at 5. Tickets at the door.)

RECITALS

Festival Chamber Music Society—Presenting string quartets by Mozart (in F Major, K. 590) and Prokofiev (his Second), as well as Schumann's Fantasiestücke for Cello and Piano (Op. 73) and Reger's G-Major Serenade for Flute, Violin, and Viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. March 24 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Presenting chamber works by Mozart, Moszkowski, and Dvořák (his A-Major Piano Quintet, Op. 81). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. March 25 at 7:30 and March 28 at 4.)

New York Philomusica—The ensemble plays a Haydn divertimento for piano and strings, Mozart's G-Minor Piano Quartet, and Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet (Op. 81). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. March 25 at 8.)

Avner Arad and Albert Kim—Performing piano duets by Schubert (his F-Minor and "Wanderer" Fantasies), Mozart, Brahms (his "Handel" Variations), and Dvořák. (Weill Recital Hall. March 26 at 8.)

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—Musicians associated with the festival offer a pair of recitals at the Metropolitan Museum. March 26 at 8: Haydn's G-Major Piano Trio (Hob. XV:25); Dohnányi's Serenade for Violin, Viola, and Cello; and Brahms's G-Minor Piano Quartet. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: Music by Joseph Joachim, Strauss, Victor Ullmann, Kamel Boutros, Ravel, and Mendelssohn. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

Škampa String Quartet—The Czech foursome plays quartets by Mozart, Dvořák (his Thirteenth), and Smetana (his First, "From My Life"). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 27 at 8.)

Bang on a Can All-Stars—Performing pieces by Gavin Bryars and Meredith Monk, among others. (Alice Tully Hall. March 27 at 8.)

Jennifer Frautschi and Ilan Rechtman—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 454) and Beethoven (in G Major). (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. March 28 at noon. . . . ¶ Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. March 28 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Garrick Ohlsson—The pianist continues his series that clarifies Liszt's relationship to the musical mainstream, here pointing up his link to Beethoven. The program includes selections from Liszt's "Transcendental Études," his transcription of Beethoven's song "Adelaïde," and Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata. (Alice Tully Hall. March 28 at 2.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performing Mozart's G-Major Serenade ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"), John Tavener's Yeats-inspired "To a Child Dancing in the Wind" (featuring soprano Heidi Grant Murphy), and Dvořák's G-Major String Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. March 28 at 5 and March 30 at 7:30.)

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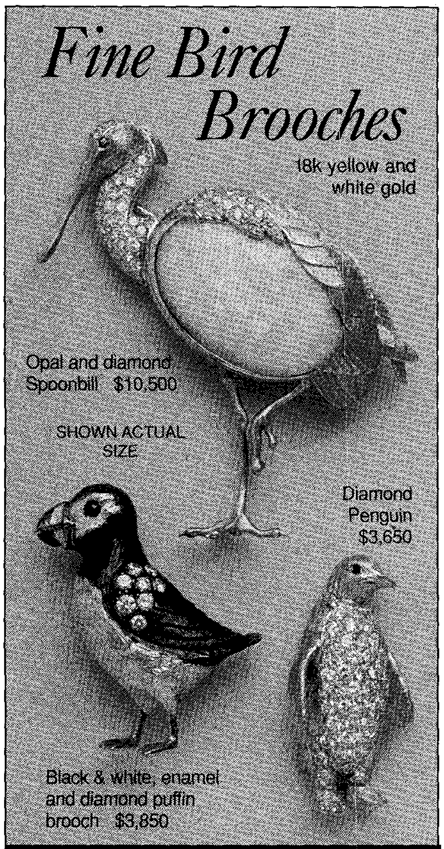
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GERRE HANCOCK—The organist performs Franck's "Choral" in A Minor and Bach's six "Schübler" Chorales. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. March 28 at 5:15.)

THREE LEVINSONS—Double-bassist Eugene (father), pianist Gina (mother), and violinist Gary (son) offer familial interpretations of original chamber works and transcriptions. (Weill Recital Hall. March 28 at 8:30.)

ANDRÁS SCHIFF—The pianist offers a characteristically imaginative program: Schumann's "Noveletten" (Op. 21), Bach's "Capriccio on the Departure of His Most Beloved Brother" and A-Minor Prelude and Fugue (BWV 894), and Beethoven's Sonatas in D Minor (Op. 31, No. 2) and E-Flat Major (Op. 31, No. 3). (Carnegie Hall. March 29 at 7:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The foursome offers quartets by Mendelssohn (in A Major/Minor, Op. 13), Schoenberg (his Fourth), and Beethoven (in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 131). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 29 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

JERUSALEM STRING TRIO—Performing trios by Mozart (his Divertimento in E-Flat Major, K. 563), Beethoven (in G Major), Françaix, and Robert Mozes (the group's violinist). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 335-6160. March 29 at 8.)

LARK STRING QUARTET—The ensemble plays Webern's Six Bagatelles (Op. 9), Ravel's Quartet, Gershwin's Lullaby, and Shostakovich's Quartet No. 9. (Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, York Ave. at 66th St. March 30 at 8. For information about tickets, call 327-7007.)

STEPHAN LOGES—In his New York début recital, the German bass-baritone sings art songs by Schumann, Honegger, Finzi, and Schubert, assisted by pianist Alexander Schmalcz. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. March 30 at 8. For information about tickets, call 307-6655.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

EASTER ORTHODOX—From the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains down through the steppes east of the Dnieper River, handcrafting ornate Easter eggs, called *pysanky*, with beeswax and dye has been a part of Ukrainian life since antiquity. Four hundred eggs, collected by folk scholar Tania Osadca, are on display at the Ukrainian Museum (through June 6), along with contemporary art work by Aka Pereyma, whose paintings and sculptures are based on ancient *pysanky* designs. On March 27-28 from 2 to 4, the museum offers a workshop for children and adults on the finer points of *pysanky* creation. (203 Second Ave., between 12th and 13th Sts. 228-0110.)

NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL ORCHID SHOW—More than five thousand of the ornamental plants share the World Financial Center's carbon dioxide. (Battery Park City. March 25-27 from 10 to 7 and March 28 from 10 to 5. No tickets necessary.)

READINGS—March 26 at 10:30: By Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain, from McNeil's book "Inappropriate Behavior: The Uncensored Oral History of the Adult Film Industry." (St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ March 29 at 7:30: By poets Robert Bly and Sharon Olds. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

TALKS—March 24 at noon: Translator Joseph Tusiani delves into the poetry of Michelangelo. (Music Building Recital Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. For more information, call 718-960-8000.) . . . ¶ March 24 at 7: Architect R. D. Chin, author of "Feng Shui Revealed: An Aesthetic, Practical Approach to the Ancient Art of Space Alignment," discusses how rearranging your furniture can improve your life. (Fourth Universalist Society, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. 595-1658.) . . . ¶ March 27 at 7: Writer Alma Guillermoprieto talks about samba music. (Main Building, New York University, 100 Washington Sq. E. 998-8686.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Social Drinkers

In 1758, George Washington shelled out thirty-seven pounds and seven shillings to help along his campaign for a seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses. What did the money go for? "Brandy, rum, cyder, strong beer, and wine," Thomas R. Pegram writes in **BATTLING DEMON RUM: THE STRUGGLE FOR A DRY AMERICA, 1800-1933** (Ivan R. Dee). In the colonial era, treating freeholders to drinks was accepted as an entirely respectable way to foster good will and fellowship—and get out the vote. "Alcohol was a *presence* in American politics, part of its mechanism, long before it became an *issue* to be resolved," Pegram writes. A few other new books chart the changing reputation of liquor in both the republic and the pub.

In his witty, wide-ranging report **DRINK: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA** (Carroll & Graf), the British journalist Andrew Barr praises the jollity of the nineteenth-century saloon and beer garden and deplores the self-righteous campaigns that turned drinking into "a secretive vice rather than sociable conduct." He notes that, ironically, many of the women whose anti-drink crusade resulted in Prohibition in 1920 unknowingly used "highly alcoholic patent medicines," some of them "as strong as whiskey." After Prohibition's repeal, in 1933, liquor came back, but the workingman's saloon never returned. "The decline in public drinking is symptomatic of the general decline in public life in America," Barr writes.

Madelon Powers revives the old-time saloon in all its sawdusty, beery vitality in **FACES ALONG THE BAR** (University of Chicago). She explains that saloons were places filled with songs, games, and camaraderie, where immigrants and other brand-new city dwellers found friends and jobs and insinuated themselves into American neighborhood life. In 1891, Jack London learned saloon etiquette the hard way. After a famous general stood him six rounds of drinks at the First and Last Chance Saloon in Oakland, the teen-aged writer left without reciprocating. When his error dawned on him, he raced back to the saloon and treated the entire barroom over and over. "Money no longer counted," he wrote. "It was comradeship that counted."

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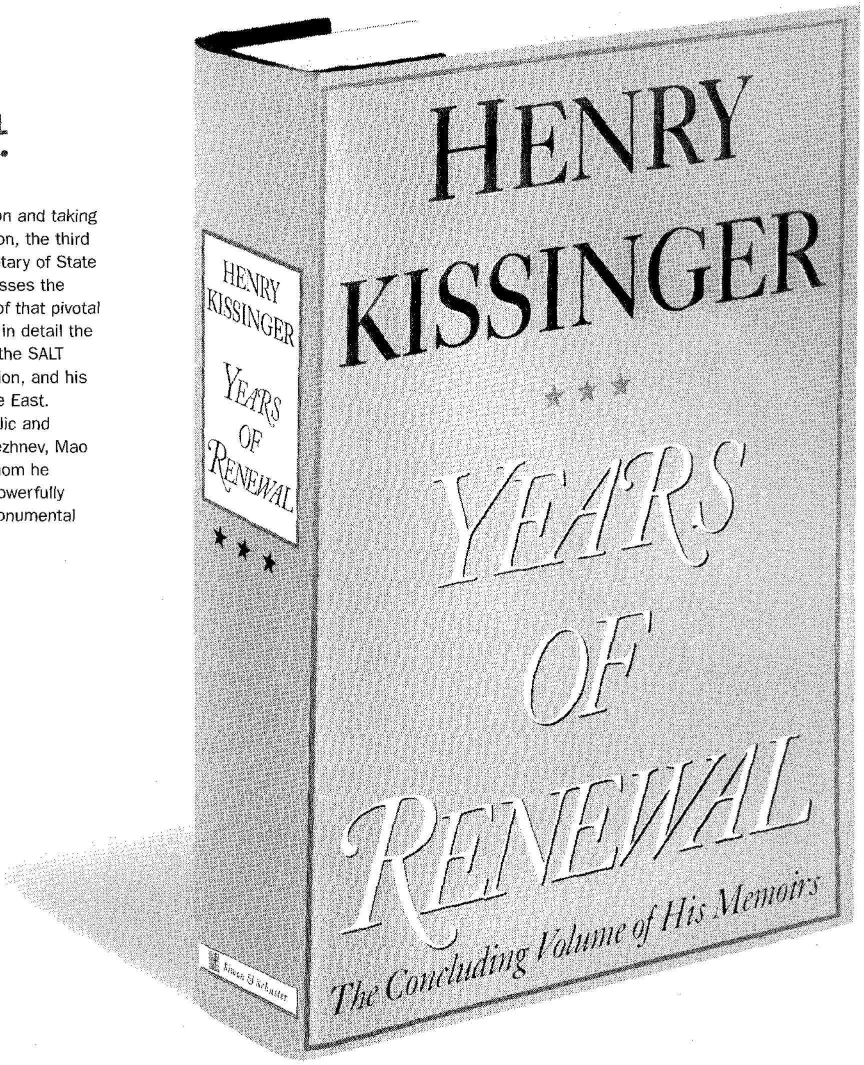
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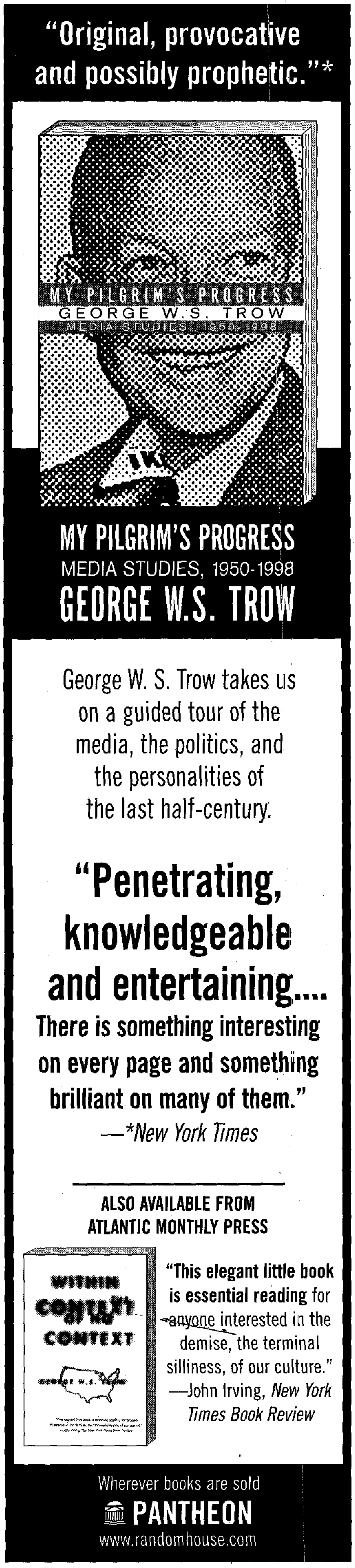
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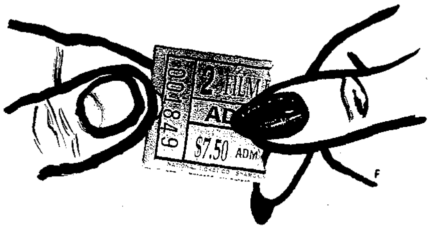


THE MOVIES

OPENING

Among Giants—A romantic tale set in the world of high-wire electrical-tower painters. With Pete Postlethwaite, Rachel Griffiths, and James Thornton; directed by Sam Miller. Opening March 26. (Union Square.)

Doug's 1st Movie—A full-length animated film based on a television series about the adventures of a twelve-and-a-half-year-old boy. Directed by Maurice Joyce. Opening March 26.

EDtv—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening March 26. (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village Theatre VII.)

Hard—John Huckert's story of a gay Los Angeles police officer looking for a serial killer whose victims are male hustlers. Opening March 26. (Cinema Village.)

The Mod Squad—A police drama based on the television series of the late sixties and early seventies, with Claire Danes, Giovanni Ribisi, and Omar Epps. Directed by Scott Silver. Opening March 26. (84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 19th Street East 6, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Sticky Fingers of Time—A tale of time travel between 1953 and 1997, directed by Hilary Brougher. Opening March 26. (The Screening Room.)

A Walk on the Moon—Tony Goldwyn's directorial début is a romantic comedy set at a resort in the Catskills in the summer of 1969. With Diane Lane, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Opening March 26. (Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

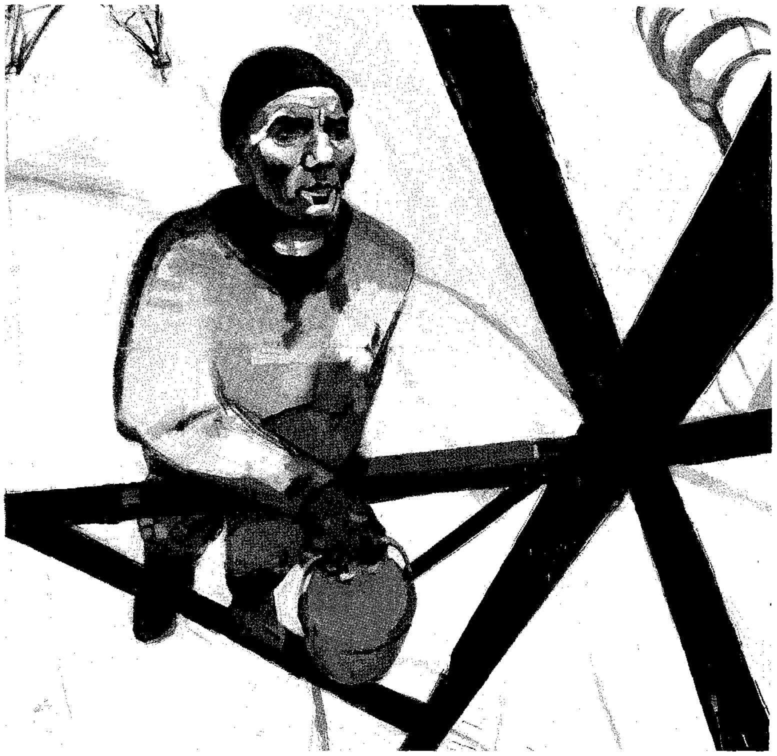
FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Affliction—Nick Nolte, committing himself to a difficult part with a manly readiness that inspires affection, even awe, is Wade Whitehouse, a divorced policeman and hired hand floundering badly in a snow-bound New Hampshire town. Both kindly and belligerent, Wade misses the meaning and rhythm of events, and reacts too much or too little, erupting in anger over what he should laugh off, ridiculing what he should take seriously. Writer-director Paul Schrader flinches at nothing and takes us deep into the texture and causes of this man's failure. With James Coburn as Wade's horrifying father, Willem Dafoe as his brother, Sissy Spacek as his girlfriend, and Mary Beth Hurt as his ex-wife. Schrader adapted Russell Banks's 1989 novel himself.—*David Denby* (1/11/99) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

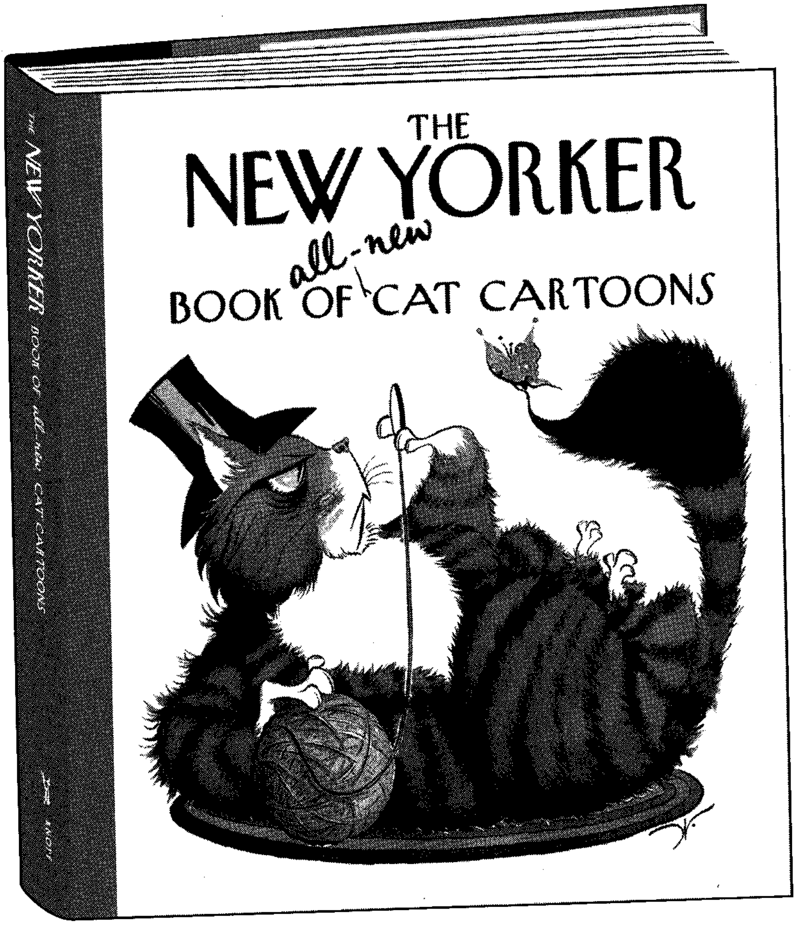
All the President's Men (1976)—The director, Alan J. Pakula, and the screenwriter, William Goldman, turned the Watergate chronicles into a scrubbed-up newspaper thriller, with Dustin Hoffman, as Carl Bernstein, and Robert Redford, as Bob Woodward, coming off as laughably pure, aging-collegian go-getters. The movie primes us to snicker when the duo's female colleagues use their charms to secure leads for them. But *their* dubious muckraking integrity depends on the services of a squealer, Deep Throat. It's compelling but woefully conventional, and was a bad influence on some newspaper editors, who grew to see themselves in the image of Jason Robards' romanticized Ben Bradlee—a swashbuckler in a well-cut suit.—*Michael Sragow* (Anthology Film Archives; March 26-28.)

Analyze This—You can see the jokes coming well in advance, but you still laugh uncontrollably. Robert De Niro is the mafia boss who is having panic attacks at crucial moments, and Billy Crystal is the mild, bored little shrink who becomes his doctor and friend. What makes the film so effective is that the two men form a real bond—each fulfills some need in the other. Director



Opening March 26, Pete Postlethwaite in "Among Giants."

MORE cat cartoons!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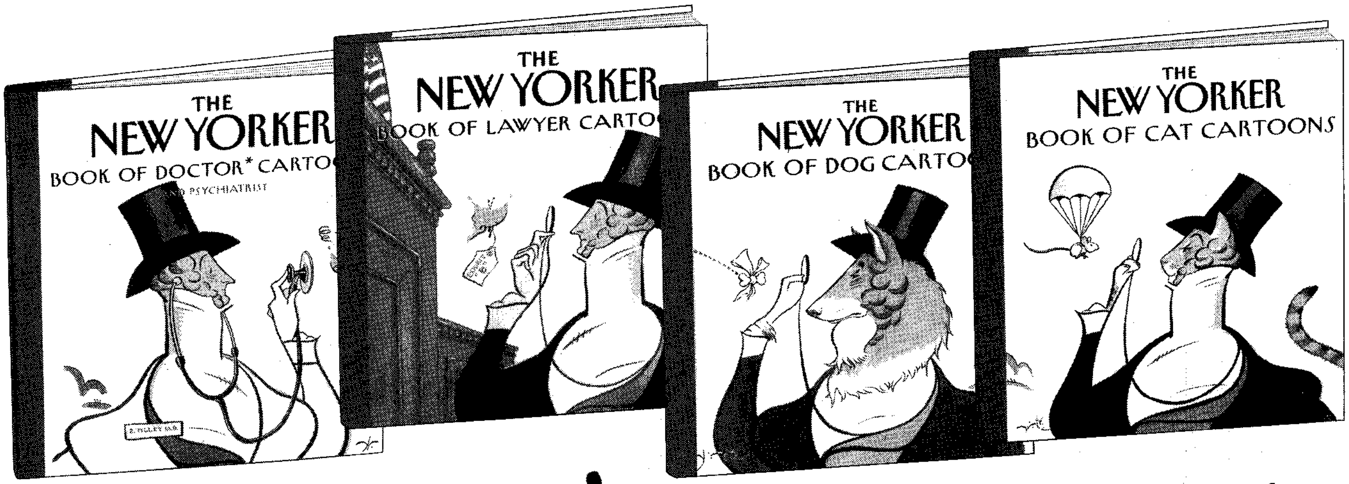
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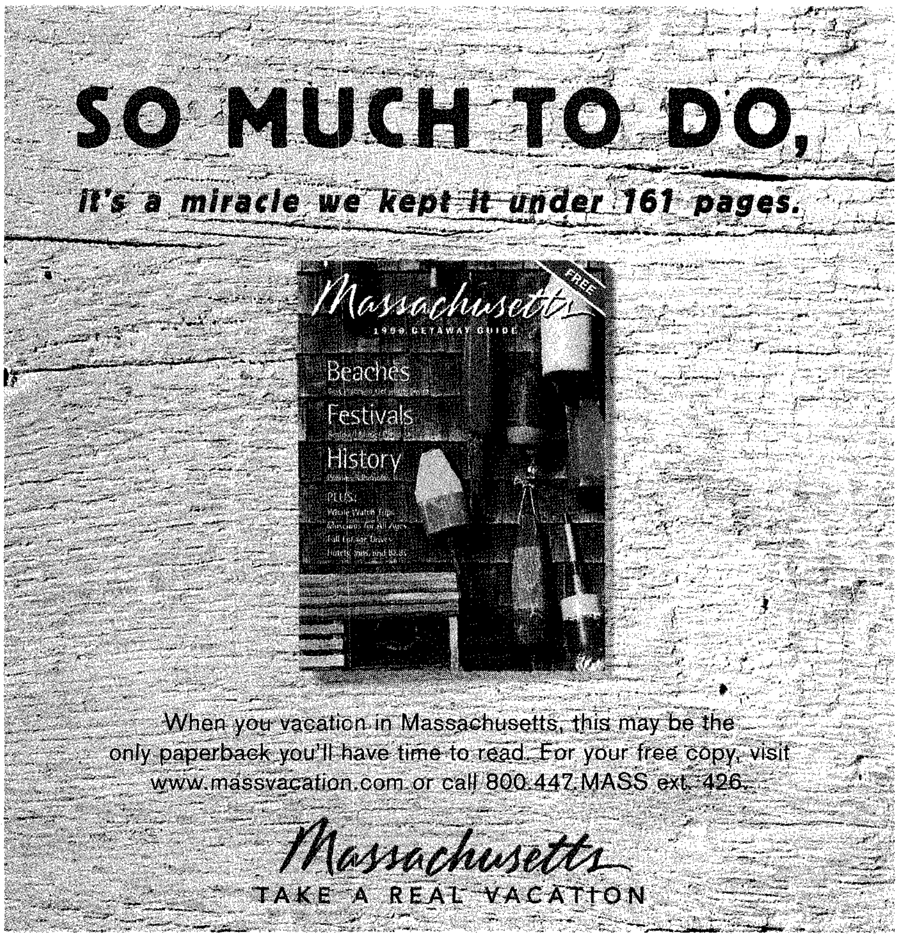
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Harold Ramis's experience is evident in almost every scene; he doesn't push the farce too hard. With a superb performance by Joseph Viterelli as the boss's embarrassed right-hand man. Written by Kenneth Lonergan, Peter Tolan, and Ramis.—*D.D.* (Coronet Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theàtre VII.)

The Corruptor—A serviceable action film, directed by James Foley, that gets its spark from the pairing of its sexy leading men—soft-spoken, baby-faced Mark Wahlberg and quiet, graceful Hong Kong hunk Chow Yun-Fat. They're mismatched Chinatown cops (there's a lot of that going around) trying to vanquish evil and corruption at every turn of the well-worn crime-thriller plot. Foley is no John Woo, but he gets some fine performances from his leads and supporting players (particularly Ric Young as a gang leader and Brian Cox as Wahlberg's father, a disgraced ex-cop).—*Bruce Diones* (Astor Plaza, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through March 25.)

Cruel Intentions—Yet another version of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," Choderlos de Laclos's stunning 1782 novel about sexual gamesmanship and betrayal, this one set in contemporary Manhattan, among the spoiled youth of an Upper East Side private school. It's not boring (given the subject, how could it be?), but almost nothing in it works. The elaborate apparatus of sex—seductions, lies, strategic refusals—seems merely peculiar without the eighteenth-century social conventions to support it, and most of the dialogue comes off as arch. With Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, Reese Witherspoon, and Selma Blair. Written and directed by Roger Kumble.—*D.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

Dancemaker—Director Matthew Diamond profiles the American choreographer Paul Taylor, and the result is freer than the usual stolid arts documentary—rather like the instinctual, unpretentious style of Taylor's work itself. Interviews with Taylor and his dancers, shots of stop-and-go rehearsals, archive footage of Taylor as a lonely kid growing up on a farm, and stills of him as a star soloist with Martha Graham in the late fifties all amplify one theme: Taylor is an artist whose instrument is other artists. There's a poignant, uncomfortable intimacy to his creative process; watching his troupe at work over the years is like watching lovers come together and drift apart.—*Sarah Kerr* (Film Forum.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely; the characters are monosyllabic—near-mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. It's an epic pastiche.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum 2; starting March 26.)

8mm—Nicolas Cage is Welles, a private detective who is asked to watch a snuff movie and find out just how snuffy it is—to determine whether a young woman was actually killed onscreen. His quest leads him to Los Angeles and New York, and to a slow crawl through the belly of the porno industry. The problem here is not that director Joel Schumacher's grim approach is exploitative but that it's overly serious, and boring. The usually sprightly Cage seems locked and barred; the only fun comes when he teams up with Joaquin Phoenix, a bemused observer of the hard-core scene. But not even Phoenix can save a film that solemnly fulfills everything you guessed in the first ten minutes.—*Anthony Lane* (3/8/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, State, and Union Square.)

Elizabeth—A grisly, flamboyant account of the Virgin Queen's early days as a monarch. Screenwriter Michael Hirst alters and conflates events that took place over many years—by degrees, Elizabeth (Cate Blanchett), a Protestant surrounded by powerful Catholics, takes control of England by pulling off a kind of internal coup d'état. The means of her ascension is Sir Francis Walsingham (Geoffrey Rush), a perfect Machiavellian character who serves the Queen as adviser, deadly assassin, and spy. Elizabeth's climb to power, however, is a personal disaster: the supple-waisted maiden with long red hair becomes stiff and harsh, emerging from her youth white-faced and trapped in the armor of a thick brocade dress. The movie is a horror film masquerading as a historical pageant. Directed by Shekhar Kapur.—*D.D.* (11/16/98) (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Union Square.)

The Harmonists—The true story of the Comedian Harmonists, the legendary German singing group that was forced to disband in 1934 as the Nazis came to power (because some of their members were Jewish). The film, directed in rich Technicolor by Joseph Vilsmaier, features the original musical performances (ably lip-synched by the actors), digitally remastered to highlight the group's sophisticated harmonies. The offstage story involves romantic conflicts, Nazi sympathizers, and leadership struggles within the group; these subplots give the picture an emotional core that raises it above what could have been simply a music-hall experience. It has all the verve and inspiration of the Harmonists themselves. In German.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

I Stand Alone—A queasy-making tour de force. Set during a grim French recession in 1980, Gaspar Noé's portrait of a psychopath follows an ex-con (the brilliant, tightly wound Philippe Nahon) whose life went rotten as a child when his father died in a German camp. Now middle-aged, he hopes to start fresh by setting up shop as a butcher in the provinces. But his lover reneges on a promise to bankroll him; he exacts grotesque revenge and flees to a Paris of immigrants and joblessness and neglect. On the surface, Nahon's character (called simply the Man) may look like a typical silent existentialist antihero, but Noé slyly lets us in on his vicious thoughts, which pour out at a million words a minute. His script is thrillingly literary, once in a while even profound; it's a good counterbalance to his directing style, which is that of a witty button-pusher, with a slick, Spielbergian talent for evoking dread. In French.—*S.K.* (Film Forum.)

Life Is Beautiful—Would that it were. The great, donkey-faced Italian clown Roberto Benigni attempts an ambitious fable of comedy's redemptive power. He plays an Italian Jew who keeps alive his little boy's innocence in a Nazi concentration camp by pretending that the routines of the camp are no more than an intricate game staged for his son's benefit. But Benigni's ironic counter-reality undermines this movie, not the Nazis, who were beyond ridicule for the same reason that they were beyond rationality. Totalitarianism makes the fantastic literal—that is its demonic appeal. Benigni's jokes and games just aren't enough, and you leave the movie thinking that what's touching is not Benigni's ministrations to the little boy but his own need to believe in comedy as salvation. With Giorgio Cantarini as the son, who has the heartbreaking quality of the children in the old neorealist movies. In Italian.—*D.D.* (11/16/98 and 3/15/99) (Angelika Film Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Paris, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and 72nd Street East.)

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—This début film from Guy Ritchie, a young English writer and director, was a big hit in Britain, though it's hard to see why. Four London lads owe half a million pounds to a man with the subtle sobriquet of Hatchet Harry. Learning of an upcoming drug theft, they lie in wait and rob the robbers; all goes well until their fence, Nick the Greek (Stephen Marcus), unwittingly tries to sell the drugs back to the very person who owned them in the first place. It's a neat twist in a nicely wrapped plot; if only the rest of this flimsy film lived up to it.—*A.L.* (3/8/99) (BAM Rose Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

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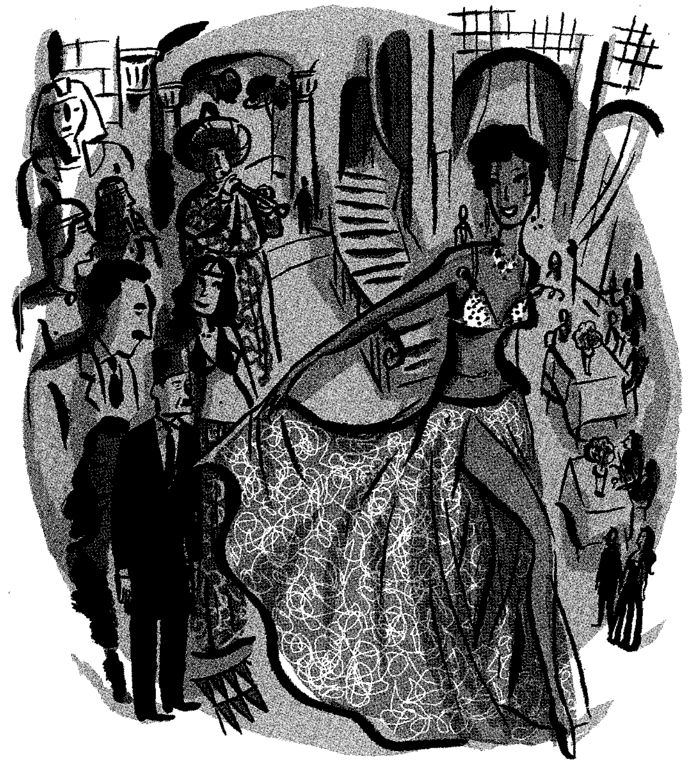
Saving Private Ryan—This Steven Spielberg picture, one of his best, is a sandwich. The meat of the tale concerns a bunch of U.S. Army Rangers, led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), who are sent into Normandy to rescue the sole survivor of four brothers. On either side of this bold endeavor you get half an hour of unyielding combat: first, the D Day landings on Omaha Beach and, later, a consummate last stand in which too few Americans try to hold a bridge against too many Germans and too many tanks. Spielberg has arranged his violence into a semblance of pure disorder. The illusion holds, complete with severed limbs and wellsprings of blood, and it feels honorable; Spielberg's preachy movies can be an awful grind, but, apart from a disposable coda, this new work is too swift (and often too inaudible) to weigh you down.—*A.L.* (8/3/98) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Olympia, Union Square, and Waverly.)

The School of Flesh—For his new movie, Benoît Jacquot, best known for "A Single Girl," has set a Yukio Mishima novel in present-day Paris. The transplant is all too successful; the whole thing feels French to its fingertips. French cinema has long thrived on the romantic mismatch, and in this case it's Older Woman meets Younger Man; to be precise, we get the uptight businesswoman (Isabelle Huppert) letting her hair down for the sake of a poor bartender (Vincent Martinez), who has a colorful sexual record and no morals to speak of. If this were a Hollywood production, the hustling youth would find true love in return; the strength of Jacquot's take on the affair is that he is prepared to show his lovers not changing, or skirting change and then pulling back in fear. Only in bed do the two leads understand each other, and sometimes not even there. Word has it that French viewers thought there was too little sex in the movie; American viewers may think there's too much. *Vive la différence.* In French.—*A.L.* (Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Shakespeare in Love—A ripely emotional comedy-fantasia—concocted by director John Madden and screenwriters Marc Norman and Tom Stoppard—of how Shakespeare came to write "Romeo and Juliet." In 1593, young Will (Joseph Fiennes), a stud with liquid eyes and full lips, is just an unhappy and unproductive hack, jealous of the greater Christopher Marlowe (Rupert Everett). At first the movie comes at us too broadly, with many facetiously anachronistic jokes about the grubby professional routines of the theatre. But Will falls in love with the fictional heiress Viola de Lesseps (Gwyneth Paltrow), and when these two poeticizing lovers climb into bed, and Shakespeare's quill begins to fly, the cleverness catches fire and "Shakespeare in Love" turns into an exciting literary-erotic entertainment. With Geoffrey Rush as the theatre manager Henslowe and Judi Dench as a supremely intelligent and wittily dominating Queen Elizabeth.—*D.D.* (12/21/98) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and 34th Street Showplace.)

True Crime—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Criterion Center, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)



At the Walter Reade Theatre, a program of Egyptian musicals.

ALSO PLAYING

CENTRAL STATION (reviewed in our issue of 11/30/98): BAM Rose Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema. . . . **CHILDREN OF HEAVEN** (2/15/99): Angelika Film Center. . . . **THE DEEP END OF THE OCEAN:** Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **DEVIL'S ISLAND:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **FORCES OF NATURE:** Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, State, and Union Square. . . . **GODS AND MONSTERS** (11/9/98): Chelsea Cinemas, Quad Cinema, and 62nd & Broadway. . . . **HANDS ON A HARD BODY:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **HILARY AND JACKIE** (1/18/99): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Union Square. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Chelsea West, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, State, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **OCTOBER SKY** (2/22 & 3/1/99): Beekman, Lincoln Square, and 34th Street Showplace. . . . **PRINCE OF EGYPT:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE RAGE: CARRIE 2:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 59th Street East Cinema, Orpheum VII, and Union Square. . . . **RAVENOUS:** Union Square and Ziegfeld. . . . **RELAX . . . IT'S JUST SEX:** Quad Cinema. . . . **RUSHMORE** (12/7-14/98): Art Greenwich Twin, Guild, Lincoln Square, Sutton, and Union Square. . . . **A SIMPLE PLAN:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SPARKLER:** Quad Cinema. . . . **TANGO:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **THE THIN RED LINE** (12/28/98 & 1/4/99): First & 62nd Cinemas and Union Square. . . . **20 DATES:** Union Square. . . . **WAKING NED DEVINE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **WING COMMANDER:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

New Directors/New Films—The first programs in a seventeen-day festival of international films. March 26 at 6 and 6:30 and March 27 at 3:30: "Judy Berlin" (Eric Mendelsohn; United States). . . . March 26 at 9 and 9:30 and March 27 at 1: "Run Lola Run" (Tom Tykwer; Germany). . . . March 27 at 6 and March 28 at 3: "West Beirut" (Ziad Doueiri; Lebanon and France). . . . March 27 at 9 and March 28 at 12:15: "Of Freaks and Men" (Alexei Balabanov; Russia). . . . March 28 at 5:45 and March 29 at 9: "Birth of a Butterfly" (Mojtaba Raei; Iran). . . . March 28 at 8:30 and March 29 at 6: "Victor" (Sandrine Veysset; France). . . . March 30 at 6: "Like Father Like Son" (Christophe Restiau and Johan Roger; France) and "Open Bodies" (Sébastien Lifshitz; France). . . . March 30 at 8:30: "Passion" (György Fehér; Hungary). (Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 708-9500.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through March 25: "The Boys in the Band" (1970, William Friedkin). . . . From March 26: "Days of Heaven" (†).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of Egyptian musicals; in Arabic, with English subtitles. March 24 at 2 and 6:30 and March 25 at 4:20 and 9: "The Flirtation of Girls" (1949, Anwar Wagdi). . . . March 24 at 4:15 and 8:45 and March 25 at 2 and 6:40: "Dahab" (1953, Wagdi). . . . March 26 at 2 and 6:15, March 27 at 4:30, March 28 at 8:40, and March 29 at 4:30: "Love in Karnak" (1967, Ali Rida). . . . March 26 at 4 and 8:15 and March 27-28 at 6:45: "Every Beat of My Heart" (1959, Ahmad Diya' al-Din). . . . March 27 at 9, March 28 at 4:30, and March 30 at 2: "Ice Cream in Gleam" (1992, Khairy Bishara).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films featuring Edward G. Robinson. March 25 at 2:30: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938, Lloyd Bacon). . . . March 29 at 2:30: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962, Vincente Minnelli). . . . March 30 at 2:30: "The Cincinnati Kid" (1965, Norman Jewison). . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: Two films starring Marie Dressler. "Tillie Wakes Up" (1917, Harry Davenport; silent) and "Dangerous Females" (1929, William Watson).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—March 27 at 2 and 3:30 and March 28 at 2 and 4:30: Four different programs of mostly short films by Ernie Gehr.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Through March 27: A program of films from Senegal. . . . March 30 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Bye Bye" (1995, Karim Dridi; in French).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On March 28 at 7, the feature will be "Robot Holocaust" (1986, Tim Kincaid).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Three films directed by Alan J. Pakula. March 25 at 7, March 26 at 9:45, March 27 at 4, and March 28 at 7: "Klute" (1971). . . . March 25 at 9:30, March 27 at 6:30, and March 28 at 9:30: "The Parallax View" (1974). . . . March 26 at 7, March 27 at 9, and March 28 at 4: "All the President's Men" (†).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of films by Tai Kato; in Japanese, with English subtitles. March 26 at 6:30: "Love for a Mother" (1962).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—A program of films about the last days of the millennium, by different directors. Through March 25: "The Book of Life" (Hal Hartley; United States), "The Sanguinaires" (Laurent Cantet; France), "Life on Earth" (Abderrahmane Sissako; Mali), and "Tamas et Juli" (Ildiko Enyedi; Hungary).

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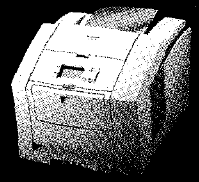

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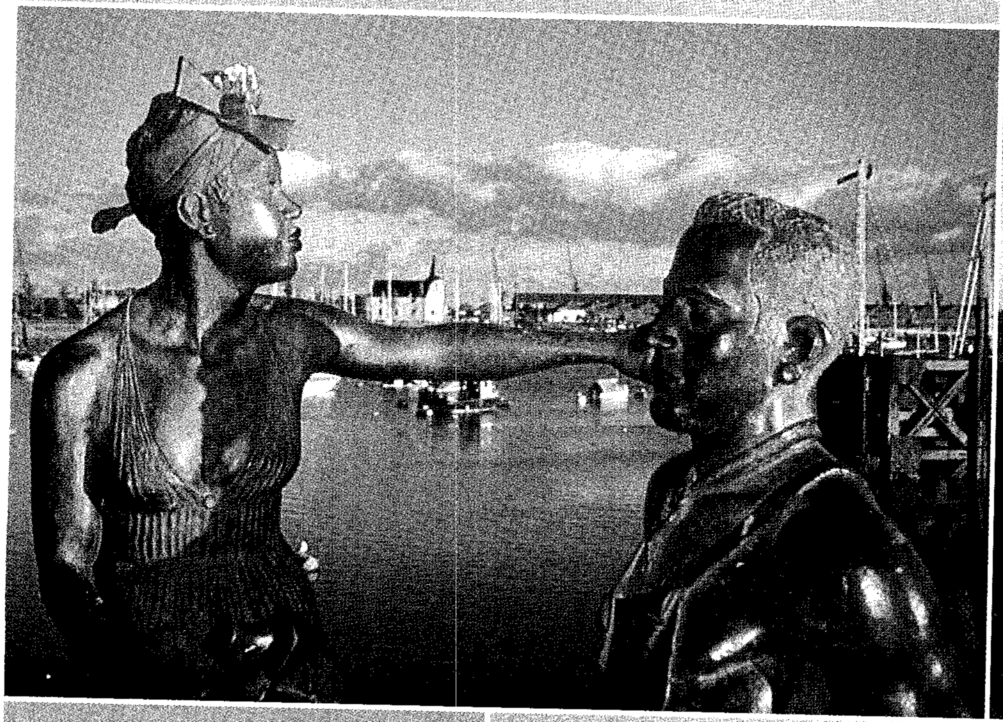

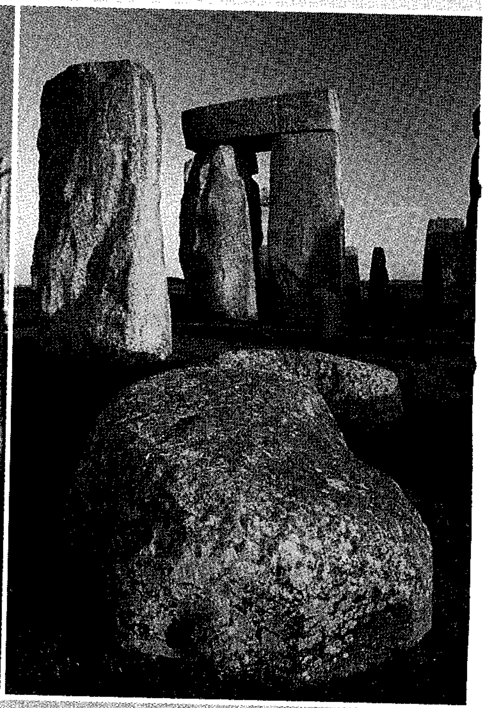

Whether you spend New Year's Eve sipping Dom Perignon on Mount Everest or eating takeout on the couch, the passing of the millennium will be a cultural milestone difficult to ignore. To mark this auspicious occasion, Britain is investing more than a billion dollars in yearlong millennium exhibitions that will focus on science, the environment, and Britain's cultural heritage. These projects, combined with the nation's spectacular surge of energy that is revitalizing London and other cities, will afford millennial celebrations certain to satisfy even the most discriminating of visitors.

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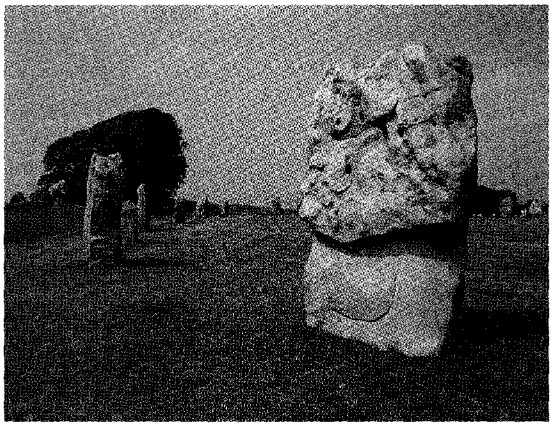
A Drive Back In Time

The Mystical Southwest

Amid the worldwide media fanfare surrounding the passing of the millennium, the stone circles of Stonehenge and its neighbor, the less-visited and arguably more dramatic Avebury, serve as intriguing reminders that our neolithic ancestors were also close watchers of the calendar.



Courtesy of the West County Tourist Board

Above: Avebury stone circle predates Stonehenge by two centuries. Left: Stonehenge at dawn. Far left: Overlooking Cardiff Bay. ©Steve Day

The quick, eighty-mile drive from London is dwarfed by the arduous 240-mile odyssey Stonehenge's builders took to transport its tremendous bluestones from Wales's Preseli Mountains to their current site on the sparse, rolling Salisbury Plain. Who these builders were and why they went to all this trouble almost five millennia ago isn't known. But one's first glimpse of the eerily precise circle of stones towering over the chalky downs is not easily forgotten.

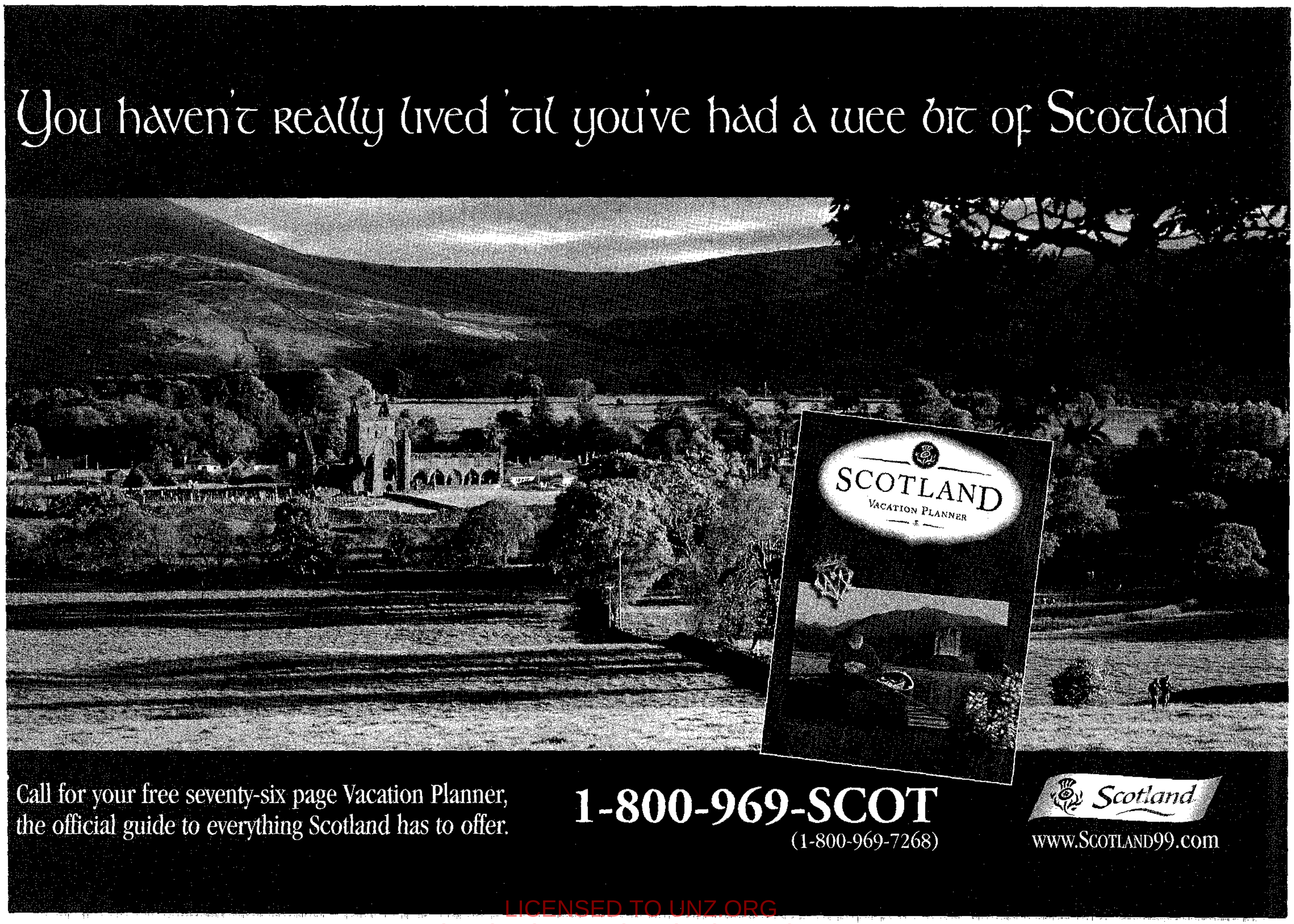
After visiting Stonehenge, head twenty miles north to Avebury, site of the largest stone circle in the world. The first of the Avebury stones were placed here at least two hundred years before any were deposited at its better known neighbor.

Both of these ancient sites are best explored very early in the day, or around sunset. The light at these times accentuates the mystical feeling of the ancient stone circles and the surrounding long barrows—immense neolithic earthen burial mounds that dot the horizon. Plans are underway for a Stonehenge Genesis Party to mark the change of millennia. For information, check the Web at www.euro2000.com/events/stonehenge.html.

Cornwall: Where Great Knights Once Tread

Even frequent visitors to Britain often miss the seaside county of Cornwall, home to delightfully picturesque villages and King Arthur's fabled ancient stomping grounds.

While its beaches draw sun worshippers, Cornwall's real magic is in places like St. Michael's Mount, a granite and slate island covered with lush gardens and crowned by a fourteenth-century castle. According to Cornish legend, the island was built by the Giant Cormoran, or rather by his wife



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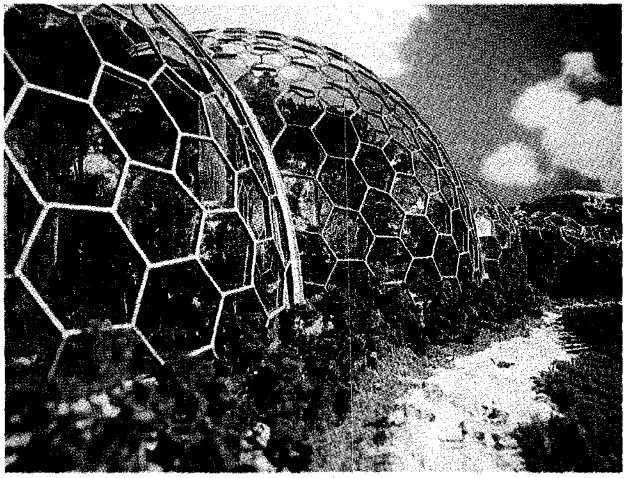
Cormelian, whom he bullied into carrying huge blocks of granite from the moors in her leather apron. The success of her labors is evident in the spectacular views to be had from the top of the castle.

While many regions of Britain claim legendary King Arthur as their own, the notion that he was in fact Cornish has been around since early medieval times. Perched majestically atop the northern cliffs of Cornwall are the eerie ruins of the Castle of Tintagel, Arthur's purported birthplace. And Dozmary Pool on Bodmin Moor is where King Arthur's sword Excalibur was supposedly returned to the Lady of the Lake. For added atmosphere, Cornwall's south coast will arguably be the best place in the western hemisphere to view the total eclipse of the sun this August 11th.

For the millennium, Cornwall's aptly named Eden Project near St. Austell has reclaimed an inactive china clay pit to create two-hundred-foot-high biomes that will showcase the ecologies of a warm temperate climate (Mediterranean) and the humid tropics (tropical rain forest). When completed, the biomes will comprise the largest existing greenhouse in the world.


Eden Project mirrors the world's ecosystems.

Wales, the Forgotten Country

The once mighty principality of Wales is experiencing a bit of a renaissance. With its own fascinating language still spoken by one-fourth of the population (*cwrw* is what you order at the pub, and Uwchmynydd is a hamlet in north Wales you might visit) and its economy on an upswing, this is the perfect time to explore the homeland of the likes of Dylan Thomas, Anthony Hopkins, and Richard Burton.

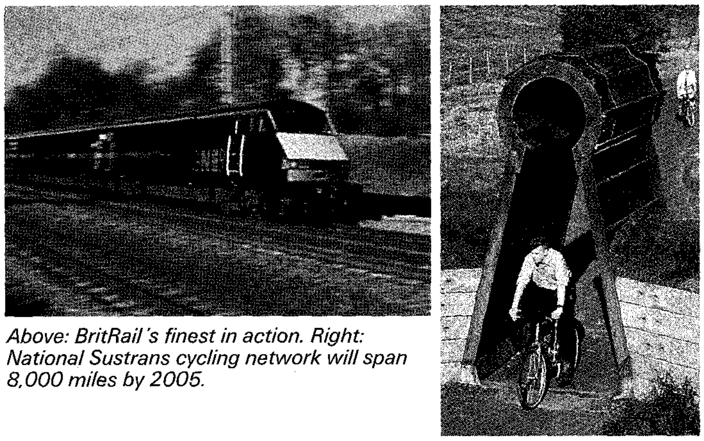
Although many people think of Wales in terms of heavy industry and coal mining, it is in fact a region of immense natural beauty. Tiny mountain roads, such as the one over the Cambrian Mountains from Llanwrtyd Wells to Tregaron, wind past mist-shrouded medieval castles.

(continued on 6a)

Catch a glimpse of the British countryside right in the heart of London.
Buckingham Palace, London

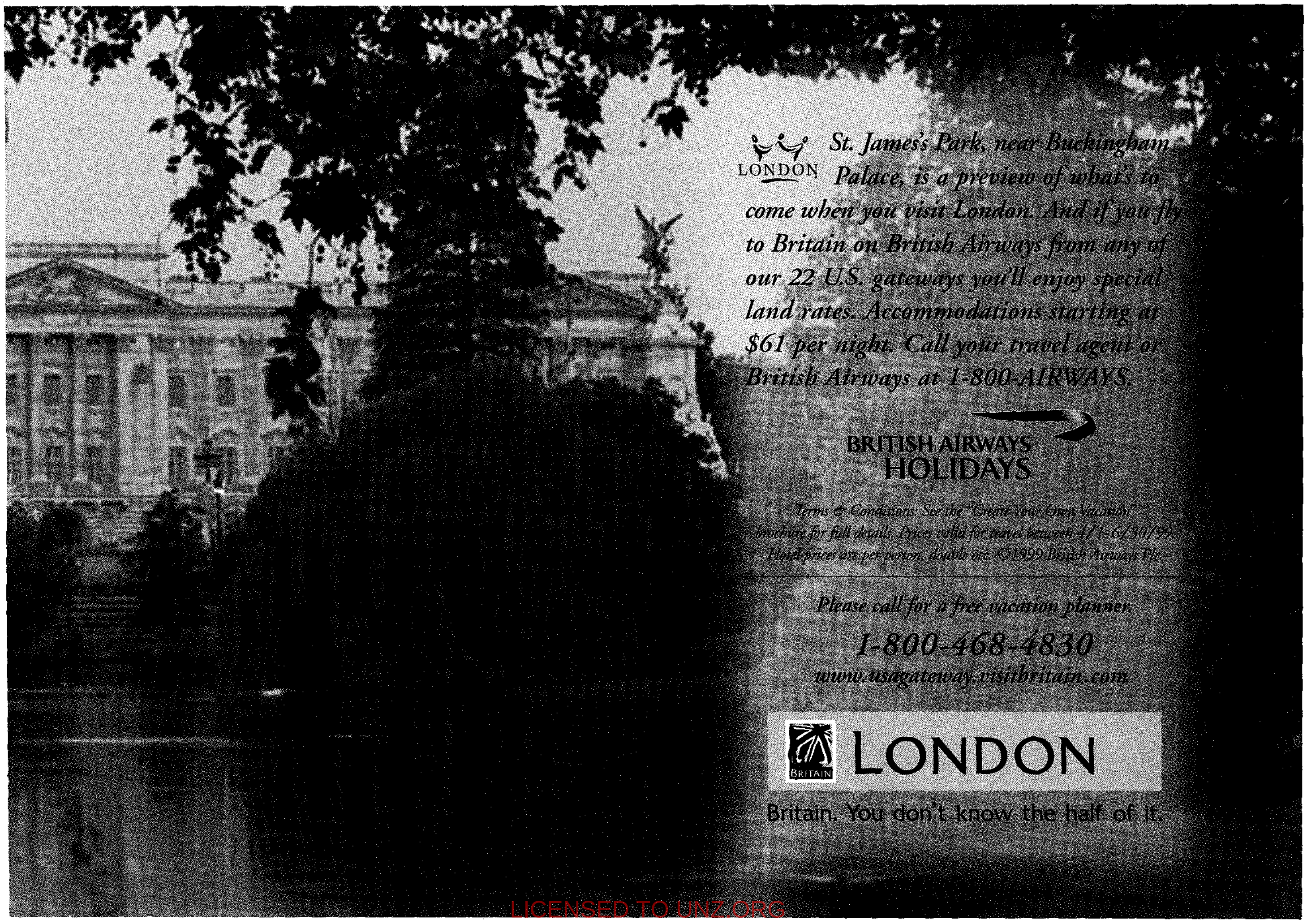
Inside Information

The best way to explore Britain includes straying from the beaten path. The following tips can make the difference between a good trip and an unforgettable one.



Above: BritRail's finest in action. Right: National Sustrans cycling network will span 8,000 miles by 2005.

- **Do** take advantage of Britain's wonderful rail system. Rail Europe's convenient BritRail passes offer regional options and the choice of combining car rentals with train usage (888-422-2748; www.raileurope.com).
- **Don't** forget that Britain's weather can be unpredictable. Request a catalog from Tilley Endurables (800-363-8737), a quality source for hand-washable, water- and wrinkle-resistant fashions that look as good on a Wales windswept cliff as at a high tea in London.
- **Do** rent a car at some point during your stay.
- **Don't** stick to the major highways. There aren't too many better ways to spend a day than lost on a quiet country lane.
- **Do** rent a bike. To celebrate the millenium and help preserve the environment, Sustrans National Cycle Network is adding 3,500 miles of linked cycle routes throughout Britain by June 2000 (44-117/929-0888; www.sustrans.org.uk).
- **Don't** forget to take advantage of Britain's diverse assortment of historical accommodations by contacting The Landmark Trust (44-1628/825-925) and The National Trust (44-1225/791-199). Or stay at an active farm through the Farm Holiday Bureau (44-1203/696-909).
- **Do** take advantage of The Great British Heritage Pass and the new English Heritage Pass, which together provide unlimited access to more than six hundred cultural and historical sites throughout the United Kingdom. Available only to visitors from overseas, the U.K.-wide pass costs £30 ($48) for seven days; the English Heritage pass costs £16 ($26) for fourteen days.
- **Don't** forget the kids. Find out about the London Tourism Board's Visitorcall (44-171-932-2000), which provides daily updates on events for children of all ages; the Theatre Museum lets them loose in a giant dressing room stocked with makeup (44-171/836-7891); and Pollock's Toy Museum displays an abundance of dolls and dollhouses, teddy bears, figurines, and more (44-171/636-3452).



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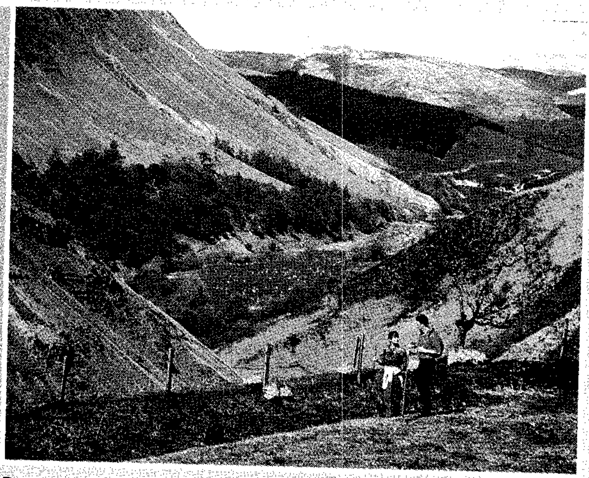


Courtesy of the Wales Tourist Board

Bucolic Welsh vistas abound throughout the Cambrian Mountains.

(continued from 4a)

Spectacular coastal bluffs, like those along the nationally protected Llŷn Peninsula, reveal their savage beauty to the fortunate visitor.

The Welsh Highland Railway Millennium Restoration Project manages a tricky balance—that of highlighting Wales's natural beauty while honoring its industrial heritage. The railroad, one of Wales's famous narrow-gauge lines, snakes through the spectacular Snowdonia National Park from Porthmadog to Caernarfon, affording lucky passengers spectacular views while helping to diminish the impact of vehicles in the park.

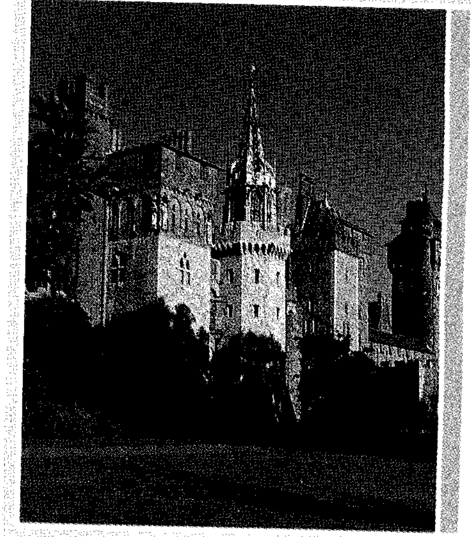
The Welsh city of Cardiff is today reëmerging from its industrial past as a vibrant, cosmopolitan capital. With hundreds of acres of parkland and the fantastical Cardiff Castle—a Roman and Norman fortress restored during Victorian times into a wildly colorful, Gothic-style wonder—Cardiff is the cultural hub of Wales. The city is being revitalized by the Cardiff Bay Millennium Waterfront project that is reclaiming a portion of abandoned docklands. A significant focal point of the project will be the new Welsh Millennium Centre, the future home of the renowned Welsh National Opera.

Trendspotting On The Cusp Of 2000

London

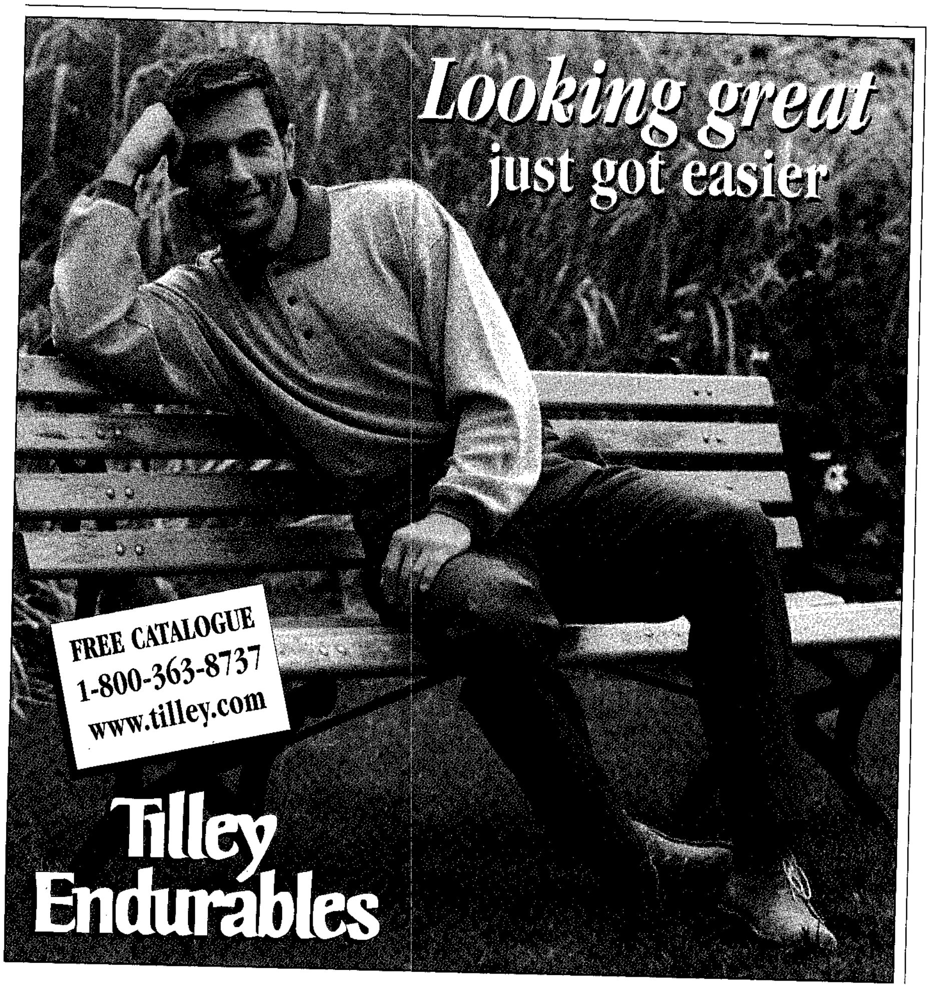
Beyond the millennial media buzz, there really is something going on in London. The economy's booming, the restaurant scene continues to reinvent itself, and the entire city is bursting with energy and style. If you had to point to a world capital that was peaking for the millennium, London would likely be it.

London's restaurants continue to proliferate. Michel Rostang, one of Paris's most celebrated chefs, has just arrived from across the Channel to open Terrace on the first floor of Le Meridien Piccadilly. It's a marriage between his famous "old bistro" ambiance and the haute cuisine of his eponymous Parisian eatery.



Cardiff Castle spans two millennia.

At the year-old Lindsay House, guests actually have to ring the front doorbell, whereupon they are personally welcomed by chef/owner Richard Corrigan. Styled as an authentic Irish country home, this eighteenth-century Soho townhouse serves the likes of the Prime Minister with food that earned a recent Michelin star



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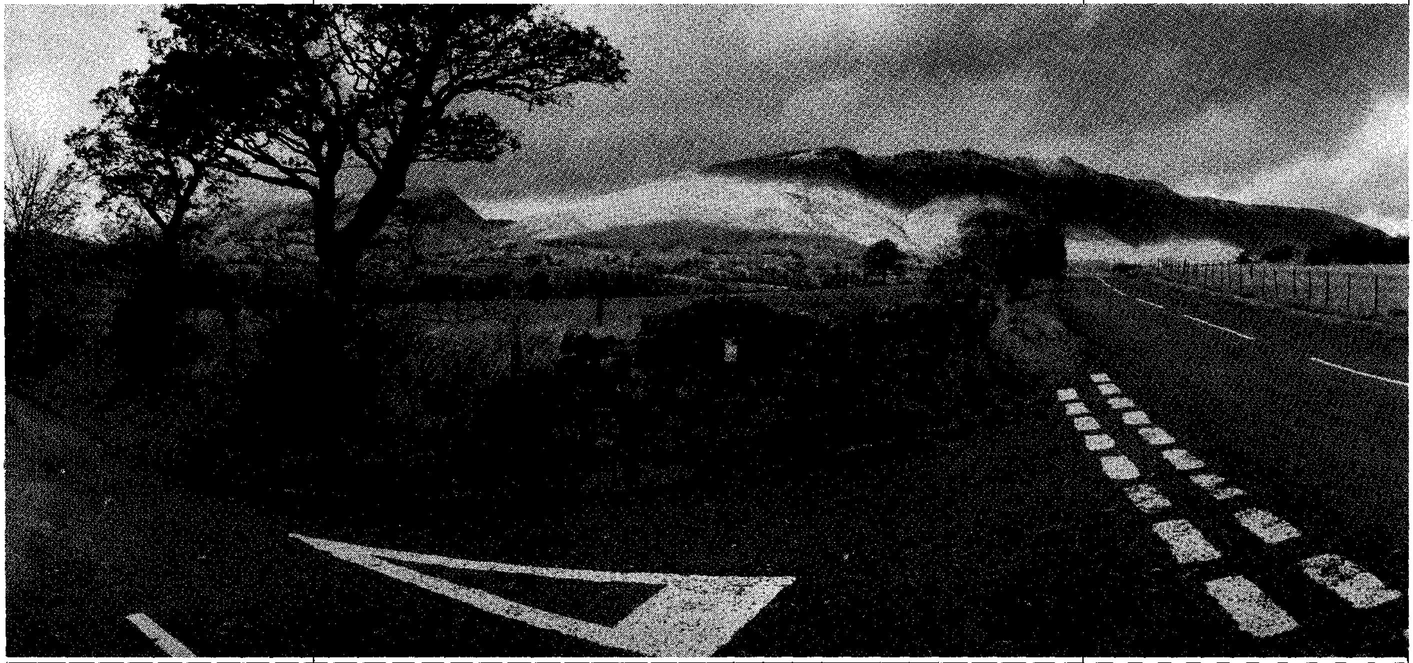

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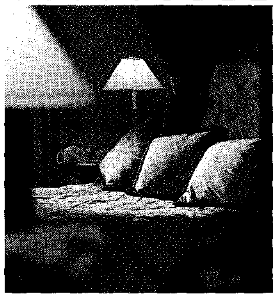

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(See "Inside Information" on pg. 5a for details.)

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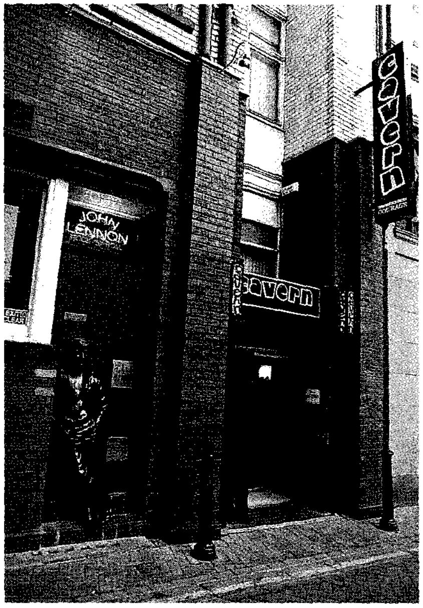
Don't be fooled by the unassuming name and unimpressive décor at Pizza Metro Pizza. The zesty Italian food and boisterous atmosphere make the trip across the Thames a must, and reservations essential. And if you've forgotten your Italian phrase book, just ask owner and host Alberto Parascandolo to fill your table with his favorite dishes.

Smart, stylish hotels are opening all over town. One Aldwych, the city's newest magnet for guests, coddles them with down duvets in a decidedly hip atmosphere. In July, Ian Schrager, along with celebrity designer Philippe Starck, is bringing his talents to the chic Covent Gardens neighborhood with the St. Martin's Lane hotel. And premier London restaurant impresario Sir Terence Conran will attempt to transfer his magic touch to the world of lodging with the sure to be fashionable Great Eastern Hotel, set to open by year's end.

The range of chic hotels also includes The Pelham, Covent Garden, Dorset Square, and the apartment-style Durley House, which for the millennium, are thanking their best clients with complimentary New Year's Eve guest rooms. Accessible by the London Underground and located in Thames Valley is Heritage Hotels' The Crown. This charming sixteenth-century hotel's Georgian facade opens to reveal a lovely Elizabethan interior, and the establishment provided one of the settings for the highly acclaimed feature film, "Four Weddings and a Funeral."



Courtesy of Merseyside Tourism Board

John Lennon is memorialized at the site of the Liverpool pub where it all started some forty years ago.

MARKS & SPENCER

© Chris Edgecombe

Largest M&S in the world is slated to open in Manchester.

Several millennium projects are creating new landmarks on the London skyline. When completed, British Airways' London Eye, with a diameter of five hundred feet, will be the highest observation ferris wheel in the world. Powered in part by renewable energy solar cells, sixty capsules will take visitors on slow-moving twenty-five minute "flights" over the capital. Back at sea level, a new high-tech Millennium Bridge will link the South Bank with St. Paul's and the city across the river, marking the first pedestrian bridge to be built across the Thames this century.

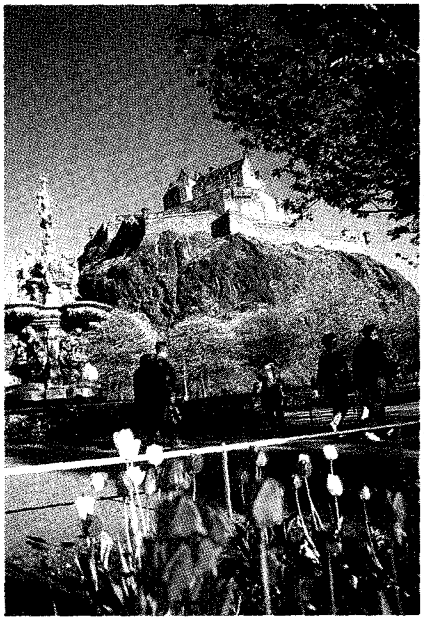
London's millennium projects are also revitalizing two of its most popular visitor attractions, the venerable British Museum and the Tate Gallery. The Great Court at the heart of the British Museum (one of the world's best known cultural resources) is being completely renovated, and a spectacular glass roof is being added. Hidden from public view for the last 150 years, the British Museum's newly unveiled inner court will provide museum-goers with a dramatic two-acre public square in which to meet with one another and relax.

One hundred years after its establishment, the Tate Gallery has the opportunity to realize the vision of its founder, Henry Tate. He sought to establish a new national art gallery that would enable its whole collection to be displayed on a permanent basis. The Tate Gallery of Modern Art is now under construction in the former Bankside Power Station. With its extensive use of glass and natural light, the new Tate Gallery will follow the lead of Paris's Musée D'Orsay in its innovative conversion of raw architecture into outstanding new exhibition space. It will also provide a spectacular view of the city. A corollary project will relaunch the current Millbank site as the Tate Gallery of British Art, to fully display the Tate's respected British collection.

To help visitors take full advantage of many of London's superb museums, the White Card allows unlimited access to sixteen museums and galleries throughout the capital for £16 ($26; for a three-day adult pass). There are also family and seven-day options for this economical admission pass that is valid at the three South Kensington Museums, the Museum of London, and several art galleries. For more information about the White Card, visit www.London-GoSee.com.

The North

Typically working-class Liverpool and Manchester, located halfway between London and Scotland, are better known as the birthplaces of The Beatles and the industrial revolution than as tourist



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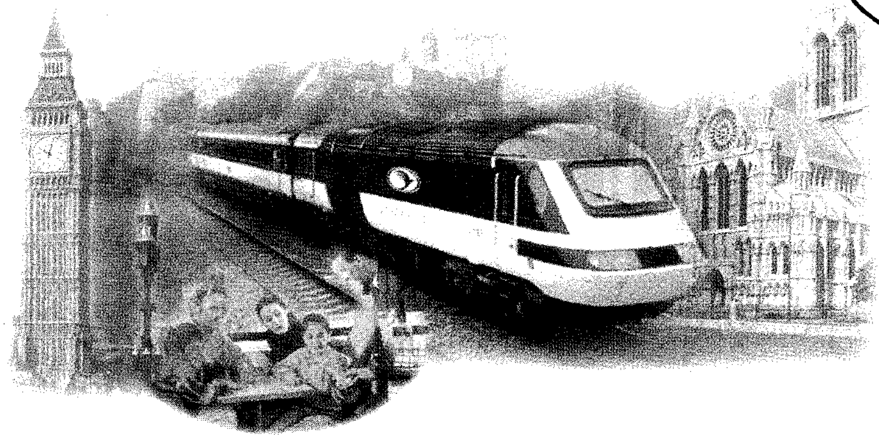

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destinations of note. But for the cognoscenti, this is all changing, and fast.

Manchester is now home to celebrity London chef Nico Landenis' dining vortex, Nico Central; hip fashion retailer Joseph; Vivienne Westwood and Paul Smith boutiques; a fabulous new Malmaison Hotel in a refurbished 1905 textile warehouse; and the soon-to-open largest Marks & Spencer in the world.

Nearby Liverpool is filled with a similar energy, especially around Concert Square in the city center. Amid architectural reminders of the city's industrial heyday, trendy bars and cafés bespeak the region's changing outlook. And new boutique hotels like The Swallow are welcoming the upturn in tourism.

Liverpool's National Discovery Park Millennium Project—an interactive immersion into the evolving fields of information technology, broadcasting, and multimedia—provides another sign that the region is entering the next millennium with a renewed focus on the future.

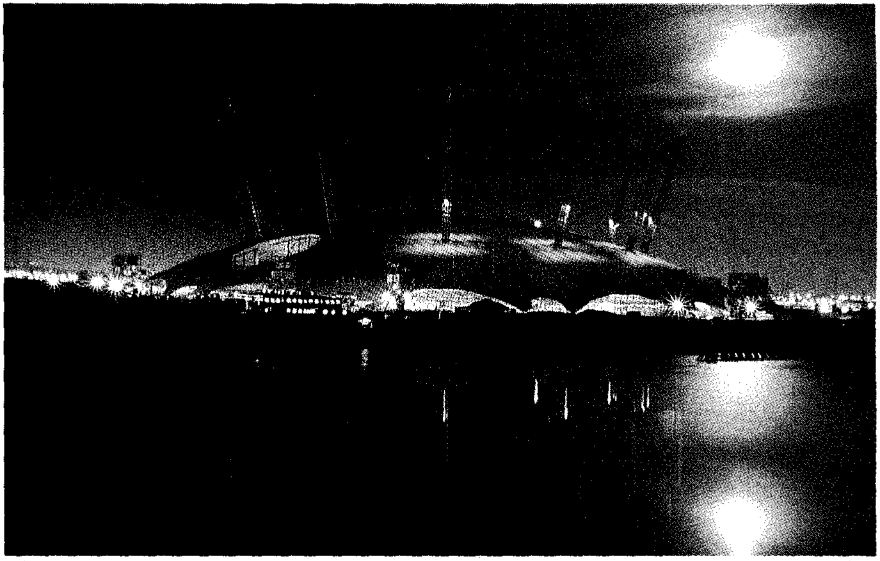
Edinburgh Throws World Fête

One of Europe's great capital cities, Edinburgh is already boasting that it will host the biggest New Year's Eve party on the planet. Whether or not this will technically be true, this Scottish city of small villages is gearing up for a yearlong celebration designed to attract first-time visitors and seasoned travelers alike. The International Festival (August 15th–September 4th) and the alternative Festival Fringe (August 8th–30th) offer non-stop theatre, opera, comedy, music and dance performances, kids' shows, and exhibitions that together comprise the largest organized bursting forth of creative energy in the world.

Other 1999 highlights include The Edinburgh International Science Festival (April 3rd–18th), The International Children's Festival (May 18th–23rd), and The International Jazz and Blues Festival (July 30th–August 8th).

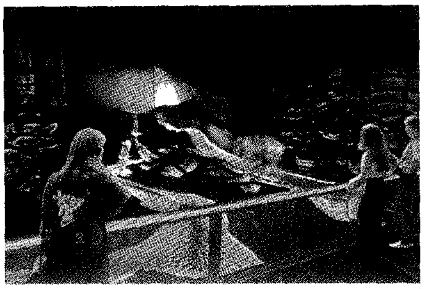
To put all this revelry into perspective, Edinburgh is also planning to celebrate several million past millennia with Dynamic Earth, opening May 29th. Exhibits telling the story of our planet will include a simulated tropical rain forest and an erupting volcano, complete with molten lava, smoke, and sulfurous odors.

As all this festival-going is enough to make even the most energetic a little weary, you can rest in Edwardian splendor on Princes Street at The Balmoral Hotel, where the noble character of a Scottish baronial establishment is successfully combined with the cool sophistication of a classic hotel. For more intimate surroundings, head to Channings on South Learmonth



© Pawel Libera/courtesy of the British Tourist Authority

Britain's Crowning Glory: The Millennium Dome colossus on the Greenwich Peninsula will enclose about twenty acres of exhibition space.



Edinburgh's Dynamic Earth exhibit set to open May 29th.

Gardens where five Edwardian terraced houses have been turned into an elegant hotel, decorated with antiques and boasting great views of the rural Fife countryside.

The Countdown Begins

The Millennium Dome, the centerpiece for Britain's millennium celebrations, is appropriately located in Greenwich—home to Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) from which all of the world's clocks are set. The gigantic dome under construction is an incredibly ambitious World's Fair-style exhibition space that, when completed at the end of 1999, will host a yearlong series of exhibits to highlight the breadth of human accomplishment and project the shape of things to come.

Britain's dozens of millennial projects, which look back over the preceding millennia as well as ahead to the new one, represent a major cooperative venture between the public and private sectors. For a full listing of these projects, contact the British Tourist Authority (800-462-2748) or visit www.usagateway.visitbritain.com.

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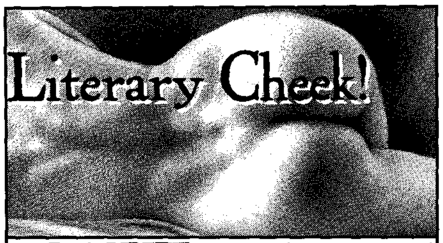
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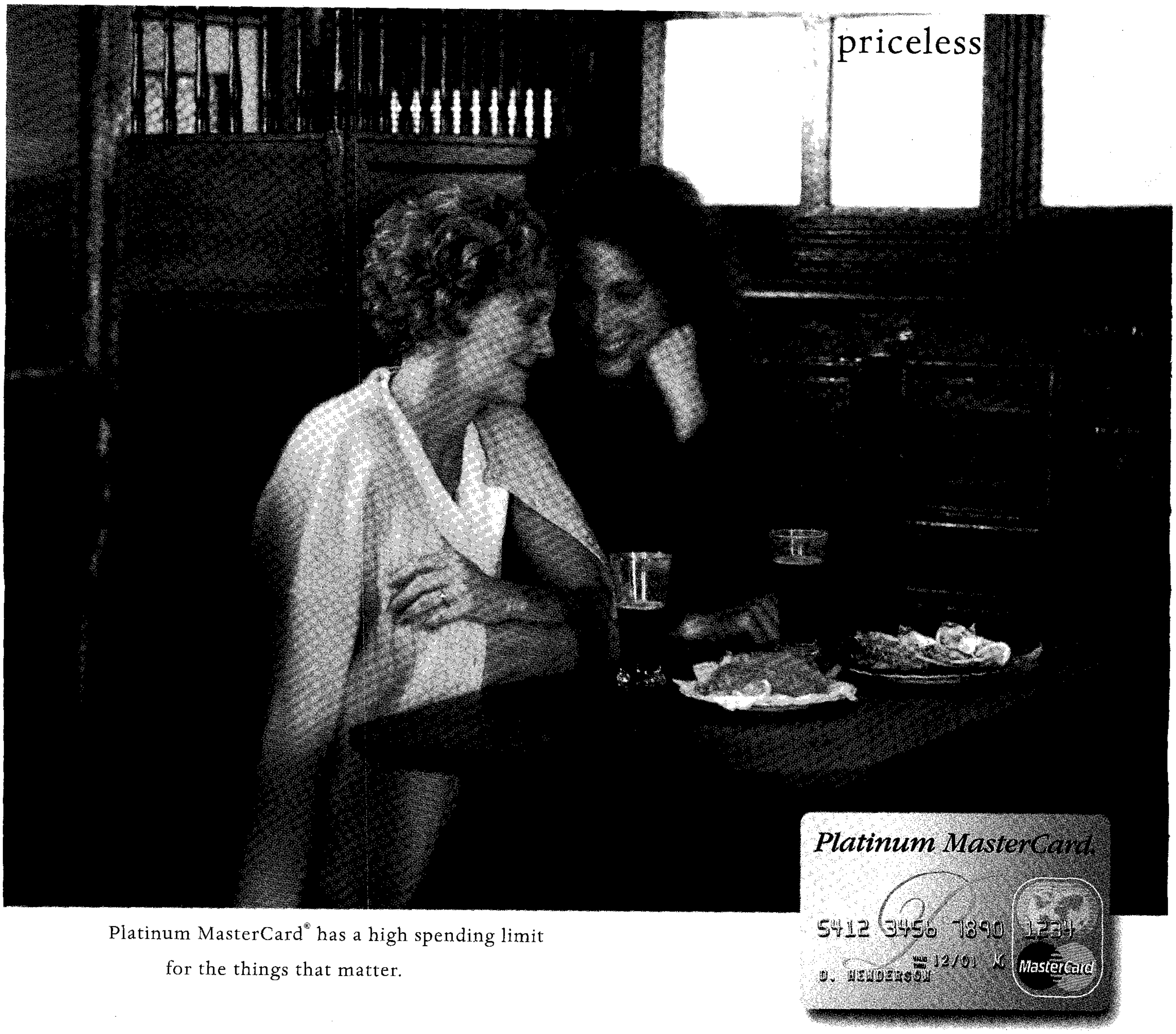
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

A road by any other name.

MAYOR GIULIANI and Governor Pataki spent most of last week bickering over which of two pothole-riddled roads should be renamed by way of paying dubious tribute to the late, great Joe DiMaggio. The Mayor lobbied for the West Side Highway, which happens to be next to the site where he longs to build a superfluous new megadome for DiMaggio's old team. The Governor countered with the Major Deegan Expressway, adjacent to the existing Yankee Stadium, which he thinks is fine right where it is. Meanwhile, a lot of other New Yorkers were wondering: Who *was* Major Deegan, anyway? Some kind of war hero, or what?

Not really. William F. Deegan (1882-1932), it turns out, was an architect turned politician. He was an Army officer during the First World War, but he didn't get shot at. He stayed home and built barracks. Then he became a big cheese in the American Legion, and parlayed a friendship with Mayor Jimmy Walker into an appointment as chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Receptions to Distinguished Guests, a fun job under a fun mayor. After Deegan died suddenly, at age forty-nine, his political friends named a new road after him.

At the end of the week, Pataki backed down, partly because Giuliani was able to argue that DiMaggio supposedly hadn't wanted anything named after him that was already named after somebody else. So the West Side Highway will be a.k.a. the Joe DiMaggio Highway, and, wherever the Yankees end up playing, future generations of drivers stuck in Bronx traffic will still have occasion to wonder who Major Deegan was. The episode points up a basic truth of urban ecology: once something has been named after someone, it's exceedingly difficult to name it after someone else.

In a built-up old city like New York, places suitable for renaming are a nonrenewable resource. By the same token, a place or amenity or building that has not yet been renamed after someone represents an infinity of possibilities, all but one of which are annihilated when it does get renamed. After Philharmonic Hall became Avery Fisher Hall, it could not become Leonard Bernstein Hall (which would be a much better name for it). Once North Beach Airport had been renamed LaGuardia Airport, any chance that it might someday be re-renamed Giuliani Airport shrank to zero.

The scarcity of renameables is aggravated by the fact that nowadays anything new tends to be preëmptively named after somebody, usually somebody rich, as part of its financing package. All honor is due Andrew W. Mellon, who paid for the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, without insisting that it be named the Mellon Gallery, and Paul Mellon, who matched his father's classiness forty years later by forbidding the gallery to call its new East Building the Mellon Building. And while the Whitneys, the Guggenheims, and the Gettys likewise deserve the thanks of a grateful nation, it's worth noting that they took the precaution of thanking themselves.

It does no disrespect to DiMaggio to suggest that there has been something a little arbitrary about the renaming of the West Side Highway. Death came to the Yankee Clipper, as it must to all men. It's not as if he was snatched from us in the flower of youth (he was eighty-four). If the West Side Highway must be renamed, why not rename it for some West Sider who contributed more lastingly to our civilization—Herman Melville, or Thelonious Monk, or George Balanchine? Even among New York ballplayers there are other choices at least as valid. Jackie Robinson already has a road named after him (the former Interborough Parkway), but how about Willie Mays, who not only played baseball as thrillingly as DiMaggio but also played stickball on the streets of Harlem? Or Babe Ruth, who lived at Eighty-third and Riverside, overlooking the future Joe DiMaggio High-

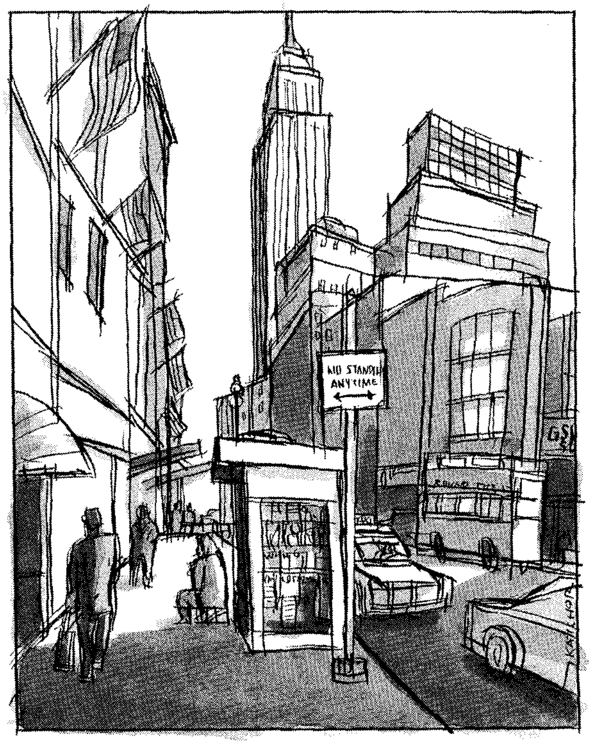


ILLUSTRATION BY BEN KATCHOR

way? New York's current mania for renaming dates from 1963, when, in the immediate aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination, the city's international airport lost its old appellation. Idlewild was a beautiful name, evocative of languor and exhilaration, but it was also the name of a swamp without a political constituency. For all his enjoyment of weekends at the Carlyle, J.F.K. was a Massachusetts man, not a New Yorker. But Boston's airport had already been renamed. Who *was* Logan, anyway? (For the record, Edward L. Logan was a First World War colonel, a judge, and a big cheese in the American Legion.)

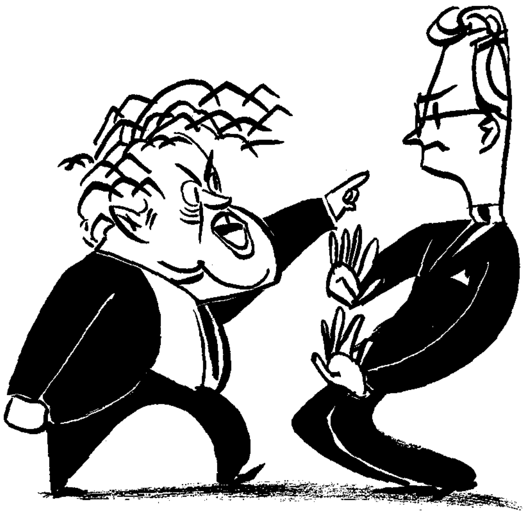
When Charles Schumer was elected New York's junior senator last November, his first move was to suggest that the new Penn Station be named Moynihan Station—a logical proposal, given that the senior senator has been the prime mover of the plan to convert part of the old General Post Office into a suitably impressive terminal. (Certainly, it makes no sense to call the place Penn Station. That name should belatedly be given the decent burial that was denied to the murdered station itself, and its projected successor should honor something or someone closer to the city's living heart than a defunct railroad named for a rival state.) In response, Moynihan made modest, Mellon-like noises of demurral. This only strengthens Schumer's case. Still, if Moynihan does ultimately decline the honor, the next best solution would be to give him the right to name the new station after whomever he chooses. He would enjoy the task, and, unlike either the Mayor or the Governor, he would give it prayerful, deliberate, and intelligent consideration.

—HENDRIK HERTZBERG

THE BENCH

Abe Hirschfeld asks Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., to step outside.

WHEN we last left Abe Hirschfeld, the parking-garage magnate had turned his attention to settling Paula Jones's lawsuit against the President of the United States. The Hirschfeld scenario, hatched late last year, involved Abe's voluntary payment to the former Arkansas clerk of a million dollars, Clinton's resignation, and the appointment of Kenneth Starr to the Supreme Court by President Al Gore. Unaccountably, Hirschfeld's plan did not succeed, and things haven't been going so well for him since. In December, he was charged with arranging to pay a hit man seventy-five thousand dollars to kill a former business partner, Stanley Stahl, in 1996. (The assassination never took place.) Then, in January, the New York Supreme Court dismissed his fifty-million-dollar libel suit against the *Daily News*, which was based on the paper's characterization of Hirschfeld as a "wacky indicted wannabe politician."



Abe Hirschfeld and Arthur O. Sulzberger, Jr.

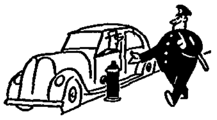
Still, the wacky indicted wannabe politician remains an innovator in the legal field. Over the past few months, he has persisted in filing lawsuits against his critics in the press, but he has added a new twist. He's suing them in small-claims court. This Tuesday night, at 6:10 P.M., for example, Arthur O. Sulzberger, Jr., the publisher of the *Times*, is due in court at 111 Centre Street to answer Hirschfeld's claim of "publication of false, misleading, slanderous information." Admittedly, there may be problems with Abe's case. For example, his claim doesn't say in what article or even on what day Sulzberger's paper published these calumnies. But Hirschfeld feels that the intimacy of small-claims court suits his purposes perfectly. "That's how every court should be acting," he said the other day. "That's really the Biblical law, that the people should represent themselves in any dispute. Both people should appear in person." He's asking for three thousand dollars in damages, the largest award allowed in small-claims court.

It's hard to know exactly how many such cases Hirschfeld has filed. He has definitely brought small-claims suits against Cindy Adams, the *Post* gossipeuse, and against the New York 1 reporter Andrew Kirtzman, whom Hirschfeld calls Henry. He says that he sued Don Singleton, of the *Daily News*, a while back, but has worked out his differences with him. It may be that these mini libel suits function as a form of therapy for Hirschfeld, to help him through those rare moments when no reporters are calling him. "All I want from them is to call me, meet with me, and if I'm wrong I'll apologize," he said. These days, Abe seems more interested in his groundbreaking libel suits than in his murder-for-hire case. "I never paid nobody to kill nobody," he said, "because if I kill him I lose money." (Hirschfeld and Stahl are involved in a separate legal dispute about their former business ties.)

At the showdown with the *Times* this week, Hirschfeld is bound to be disappointed: Mr. Sulzberger will not be there to meet his accuser face to face. However, the paper may deploy an equally dramatic legal strategy in response to the Hirschfeld assault. According to Adam Liptak, the *Times* lawyer on the case, "My defense may just consist of rolling my eyes." —JEFFREY TOOBIN

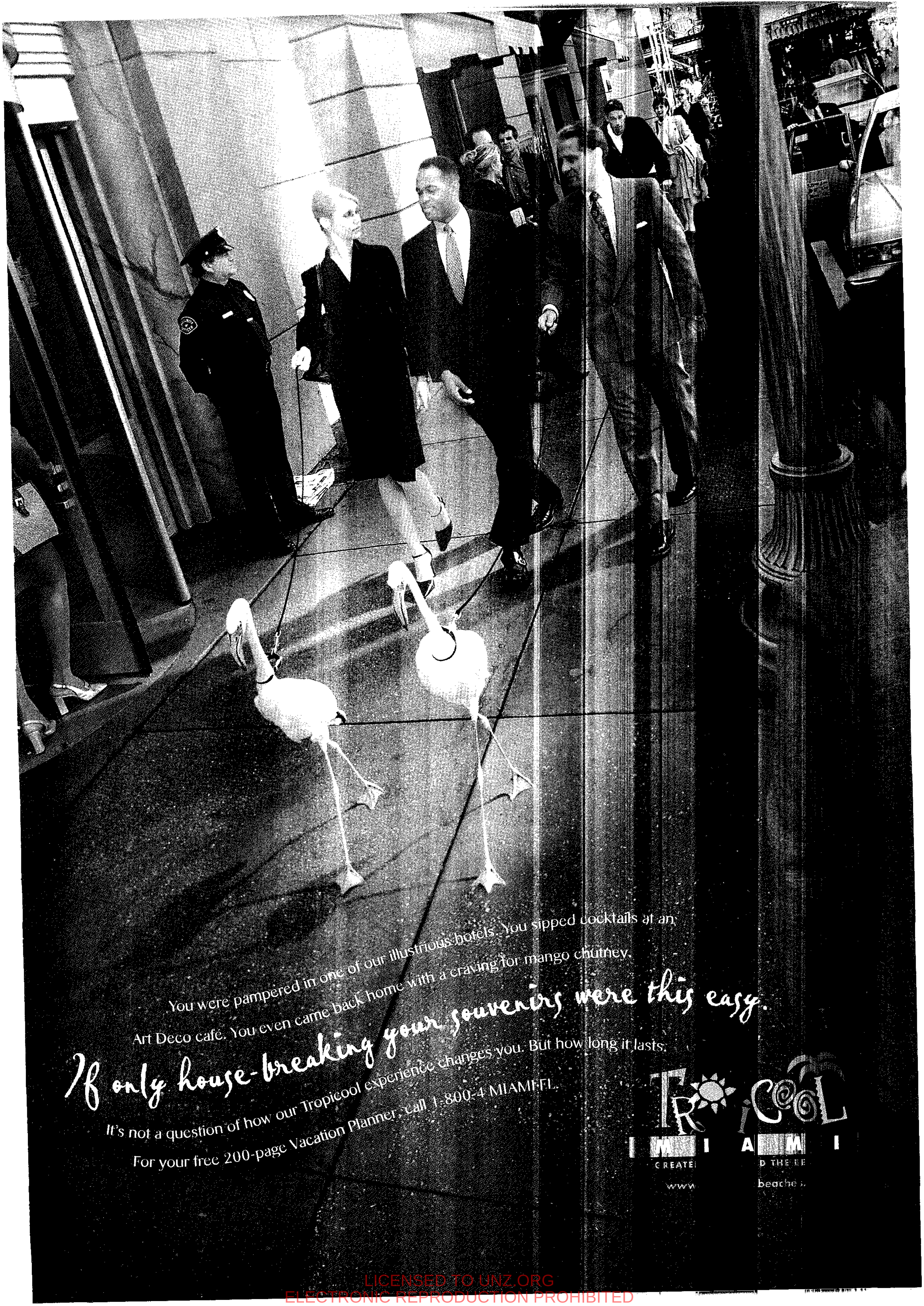
IN THE PRECINCTS

New York cops go to charm school.



MIKE MANLEY had been a New York City cop for more than two decades before he attended his first training session in Verbal Judo, in 1995. During that time, he had managed to rack up seventeen complaints filed by aggrieved civilians, and had been named in two lawsuits, one for ten million dol-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL



You were pampered in one of our illustrious hotels. You sipped cocktails at an Art Deco café. You even came back home with a craving for mango chutney.

If only house-breaking your souvenirs were this easy.

It's not a question of how our Tropicool experience changes you. But how long it lasts.

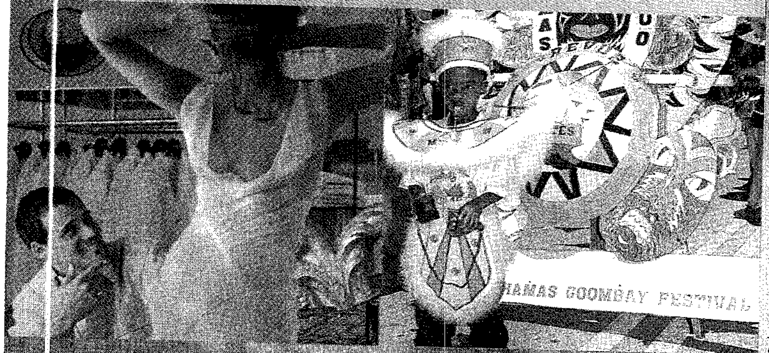
For your free 200-page Vacation Planner, call 1-800-4 MIAMIFL.

EAT. ENJOY. LATER WE'LL TALK.

We're setting the new standard for [illegible] tastes. After all, Miami is truly a melting [illegible] With a cuisine that reflects our diversity and [illegible] availability of exotic ingredients. From outdoor [illegible] to intimate dinners by candlelight, we have more than 7,000 outstanding places to satisfy your appetite.

SHOP TILL YOU DROP.
THEN START ALL OVER AGAIN.

In Miami, you'll find everything from high fashion emporiums to trendy boutiques, not to mention bright open-air marketplaces and large-scale national retailers. Whatever you're in the market for. Whatever your style, taste, or budget. You name it, we have it.

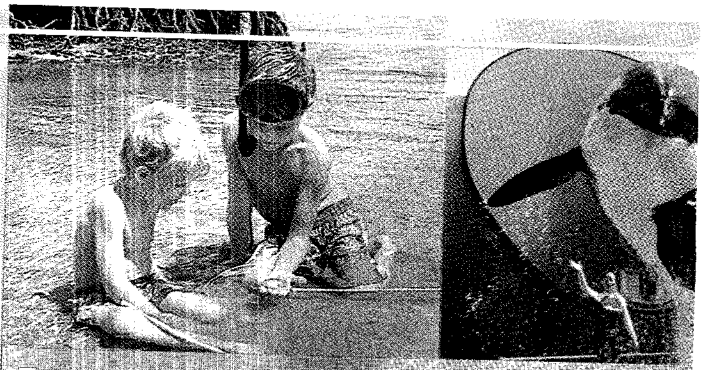


ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT. AND EVERY NIGHT.

When the moon rises over Biscayne Bay, it doesn't signal the end of the day. The fun is only beginning. The good times are close by, easy to find, and there's a night spot for every taste and pocketbook. Sip cool drinks and exotic coffees at an outdoor café, dance to the Caribbean beat, stroll our art galleries, mellow at a jazz club, or disco 'til the sun comes up.

WITH ALL THERE IS TO DO HERE, IT'S AMAZING WE KEPT IT DOWN TO 200 PAGES.

Need any more reasons to come for our Tropicool experience? We've got thousands. Just talk to your travel agent. Or call the Greater Miami Convention & Visitors Bureau at 1-800-4 MIAMI FL, and we'll send you our free 200-page Vacation Planner. You can also visit our website at http://www.miamiandbeaches.com.



FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Visiting all our attractions, canoeing and biking in the Everglades, snorkeling in Biscayne National Park, sailing, rollerblading, picnicking in lush tropical surroundings, exploring and playing at kids' museums. There's so much available here for everyone in your family that it's never a problem of what to do. Just how to get it all done.

GOT AN IDLE HOUR?
WE HAVE AT LEAST A MILLION WAYS TO FILL IT UP.

The following is just a sampling of the Tropicool events going on in Greater Miami and the Beaches during the spring and summer months. For a complete 1999 Calendar of Events, visit our website at www.miamiandbeaches.com.

APRIL 1999

SUBTROPICS NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL (Apr. 1 – May 8) – An annual festival organized by the South Florida Composers Alliance. This event showcases the best in international new and experimental music as well as innovative sound art. For more information, call 305/758-6676.

THE BILTMORE INTERNATIONAL WINE FESTIVAL (Apr. 16 - 19) – This third annual charity event celebrates fine wine and cutting-edge cuisine. Proceeds benefit the United Way. For more information, call 305/445-8066 ext. 2340.

3RD ANNUAL HISPANIC FILM FESTIVAL OF MIAMI (Apr. 23 - May 2) – Capitalizing on Miami's stance as the Hollywood of the Spanish language film industry, this week-long festival highlights Spanish-language productions and the Hispanic film industry in Miami. For more information, call 305/279-1809.

TASTE OF THE BEACH (Apr. 23 - 25) – A culinary and music festival showcasing local restaurants and featuring jazz artists, with more than 30,000 concert-goers in attendance. For more information, call 305/672-1270.

MAY 1999

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS FESTIVAL (May 7 - 9) – Set against the Moorish and Arabian backdrop of downtown Opa-Locka, this festival-style bazaar's celebration of the area's diverse cultural heritage includes entertainment, ethnic foods, cultural activities and a parade. For more information, call 305/758-4166.

SOUTH BEACH DIVE & SEAFOOD FEST (May 7 - 9) – Celebrating Miami Beach as the "Wreckeational" Dive Capital of the Americas. Activities include off-shore diving, underwater photography and sandcastle contests and an underwater film festival. Enjoy live entertainment and an array of seafood delicacies. For more information, call 305/672-1270 or 800/SCUBA-MB.

ROOTS & CULTURE FESTIVAL (May 16) Celebrating the preservation of the history and roots of the African American heritage. For more information, call 305/756-5627.

BRAZILIAN FILM FESTIVAL OF MIAMI (May 21 - 29) – The only Brazilian film festival to be held in a foreign country. Audiences can watch the most recent Brazilian feature length and short feature films. The festival includes an exhibition and workshops with the actors, directors, and producers of the films showcased. For more information, call 305/859-9467.

JUNE 1999

THE INTERNATIONAL HISPANIC THEATER FESTIVAL (June 4 - 20) – One of the country's most significant Hispanic theater events, including major U.S., Latin American, Caribbean and European theater companies, plus an educational component of international scholars, playwrights, critics and theater professionals. For more information, call 305/445-8877.

MIAMI/BAHAMAS GOOMBAY FESTIVAL (June 5 - 7) – Goombay transforms Coconut Grove into Nassau's Bay Street as colorful costumed junkanoo groups dance down Grand Avenue to Caribbean rhythms, with rake 'n scrape instruments ranging from drums and whistles, to cowbells and combs. Features a wide variety of arts, crafts, food and drinks from more than 400 vendors. For more information, call 305/372-9966.

SOUTH FLORIDA BOAT SHOW (June 10 - 14) – More than 60 brand-name powerboat manufacturers showcase family runabouts, cruisers and fishing boats of all types. Also features outboard engines, power inflatables, jet skis, windsurfers, fishing tackle, diving gear, electronics and other marine recreational equipment. For more information, call 954/946-6164.

FLORIDA DANCE FESTIVAL (June 13 - 26) – A critically acclaimed two-week festival featuring more than a dozen performances by top dance companies from across the U.S. For more information, call 305/674-3350 or 800/252-0808.

Please contact the following organizations for performance schedules:
Florida Grand Opera – 305/854-1643
Miami City Ballet – 305/532-4880
New World Symphony – 305/673-3331
New World School of the Arts – 305/237-3341

For additional events and performances information, please contact the Miami-Dade Cultural Affairs Council's hotline at 305/577-5600.

Events subject to change and cancellation. Please call venue to confirm information.

TROPICOOL
MIAMI

lars, the other for sixty-four million. Manley says he knew that he was doing something wrong, but he didn't know exactly what, or how to correct it. To the extent that he thought deeply about his interactions with the public, his philosophy might best be summed up as: "Screw me? No, pal, screw *you*."

The training session had an immediate and powerful effect on Manley, much like a sharp blow to the head. He began to take more classes in Verbal Judo, travelling wherever they were being offered on his days off. Two years ago, he retired from the N.Y.P.D. to become a national director of the Verbal Judo Institute. Now the outfit's East Coast regional office operates out of his home, in Staten Island.

Manley, who is forty-six, is short and tough-looking, with slicked-back hair and intense blue eyes. He sounds a lot like Joe Pesci would sound if he were playing a Brooklyn cop. His favorite phrase is "Yes or no?" as in "Is there any advantage in telling an idiot they're an idiot? Yes or no?" Last week, he was in lower Manhattan leading a two-day seminar for Parks Department officers, whose duties include enforcing the city's new "zero tolerance" policy toward leash-law offenders. In New York City, where police-community relations in many neighborhoods have become extremely strained, virtually all new cops receive Verbal Judo training, and the technique is increasingly popular among law-enforcement agencies all over the country.

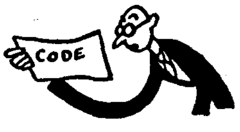
Verbal Judo was developed in the early eighties by George Thompson, a former college English professor and martial-arts expert who spent five and a half years as a police officer in Emporia, Kansas. The technique combines elements of pop psychology and Eastern philosophy, self-help nostrums, and what might, for lack of a better term, be called common courtesy. At the heart of Verbal Judo is a relatively straightforward concept, which is that you can get pretty much anyone to coöperate with you provided you convince him that coöperation is in his own best interest. Thus, while the uninitiated officer might simply demand that Fido's owner hand over some I.D. so he can slap him with a summons, the officer trained in Verbal Judo will explain to the owner why it really would be better for all involved if Fido were on a leash, and then ask for some I.D. so he can slap him with a summons. If that is not sufficient, the well-trained officer should, in Verbal Judo lingo, "generate voluntary compliance" by politely explaining the alternatives, which might include getting hauled down to the station while Fido waits in the squad car. "My goal is to bang you with a summons and get a 'Thank you,'" Manley explained to the park officers.

Pedagogically, it probably helps that Manley has the background of, as he puts it, a "hard-nosed street cop," because Verbal Judo can strike some officers as a "feel-good, touchy-feely, liberal, be-nice" approach to crime. Even to a civilian, some of Manley's recommendations the other day sounded a bit precious. This was especially true when he demonstrated the proper Verbal Judo technique for blowing someone away: "If you get into a situation with a firearm . . . and say 'Don't move or I'll blow your motherfucking face off, motherfucker,' *pop*, what does that sound like to a passerby, versus 'Sir, I believe you have a weapon! Please, sir, do not move, sir,' *pop*?"

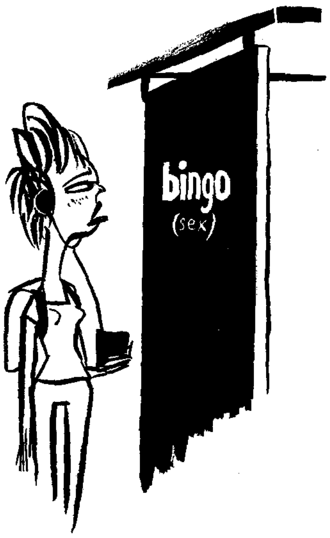
Manley maintains that his own career as a cop would have been very different if he had had some Verbal Judo training earlier. For one thing, he would have been a little more restrained in the way he went about making certain arrests that got him into trouble. "Screw me?" he might have said. "No, *sir*, screw you." —ELIZABETH KOLBERT

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

Decoding the new MTV-speak.



THIS winter, MTV put up more than three thousand posters, throughout Manhattan, that seem to chart a hip new slang for a presumably slang-slinging generation. In subway stations, bus shelters, and phone kiosks, on rectangles saturated with colors like burnt orange and dark lime green, a word or phrase is printed in large white letters. Underneath it, in parentheses, is a definition. "Round," for instance, is translated as "cool." "February" means "out of style," "tuba" is "an obnoxious person," "butternut wack" is "beautiful and/or sexy," "fresno" is "classic rock," and so on, through fifteen "MTV Vocabulary Words," as the company calls them. Each poster is tagged with the MTV logo and the words "Stay Tuned."



The ads have led to some confusion. Is MTV promoting a new nonmusic show, perhaps a Generation Y version of "Password"? Or is MTV such an octopus-like arbiter of youth culture that it could actually invent a new lingo, get kids to use it, and thereby turn everyday chitchat into an advertisement for the channel?

"We made 'em all up," Allan Broce, the channel's senior vice-president of marketing and on-air promotion, said cheerfully, in a recent phone conversation. "We did it to create buzz. So much that appears on MTV is about buzz, and we wanted to reinforce our position as the place in TV and music where buzz starts."

The idea of concocting a commercial substitute for slang came from the advertising agency Foote, Cone & Belding/San Francisco. Brian Bacino, the firm's group creative director, says that his team scorched (ignored) the very notion of research. "Between the people who work and write at MTV and FCB, we're all so young we can kind of focus-group as we create," he said.

"There needed to be a definite ambiguity about the words," Broce said, "but you should be able to do the math in your head: 'Oh, I can see how you got there.'" Fresno, he explained, like classic rock, "is kind of passé and not the hippest thing in the world."

By and large, the plastic etymologies are clear: "Round" is the opposite of square. "Salt" (money) is what Roman soldiers were paid in. "Hablaz" (lyrics) is Spanish for "you speak" (the word is intentionally misspelled, with one of those "z"s that zing a lot of pop spelling these dayz). "Can" (cell phone), "2k1" (new technology), "northern" (prudish, uptight), and "insufficient funds" (lacking intelligence) have their logic, while "bingo" (sex) conveys the crass tilt of winning a game (though it's a shade less harsh than the old "scoring"). "February" = dead of winter = out of style.

But a few are puzzlers. "Curler" (bad song)—is that a reference to surfing, or to beauty parlors, or to that strange ice game in Canada? "Makes your blood curl," Bacino explained. "Tuba," he went on, "is the big jerk you get stuck next to on the bus." O.K., but why does "scrawn" mean home? "It just sounded right."

Outside of the FCB and MTV offices, though, is anybody using the new lingo? Actually, Broce and Bacino don't care whether their viewers are paying attention: these ads are really aimed at other, older and less round, media people.

"Media buyers and decision-makers are not in touch with this young group," Bacino told me. "If I'm running a big company, I don't have to understand these people—I can rely on MTV to do it for me." The goal of the campaign is to make potential advertisers feel February, and to convince them to buy their spring from MTV.

MTV's Broce says the campaign is working. "I got one call from a colleague who said, 'I'm so out of it, I only recognized three of them.' " But some people who aren't in the media just didn't get it. "It seems so stupid, I just blocked it out," one sixteen-year-old girl told me.

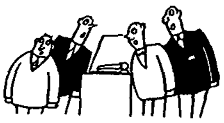
The ads will be coming down in a few weeks, but MTV is thinking about expanding the campaign to other cities. However, it probably won't make TV. There the artificial argot might be considered unhip, something that the MTV audience could make fun of. "That has a lot to do with our choice not to go on air with this campaign," Broce said.

After all, if kids realized that MTV was stealthily selling a bogus version of their culture, using them as demographic notches in an elaborate marketing strategy, we could be hearing more made-up slang: "buzzcut" (ads backfiring).

—Leslie Savan

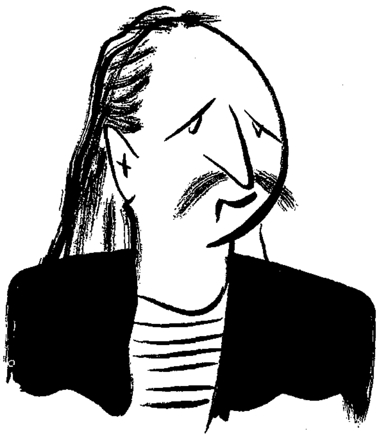
ON TOUR

The golden years of a rock-and-roll drummer.



When Butch Trucks, who plays drums in the Allman Brothers Band, moved into a nonsmoking suite in an Upper East Side hotel recently, for the duration of the band's monthlong engagement at the Beacon Theatre, he unpacked, among other books, Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," Bertrand Russell's "A History of Western Philosophy," and Harold Bloom's new critical study of Shakespeare. ("You either love him or hate him," he said—meaning Bloom, not Shakespeare.)

Trucks, who is fifty-one, is one of the four remaining original members of a band that was formed in 1969. The Allman Brothers' endurance is remarkable—they've sold out sixteen shows in New York on this visit, twenty-eight years to the month since they were here to record "At Fillmore East," which many critics rate among the greatest live rock albums. (The Fillmore East itself disappeared nearly twenty-eight years ago, but fans seem to like the Beacon just as well.)



Butch Trucks

The Allman Brothers have survived the deaths of their founder, the guitarist Duane Allman, who was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1971, and, the following year, of their bass player, Berry Oakley. They have gone through two breakups, two reunions, multiple changes in personnel, and, as Trucks put it, relationships with each other in which the "spirituality got tainted with a lot of melodrama." Their original audience has been replaced by a new crowd, contemporaries of Trucks's two younger children, Seth, a twenty-three-year-old aspiring actor, and Elise, a nineteen-year-old freshman at Smith.

It is not easy to connect the thin, shyly smiling young man on the cover of the "Fillmore East" album with the thicker, grayer man who has reserved tables at Nobu, Orso, and La Goulue and has secured tickets for "Electra." Trucks rarely listens to rock anymore, preferring instead to devote his drive time near his home, in Jupiter, Florida, to tapes from the Great Authors of the Western Literary Tradition Series—"from Homer to Joyce," he said. "I'm trying to get the education I missed when I was staying out of Vietnam."

Trucks's career with the Allmans has provided him with a comfortable living. Because the band will play only about forty more shows this year, he has ample time for golf, fishing, and occasional gigs with a band of younger musicians, known as Frogwings, with whom, Trucks confided, he can barely keep up.

Trucks misses little about the past. His memory of any given show from the band's early years is accompanied by a memory of, by his count, five Valiums, the better part of a bottle of wine, and several lines of cocaine. After the band first split up, in 1976, Trucks returned to Tallahassee, where he got clean and reenrolled at Florida State University. "I got five A's and one C," he recalled. "The C was in percussion."

Trucks and the other founding band members are no longer, strictly speaking, pals. "It is a very complicated set of relationships," Trucks said. They live in distant parts of the country from each other and come together only to play. "You don't look at each other," Trucks said of the moments when they know they are playing as well as they ever have. Instead, he said, there is merely the occasional nod from one of them that means, "Man, that was good."

TAKE CLEAR CONTROL.
TAKE CLARITIN®.

What we can't control:

Finding enough time to take a vacation

How fast the weekends go by

When the stock market drops

When the pollen count will rise

What we can control:

How we use our frequent flier miles

Where we work during the week

Our financial portfolio

Our itchy, watery eyes; sneezing; and runny noses

Once-a-day
Claritin®
10 mg TABLETS (loratadine)
Schering / KEY

Long-lasting, nondrowsy relief of seasonal allergy symptoms

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Talk to your doctor about once-a-day, nondrowsy CLARITIN® –for people ages 6 and up. One CLARITIN Tablet relieves your seasonal allergy symptoms all day without making you sleepy. CLARITIN® is safe to take as prescribed: one tablet daily. At the recommended dose, CLARITIN® is nondrowsy. ***The most common side effects*** occurred about as often as they did with a sugar pill, including headache, drowsiness, fatigue, and dry mouth. Call 1-888-833-0003 for more information and a $5.00 rebate certificate. Or visit www.claritin.com Please see next page for additional important information. ***Available by prescription only.***

CLARITIN®
brand of loratadine
TABLETS, SYRUP, and RAPIDLY-DISINTEGRATING TABLETS

BRIEF SUMMARY (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: CLARITIN is indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of age or older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Patients with liver impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day). (See **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Special Populations.)**

Drug Interactions: Loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been coadministered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies in adult volunteers. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of loratadine and/or descarboethoxyloratadine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine, as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT_c intervals, and no reports of sedation or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of Loratadine and Descarboethoxyloratadine After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers

	Loratadine	Descarboethoxyloratadine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+ 40%	+46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+103%	+ 6%
Ketoconazole (200 mg Q12h)	+307%	+73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.6 (loratadine) and 18 (descarboethoxyloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (descarboethoxyloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is not known.

In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) assays, or in the assay for DNA damage (rat primary hepatocyte unscheduled DNA assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte clastogenesis assay and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse lymphoma assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis).

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of animal teratogenicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg (approximately 75 times and 150 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, descarboethoxyloratadine, pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC_{milk}/AUC_{plasma} ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for loratadine and descarboethoxyloratadine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and descarboethoxyloratadine was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 188 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN for the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on an extrapolation of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions and the likelihood that the disease course, pathophysiology, and the drug's effect are substantially similar to that of the adults. The recommended dose for the pediatric population is based on cross-study comparison of the pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in adults and pediatric subjects and on the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets: Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older, received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day varied from 2 weeks' to 6 months' duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1926	**PLACEBO** n = 2545	**CLEMASTINE** 1 mg BID n = 536	**TERFENADINE** 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	11	8	8
Somnolence	8	6	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were similar to those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets): Approximately 500 patients received CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical trials of 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those seen with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not result in an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

CLARITIN Syrup: Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age received 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these, 188 children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adverse events in these pediatric patients were observed to occur with type and frequency similar to those seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuance due to adverse events among pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF ≥ 2% IN LORATADINE SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS (6-12 YEARS OLD) IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS, AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING

	LORATADINE 10 mg QD n = 188	**PLACEBO** n = 262	**CHLORPHENIRAMINE** 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	4	2	2
Wheezing	4	2	5
Fatigue	3	2	5
Hyperkinesia	3	1	1
Abdominal Pain	2	0	0
Conjunctivitis	2	<1	1
Dysphonia	2	<1	0
Malaise	2	0	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	<1	0

In addition to those adverse events reported above (≥ 2%), the following adverse events have been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

Autonomic Nervous System: Altered lacrimation, altered salivation, flushing, hypoesthesia, impotence, increased sweating, thirst.

Body As A Whole: Angioneurotic edema, asthenia, back pain, blurred vision, chest pain, earache, eye pain, fever, leg cramps, malaise, rigors, tinnitus, viral infection, weight gain.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension, hypotension, palpitations, supraventricular tachyarrhythmias, syncope, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Blepharospasm, dizziness, dysphonia, hypertonia, migraine, paresthesia, tremor, vertigo.

Gastrointestinal System: Altered taste, anorexia, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatulence, gastritis, hiccup, increased appetite, nausea, stomatitis, toothache, vomiting.

Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia, myalgia.

Psychiatric: Agitation, amnesia, anxiety, confusion, decreased libido, depression, impaired concentration, insomnia, irritability, paroniria.

Reproductive System: Breast pain, dysmenorrhea, menorrhagia, vaginitis.

Respiratory System: Bronchitis, bronchospasm, coughing, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemoptysis, laryngitis, nasal dryness, pharyngitis, sinusitis, sneezing.

Skin and Appendages: Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, photosensitivity reaction, pruritus, purpura, rash, urticaria.

Urinary System: Altered micturition, urinary discoloration, urinary incontinence, urinary retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; alopecia; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

OVERDOSAGE: In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with overdoses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Extrapyramidal signs and palpitations have been reported in children with overdoses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syrup. In the event of overdosage, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdosage would reasonably consist of emesis (ipecac syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 1200 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m^2 basis.

Schering Corporation
Kenilworth, NJ 07033 USA

Rev. 3/98

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CLARITIN REDITABS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) are manufactured for Schering Corporation by Scherer DDS, England.

U.S. Patent Nos. 4,282,233 and 4,371,516.

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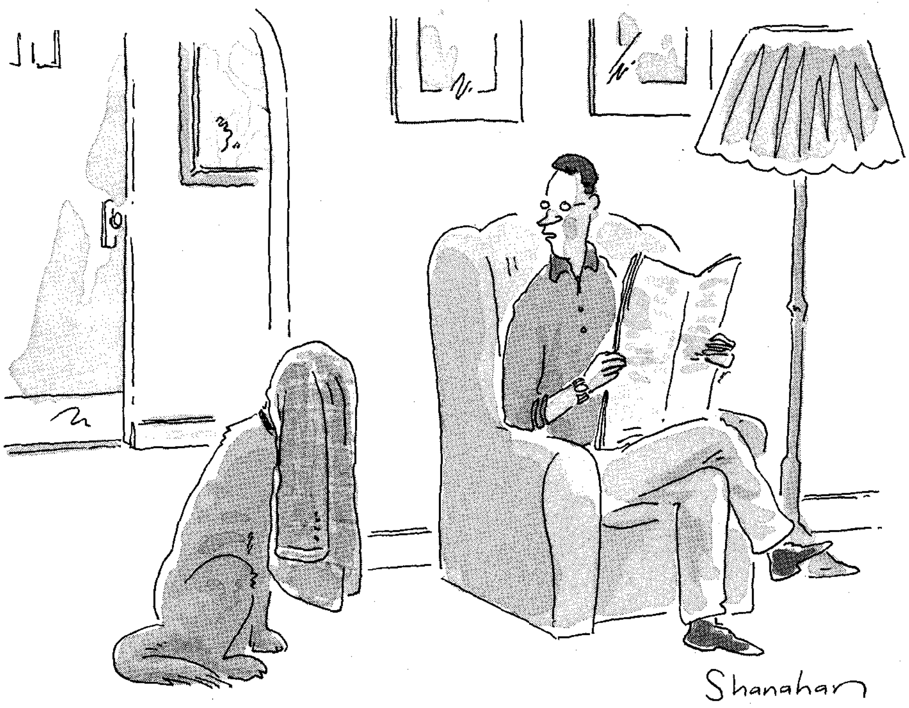
When the Beacon run is over, Trucks and his wife, Melinda, who is an artist, plan to spend a month in Paris. She will study painting at the Sorbonne, and then, along with a friend, they will visit châteaus and sample first-growth burgundies. When they get home, Trucks said, smiling, "My daughter will come around with her friends. It's like they're fans. They think I'm cool."

—MICHAEL SHAPIRO



"I take it you want to go for a perp walk."

THE PICTURES

A crony of Elia Kazan's recalls the blacklist era.

EDWARD ANHALT, an eighty-five-year-old screenwriter with a weakness for one-liners and tough characters, does not spend much time sitting in judgment. So, over lunch in L.A. last week, he was not nearly as heated as some of his contemporaries on the subject of Elia Kazan's receiving an honorary Oscar—despite Kazan's having informed, in 1952, on eight friends who had been fellow-members of the Communist Party in the thirties. Still, with the awards just a few days away, he said he'd thought about calling Kazan (he has known him since 1950, when they worked together on "Panic in the Streets") and giving him some advice: "He should say, 'Thank you very much, but it was divisive then and it is bringing that divisiveness back now, and it may be harmful to the Academy, and so I won't show up for the award.' "

If Anhalt seems relatively detached when he talks about the blacklisting era, it is probably because he was, mainly, an onlooker. He was a "premature anti-Communist," he says, but one who was convinced that "the Russians would not take these guys"—in Hollywood—"seriously." By 1953, in any event, people in the movie business were afraid even to accept an award for a blacklisted writer. Carl Foreman, who wrote the screenplay for "High Noon," had been nominated for an Academy Award, and also for a Writers Guild award, but he had been blacklisted and had moved to England. Anhalt recalled being at the Writers Guild pre-award-ceremony dinner with the jazz singer Ethel Waters. The Guild president approached them and said that he could find no one willing to accept the award for the absent Foreman, if he won. "He said, 'Why don't you take it? They can't hang anything on you.' " When Anhalt declined, Ethel Waters chimed in. "She said, so loudly that everybody could hear, 'Boy, you gonna let these people down?' She embarrassed me into it."

Foreman did win, and when Anhalt accepted the award, he says, "I got carried away. I did a big thing about how we'd been friends from the beginning of time—and I barely knew him! The whole thing was comedy to me—I knew the government couldn't do anything to me." Afterward, as he expected, there were two F.B.I. men waiting in the wings for him. "They hadn't checked me out yet, so they tried to get tough with me. I said, 'Fellas, I have guests—you want to question me, do it in the morning.' " Anhalt was living in the Château Marmont, then an apartment hotel that the Feds considered a Communist hotbed. His neighbors were Dorothy Parker and George Oppenheimer. "George had a terrible habit. He could not say anything without referring to a celebrity. 'As I said to Noël last night,' or 'As I said to Willie' "—Billy Wilder. "I was at a party at Dorothy Parker's one night, and suddenly there was a big thump from Oppenheimer's apartment, directly above hers. There was a moment of silence. And then Parker said, 'All right, George! Drop the other name!' "

When the two F.B.I. men arrived at the Château Marmont the next morning, Anhalt says, "the only thing they had on me was that I'd given five hundred dollars to this group to help the Unfriendly Ten and others who were blacklisted." He says he took them to Schwab's, because "they wanted to see some stars," and then he was their assignment for a month. "They were nice young fellas, believed in what they were doing—but idiots. Every day, I made a list of where I would be, so they didn't have to follow me around."

That was the end of it for Anhalt. For Kazan, as the renewed bitterness makes plain, it will never end. Anhalt thinks that one reason Kazan named names was that he had himself been such a true believer. "He was an actor before he was a director," Anhalt said. "Actors tend not to think things through." —CONNIE BRUCK

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

DOUBLE IDENTITY

Why Madeleine Albright can't escape her past.

BY MICHAEL DOBBS

IN July of 1997, Madeleine Albright flew to Prague in a United States Air Force Boeing filled with State Department officials, bodyguards, and journalists—her first visit as Secretary of State to the city of her birth. The official reason for her trip was to invite the Czech Republic and two other former Soviet-bloc nations, Poland and Hungary, to join the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, a process completed earlier this month at a signing ceremony in the Truman Library, in Independence, Missouri (to a cry of "Hallelujah" from Albright). But she also had a personal reason for being in Prague back then: she wanted to pay tribute to her murdered grandparents, whose names are inscribed in red and black on the walls of the Pinkas synagogue, along with the names of 77,294 other Czech Jews who were killed in the Holocaust.

The visit to the synagogue and nearby Jewish museum took place in private, away from a tour group of New York Jews and from reporters covering the story of Albright's belated discovery of her Jewish roots. When she finally emerged, Albright read a prepared statement in a choking voice that made her sound at once vulnerable and resolute. "I have always felt that my life story is also the story of the evil of totalitarianism and the turbulence of twentieth-century Europe. To the many values and many facets that make up who I am, I now add the knowledge that my grandparents and members of my family perished in the worst catastrophe in human history." Then she walked off into the Prague night, with her bodyguards trailing at a respectful distance. To those of us who were watching, it seemed she hardly knew where she was going. She just wanted to be left alone.

The next day, she was back in form, lecturing her former compatriots about the obligations of democracy, receiving a high state award from her friend President Vaclav Havel, and berating her State Department interpreter for his poor knowledge of Czech. She gave a speech in the Obecni Dum, the Art Nouveau municipal building where Czechoslovakia had proclaimed its independence in 1918, following the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. She and Havel held a press conference in Hradcany Castle, the traditional residence of Czech heads of state and the place where, in March, 1939, Hitler proclaimed that "Czechoslovakia has ceased to exist." It was an appropriate setting for raising the question of what Albright herself describes as her "Munich mind-set"—the memory of the September, 1938, conference between Hitler and Neville Chamberlain that led to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia and then to the Second World War.

When it was my turn, I asked Albright how Munich had affected her thinking as Secretary of State. She replied with one of her typical one-liners: "Problems that are not dealt with early come home to America." She was talking, of course, about how America had come to Europe's rescue in the two World Wars. She was also talking about how the Clinton Administration had been pressured into imposing a peace settlement on Bosnia. But her words could equally well apply to the current crisis in Kosovo.

On the way home, Albright wandered to the back of the plane to chat with the travelling press. She reminisced about a previous trip to Prague, in 1990, shortly after the collapse of Communism, when she gave advice to Havel on how to set up a Presidential office. She described walking across the fifteenth-century Charles Bridge one evening, as the snow lay deep and crisp, and dreaming about becoming an adviser to the Czech President. "It was the closest thing I've ever had to an out-of-body experience," she told us. Now that she was the Secretary of State, that particular fantasy seemed amusing, both to us and to her. She later

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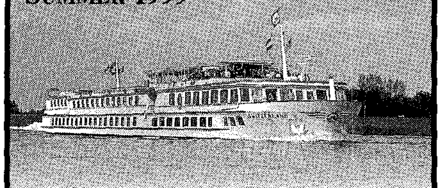

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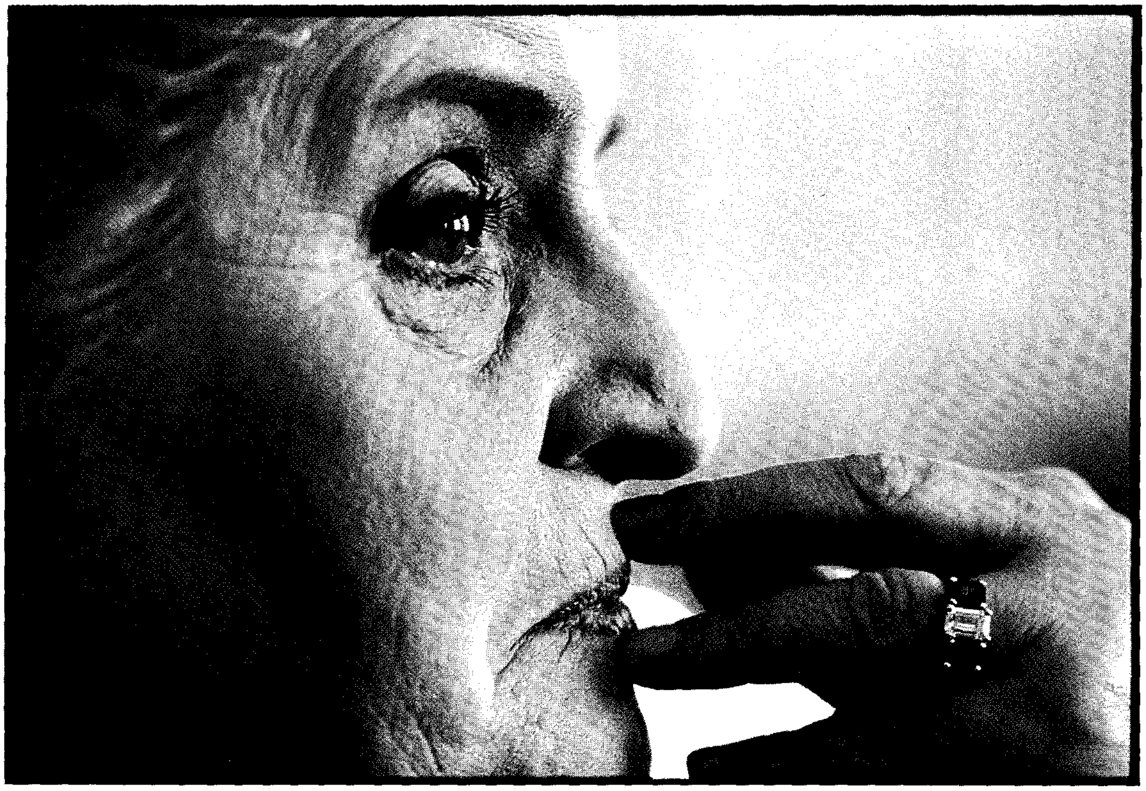
told a reporter not to make too much of the anecdote, because "I don't want people to think I'm Shirley MacLaine."

The trip revealed contradictory truths about America's sixty-fourth Secretary of State. There are few American politicians with a better feel for American popular culture than the woman born in Prague sixty-two years ago as Marie Jana Körbelova; her talent for plain talk accounts for a large part of her popular appeal. But the trip also illustrated the influence on Albright of her Central European past. Although she reached adulthood in the fifties, she belongs to the generation of American leaders whose views were shaped by the Second World War. Her reaction to events like the fighting in Kosovo is both visceral and personal. Just as Henry Kissinger's views were shaped by the rise of Hitler, and Zbigniew Brzezinski's by the Communist takeover of his native Poland, Albright's ideas about the post-Cold War world and her own place in it are intimately connected to her family's experiences in both Europe and America.



Albright has said that her life tells "the story of the evil of totalitarianism." Photograph by David Hume Kennerly.

WHEN Albright was named Secretary of State, in December of 1996, few failed to note that she was the first woman to be appointed to the post. ("My mama's smiling down at me right now," President Clinton said.) But I was struck by a line in her acceptance speech describing how she and her family had come to America "after being driven twice from our home in Czechoslovakia—first by Hitler and then by Stalin." I felt I could better understand Albright's foreign-policy views by tracing her journey from Prague to Washington.

I presented the results of my research to Albright in her seventh-floor suite of offices in the State Department on January 30, 1997. Visitors to her office were greeted by a portrait of Edmund S. Muskie, the former Maine senator, her first political mentor. Framed pictures of her three daughters, all of them then in their early thirties, added a personal touch, as did a Harlem Globetrotters jersey and signed basketball that she had brought with her from her previous assignment at the United Nations.

Albright had always said that she was brought up as a Roman Catholic and converted to Episcopalianism when she married. As I handed her documents showing that her relatives had died in places like Auschwitz and Terezín, I felt as if I were challenging a carefully constructed family myth. She clearly adored her parents, Josef and Mandula Korbel, and she had good reason to view them in a heroic light. At the same time, she seemed reluctant to explore inconsistencies in their version of events, as if challenging their story were tantamount to challenging them. They'd never told her, she said, about her Jewish origins or about the deaths of family members in the Holocaust. While she had picked up rumors about her Jewish ancestry, particularly during the years "since my name began appearing in the press," she had been too busy to check up on them.

I had a photograph of Madeleine, aged one, playing happily in Prague with her cousins Dasha and Milena, aged ten and six. Six years after the photograph was taken, Milena was gassed at Auschwitz. Dasha, Milena's sister, spent the war years in London with Madeleine's family, returning home to Prague in 1945, only to discover that her own family had been killed in the Holocaust. As I handed the picture to Albright, I asked if she recognized any of the people in it.

"Well, I recognize everybody," she replied.

I was amazed. "You do?"

"Yes, this is me." She pointed at Milena. "This is Dasha." She pointed at Dasha. "This is my sister." She pointed at herself.

But she was wrong. I explained that the picture was taken in 1938. Albright's

SYGMA

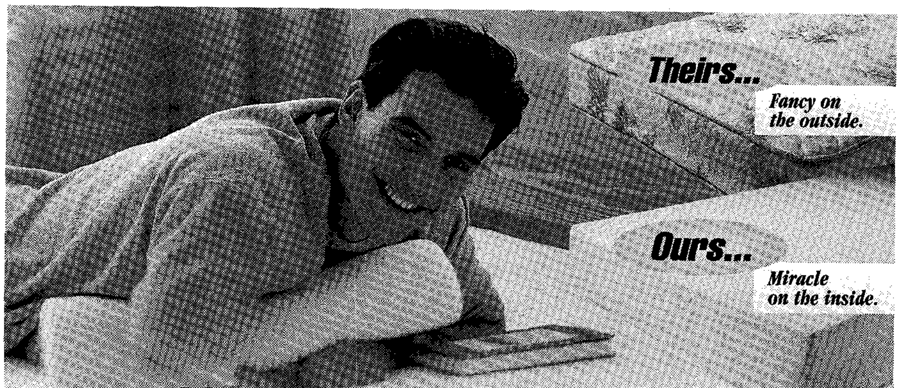
sister, Kathy, was not born until 1942. The girl she identified as herself was her cousin Milena. "We all kind of look similar," she murmured.

I began to say that Milena had been taken to Auschwitz on the same transport as her grandmother, but Albright turned away before I could finish the story. Her expression became steely, impenetrable; it seemed to me that she was struggling to control her emotions. Her aide, James Rubin, interrupted to say that the interview would be over in ten minutes. "Is this the only part of the story that interests you?" Albright asked, preventing further discussion of Milena.

That interview, and the controversy over whether she had been aware of her Jewish origins, upset Albright considerably. She had been enjoying what *Time* magazine described as a "Star Is Born" début as Secretary of State. Now, in addition to coping with the pressures of her new job, Albright had to struggle with complex questions about her own identity. She had to explain herself to her children while dealing with suspicions, particularly strong among Jews, that she had been less than truthful about her past.

My story, published in the Washington *Post* in early 1997, prompted her relatives, some of them long lost, to get in touch with one another, and with her. Cousin Pedro, in Brazil, got in touch with Cousin Chaim, in Israel. Cousin Alena, in London, exchanged news with Cousin Dasha, in Prague. Scattered across the globe by the Holocaust, the Korbel family found itself again.

MADELEINE arrived in the United States on November 11, 1948, on board the S.S. America. Two weeks later, she celebrated her first Thanksgiving with fellow sixth graders at a public school in Great Neck, Long Island. She clearly remembers joining the other children in singing the Thanksgiving hymn and "all of a sudden hearing that somebody sounded very different." She quickly realized that she was the person who sounded different. It did not take long to rid herself of her "weird" British accent. "I wanted so much to be like everyone else," she told me last year. "I had spent a very weird childhood. I had been through the war, been a diplomat's child, been to boarding school. I think that a lot about my



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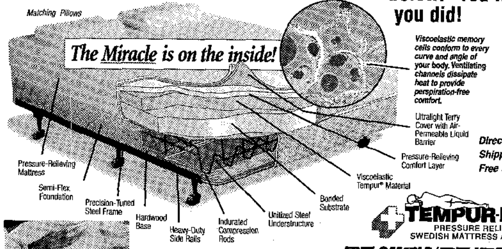
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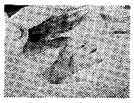

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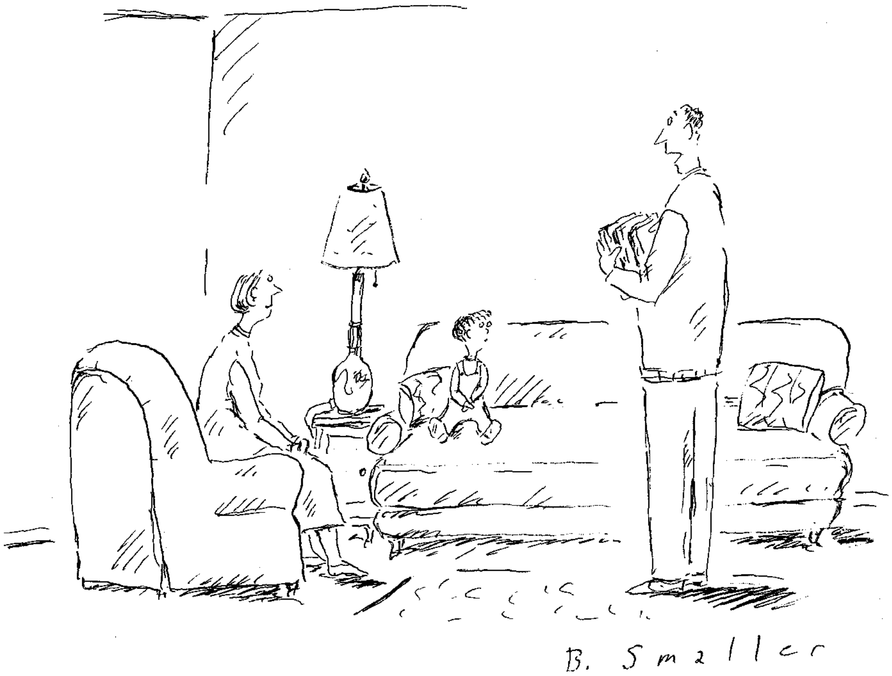
personality has to do with the fact that as a child I had to adapt to a lot of different situations."

The search for acceptance became a leitmotiv of Albright's life, much as it had been a leitmotiv of the lives of her ancestors in Gentile-dominated Central Europe. During the first eighteen years of Madeleine's life, the Korbel family moved on average at least once a year. Home ranged from Belgrade (Josef served two stints there as a diplomat, first as a press attaché and then as Ambassador) to a damp basement in London to a succession of modest bungalows in Denver, where Josef got a job as a professor of international relations. By 1955, just seven years after her arrival in the United States, Madeleine had won a scholarship to Wellesley. Four days after her graduation from Wellesley, she married Joseph Medill Patterson Albright.

Her husband's great-great-grandfather Joseph Medill had been the owner of the Chicago *Tribune* and mayor of Chicago; his grandfather Joseph Medill Patterson started the New York *Daily News*. His aunt Alicia Patterson was the founder and publisher of *Newsday*, and her husband was Harry Guggenheim, a friend of Charles Lindbergh's.

Madeleine later described the marriage as "perfect" for her. Among other things, it represented an escape from provincial Denver, which, she told me last November, she had found "very boring." A Denver friend, Robert DuPont, who later became a psychiatrist, believes she wanted to restore her family's "lost grandeur." Other friends detected a certain restlessness. In addition to bringing up three daughters, working as a political volunteer, and serving on innumerable boards, she spent eight years studying for a Ph.D., which she got in 1976. (One of her volunteer assignments was chairing the board of Beauvoir, an elementary school affiliated with the National Cathedral, many of whose students were the children of Washington's élite.) Beginning with the Muskie Presidential campaign of 1972 (George McGovern won the nomination), Albright used relatively modest contributions, ranging from five hundred to five thousand dollars, as a means of opening doors and building contacts. The value of those contributions was multiplied many times, however, by her willingness to work on behalf of the candidate. She was contributor, fund-raiser, cheerleader, and hostess.



"We're going to start with the birds and the bees and then work our way up to the new reproductive technologies."

• •

Like many women of her age and background, Albright entered the workforce late. Her career prior to becoming Secretary of State spanned just two decades. She was thirty-nine when Muskie offered her her first full-time job, as his chief legislative assistant. Despite her title, she was a rung below the inner circle of almost exclusively male Senate staffers. "The boys were not friendly. Overtly they were chummy, but every one of them carried a knife," Muskie's former legislative aide Anita Jensen told me. "The way to survive in such a situation is to be pleasant and smarter than the others but not to show it. Madeleine was wary of being knocked down if she got too uppity." Albright has described herself at this time as being "the world's perfect staffer"—a proud yet self-deprecating self-portrait, suggesting that her mission in life consisted of making powerful men look good. In the Carter Administration, she got a job as congressional liaison for National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who had been one of her professors at Columbia. Anyone placing wagers on which of the rising stars around Brzezinski would end up as Secretary of State would have put Albright "near the bottom of the list," according to Les Denend, a former assistant to Brzezinski.

Although what her fellow White House staffer Bob Beckel calls "the lion in Madeleine" was always there in the background, the more assertive side of Albright's personality really began to emerge in the eighties. Like so much else in the story of the Korbel family, it was a response to a shattering setback: at eight o'clock in the morning on January 13, 1982, her husband of twenty-three years announced that he was in love with another woman.

Madeleine went from shock to wanting "to show the S.O.B.," in the phrase of Pie Friendly, a Washington friend of hers. Under the terms of the divorce settlement, she got their home, in Georgetown; their farm, in Virginia; and a generous stock portfolio. "She became much more forward, much more articulate, much noisier than when she was married," says Christine Dodson, who was her closest confidante in the Carter White House. In the words of Sheppie Abramowitz, a friend from the 1972 Muskie campaign, "If your husband goes off with a younger woman, you want to show that you can succeed on your own."

Albright agrees. "Had it not been for the divorce, I would not be sitting here," she told me last November, as she warmed herself by the fireplace in her office. "It was a huge turning point." The experience of being almost totally independent was a great shock. "Up until 1982, I had never lived by myself," she said, explaining that, after college, "I stayed in the dormitory with my roommate between graduation and getting married. Then I got married. I was twenty-two years old." She went on to say, "At the time of the divorce, I was forty-five, I had three children, and I was living by myself." As a result of the divorce, she understood that "I had to please myself, which is the hardest thing. I am never satisfied with myself." She gestured to her aides, Rubin and Elaine Shocas, who were listening to our conversation. "They will tell you that I am the hardest on myself."

AFTER Jimmy Carter lost to Ronald Reagan, in 1980, Albright agreed to help Brzezinski prepare his memoirs. He remembers very clearly Albright's coming to him one day and announcing that "the time has come for me to stand on my own feet"; she said she didn't want "to be viewed as just an extension of you." Even at that stage, Brzezinski says, his former protégée was displaying a highly developed political sense and was "very ambitious." He concludes, "She was gunning for Secretary of State since 1982, or at least 1984. Quite impressive, actually."

She was foreign-policy adviser to Geraldine Ferraro in the 1984 Vice-Presidential campaign. "Nobody looked at her as the wife or divorced wife of somebody," Ferraro told me, "but as Madeleine Albright the expert, a person who was fun to be with. In a way, it liberated her." A former Georgetown University administrator, Putnam Ebinger, says that around this time Albright told her that she wanted to become America's first woman Secretary of State. Other friends believe that talk of becoming Secretary of State was no more than a daydream. Doug Bennet, the president of Wesleyan University, who knew Albright from her early days with Muskie, says, "It is important to remember how vulnerable she was. Her career up until that point was not illustrious. At its best, it was the 'perfect staffer.' At its worst, it was the beneficiary of available part-time employment."

During the eighties, Albright ran a celebrated "foreign-policy salon" that grew out of the entertaining she had done for Muskie and Brzezinski in the seventies. The salon became a gathering place for foreign-policy officials from the Carter White House who were dreaming of a return to power. Albright's women friends say she was frequently a target of male condescension. The stars on the Democratic Party foreign-policy circuit were people like Samuel (Sandy) Berger, James Woolsey, Robert Hunter, and Richard Holbrooke, and they tended to hog the conversation. According to Janne Nolan, an arms-control expert and a frequent dinner guest at Albright's Georgetown home, it was not until Albright was appointed foreign-policy adviser to the Democratic candidate Michael Dukakis, in March of 1987, that the men began to take her seriously. By the following year, when Dukakis became the Presidential nominee, "people were hanging on every word." Albright considered herself "one of the grunts," willing to pitch in and do the jobs that nobody else was eager to do. "She was my kind of person," Dukakis told me. "She was good folks, down-to-earth, roll-up-your-sleeves. She wasn't from the Upper West Side."

"If you ask me, the fire has the most potential, but it's the smoke that has people talking."

Working for Dukakis put Albright in the inner circle of influential Democrats. It also provided her with a valuable introduction to the governor of Arkansas, Bill Clinton, who was brought in to help prepare Dukakis for his TV debates with George Bush. A year later, Clinton asked her for a letter of recommendation to the Council on Foreign Relations. She was happy to oblige, and went on to praise his "active mind" and "excellent background." In 1992, President-elect Clinton returned the favor. When aides presented him with a list of members of the foreign-policy transition team, he underlined Albright's name and jotted the word "good" beside it. But even then she was on no one's list for the top job.

CLINTON named Albright as the United States Ambassador to the United Nations—the post Dukakis says he had in mind for her. The biggest foreign-policy crisis of her first term was the ethnic fighting in Bosnia, and the attempt by Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic to forge a Greater Serbia. Albright told associates that it made her realize what it must have been like in Central Europe in 1938. "She could not stand the doing nothing on Bosnia," said her friend Toby Gati, a former chief of intelligence at the State Department. "She was like a horse chomping at the bit all the time. She kept on saying, 'We have to do more. Why aren't we doing more?' "

Beginning in August of 1993, Albright badgered the White House with memos on Bosnia. She argued at every opportunity that Bosnia was "destroying" American credibility both at home and abroad. "Muddle-through makes the president look weak," she said in a top-secret memorandum in July of 1995. Her influence, though, was peripheral. The real decisions were made by a restricted group of people around Clinton who were headed by Anthony Lake, then the national-security adviser; the job of bullying the rival factions into drawing up an actual peace agreement fell to Holbrooke, then Assistant Secretary of State for Europe. Albright's interventions were "highly ritualistic," says Ivo Daalder, a former National Security Council expert on Bosnia. "Everybody listened to her interventions, some more politely than others, but no one really was swayed one way or the other by her arguments." According to other Administration officials, Lake found Albright excessively ideological. He puts it more diplomatically. "Madeleine had a view and was able to articulate it very well," he told me. "Her weakness was working it through and translating it into real policy terms in ways that would help convince others." Albright's handling of the U.N. job was a preview of her performance at State. "Her strength is public articulation of clear positions," says another senior Administration official. "Her weakness is making it happen bureaucratically." According to this source, who has observed Albright in White House meetings, she rarely goes beyond her initial brief. The debate tends to swirl around her, and she is reduced to reaffirming her basic position.

In March of 1998, Albright insisted that the United States would not permit the Serbs to "do in Kosovo what they can no longer get away with doing in Bosnia." Late last fall, I asked Albright why it had taken so long to form an American response to the fighting in Kosovo. In reply, she stressed the difficulties of getting the rest of the Administration and the European allies into line, and alluded to her famous run-in with Colin Powell in 1993, when she asked the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, "What's the point of having this superb military you're always talking about if we can't use it?" ("I thought I would have an aneurysm," Powell later wrote in his memoirs.) "You need to understand how the process works," Albright told me. "I am a very active Secretary of State and a great believer in the American role and power." Both as U.N. Ambassador and at State, she said, she ran into two ways of thinking. There is "the Vietnam syndrome," which says, Don't get involved in anything. And then there is the Gulf War syndrome, which says, Don't get involved without "half a million Marines" and a guarantee of victory. She herself belongs to the "Munich group," which believes in heading off problems early. "If you are going counter to where the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is, it takes a while to get your argument across," she said. "You never get decisions just like that," especially when other people are involved. "I don't have the troops. This is a process which is consensual, incremental," and it "takes a while."

MEANWHILE, the past has intruded again. Soon after she became Secretary of State, Albright received faxes and letters from a family of Austrian industrialists, the Nebrichs, accusing her father of stealing their property in the chaotic aftermath of the Second World War. The Nebrichs had lived in the luxurious apartment in Prague assigned to Josef Korbel by the Czechoslovak Foreign Ministry in the summer of 1945. As citizens of the Reich, the Nebrichs had enjoyed significant privileges during the war but found themselves in an exposed position as soon as it ended. According to the Nebrichs, Josef demanded that they also turn over their valuable collection of Old Master paintings, silver, and antique furniture, which were stored elsewhere, arguing that he was entitled to compensation, because his family had "lost everything" to the Nazis. In November of 1945, when Josef was appointed Ambassador to Belgrade, he took the collection with him. "He even took the nails," says Doris Renner Nebrich, a daughter of the original collector.

The Nebrichs say they never received an official confiscation order, although Josef claimed to be acting under the authority of a Czechoslovak commission responsible for appropriating the assets of former German citizens and Nazi sympathizers. They filed a claim with the Austrian authorities for their confiscated possessions in 1947 and then spent decades trying to track a "Dr. Körbel" who had disappeared into America. The Nebrichs say it was not until 1996, when they read a news item about Albright's revisiting her old childhood home in Prague, that they made the connection between Josef Korbel and Madeleine Albright.

Albright, who was eight years old when her family returned to Prague after the war, handed the Nebrichs' claim over to her younger brother John. A year of increasingly vituperative correspondence followed, with lawyers for John Korbel pouring scorn on the Nebrich claim and the Nebrichs threatening to go public. In January of this year, John Korbel acknowledged to me that at least some works on the Nebrich list—including a painting by the seascape artist Ludolf Bakhuysen and one by the sixteenth-century Flemish artist Hendrik van Steenwijck—belong either to him or to his sister Kathy. (He says that Madeleine does not own any of the disputed paintings.) But he insists that it is "inconceivable" that his father could have seized someone else's property in the way alleged by the Nebrichs. He points out that a number of art works owned by his parents, including several that went to Madeleine, were never part of the Nebrich collection. On the basis of the evidence available to him, John Korbel says, it is likely that the Nebrich property was legally expropriated by the Czechoslovak state as part of postwar reparations exacted from former German citizens and Nazi collaborators. He believes that his father might have bought the paintings from the Czechoslovak government or been given them in compensation for wartime service.

As often happens in art-ownership disputes, both the Nebrichs and the Korbels lack solid documentation for their versions of events. (All the original protagonists in the drama are dead.) John Korbel says he is eager to "do the right thing" about the art works—and would probably respect any adjudication made by the authorities of the Czech Republic—but that he was dismayed by the "offensive" tone of the communications from the Nebrich family. "These people enjoyed a lot of privileges during a terrible period in Czechoslovakia," he says.

Did Albright suppress information about her own past? At first, I accepted her assertion that she had known nothing about her family's connection to the Holocaust, but I came to have increasing doubts about her version of events. Most troublesome, in my mind, is a visit she made to Prague in 1967—the first time she had been back since the 1948 Communist takeover. While she was there, she met with her cousin Dasha, who had lived with her family in London during the war. She also went to see a first cousin of her mother's named Petr Novak, the only member of her extended family to survive the concentration camps. (He survived a mass execution by hiding under a pile of bodies; at the end of the war, he lived briefly with Madeleine's family in Prague.)

Albright went to her meeting with Novak alone. Later, back at the hotel, she told her travelling companions that Petr was "a friend" of her parents who had recently been arrested for taking part in a banned "Zionist" demonstration. According to her friend Marcia Burick, Albright was distraught that Petr had lost his entire family in the camps, and sobbed, "There but for the grace of God, there but for the grace of God." (Petr died of cancer the year after his meeting with Madeleine.) When I asked Albright about this incident, she told me that she had been upset for a different reason. She said that in addition to Petr she had met two elderly friends of her parents, who told her that her father had been tried in absentia by the Communists and sentenced to death. "If I left that meeting distraught, that was nine-tenths of the reason," she said. At that time, she added, she had not known that she was related to the Novak family. When I asked Albright how she found out about the family connection, she told me that during a trip to Prague in January, 1994, she had met a man who introduced himself as Novak's illegitimate son. "We started this weird conversation," she recalled. "He said, 'Petr Novak is somehow your cousin.'" Albright maintains that in the rush of events she failed to connect the various pieces of evidence. She knew that Czechoslovak "patriots" had been taken to the camps along with Jews, and believed that the Novak family belonged to this category. "I failed to put all these pieces together," she says. "Hindsight is a wonderful thing," but "there are things in life you just miss. I missed this."

STRAIGHT

In all these old photographs sun
shines directly into every face;
it's a rule and makes the past seem
brightly lit, a world exposed and
direct, shadows only in the back,
behind things; and each of them,
men and women once young who are
dead now, children risen from curls
into heavy labor and troubled sleep,
accept this effortlessly; their bodies
look like shields, their faces shine,
and their eyes, looking straight at you,
hold sunlight off like an army; even
pale loitering boys and girls without
charm, women already oppressed beyond
endurance, the big father sprouting
hair on his arms like brushed wire,
in frank sunlight they do not shrink
from, appear touched by a familiar
eternity they don't dream will fail.

—Charlie Smith

Another occasion when Albright might have discovered her Jewish ancestry was in July, 1996, when the Czech authorities presented her with a copy of her father's Foreign Ministry personnel file. The file—or, at least, the version of the file that I saw in Prague six months later—includes a birth certificate describing her father as "Jewish." On receiving the file, Albright told reporters that she was looking forward to going through it, "to see if what my father told me about himself really is true." Two and a half years later, in January of this year, she told me she had still not examined the file in any depth. "When I first opened it up, it had a bunch of stuff about expense accounts. I probably did not dig into it deeply enough."

When I talked with Albright late last fall, as the ceasefire in Kosovo began to unravel, she had just finished reading a new biography of Dean Acheson, by James Chace. She had annotated the book, drawing parallels between the way Truman's Secretary of State went about building a new world order in the postwar period and the challenges facing the Clinton Administration today. "I have been accused of overstating the case," she said, alluding to her reputation for tough-sounding rhetoric. "They did it in spades, and that is how they got the Marshall Plan."

I was struck, in the Chace book, by the extraordinary influence that Acheson was able to wield. By contrast, for all the early talk about Albright's Kissinger-like "star power," influence has continued to drift away from the State Department to other government agencies—notably the National Security Council and the Pentagon; her influence on American foreign policy has often seemed less significant than that of the national-security adviser, Sandy Berger, who sits down the hall from the Oval Office and meets with the President every day. The comparison of Albright with Acheson (or, for that matter, with Kissinger) is not entirely fair. The foreign-policy bureaucracy was much smaller in those days, and could be galvanized into action by crises like the Berlin blockade of 1948 or by unique geopolitical opportunities such as Nixon's opening of China. Albright has had to be selective in her areas of interest. Her imprint has been obvious in Central Europe and in the Balkans, and much less apparent in Asia and the Middle East. Although she has made four trips to Beijing, including one earlier this month, her brand of "tell it like it is" diplomacy has left Chinese leaders unimpressed. By most accounts, the State Department has been second to the National Security Council in shaping China policy.

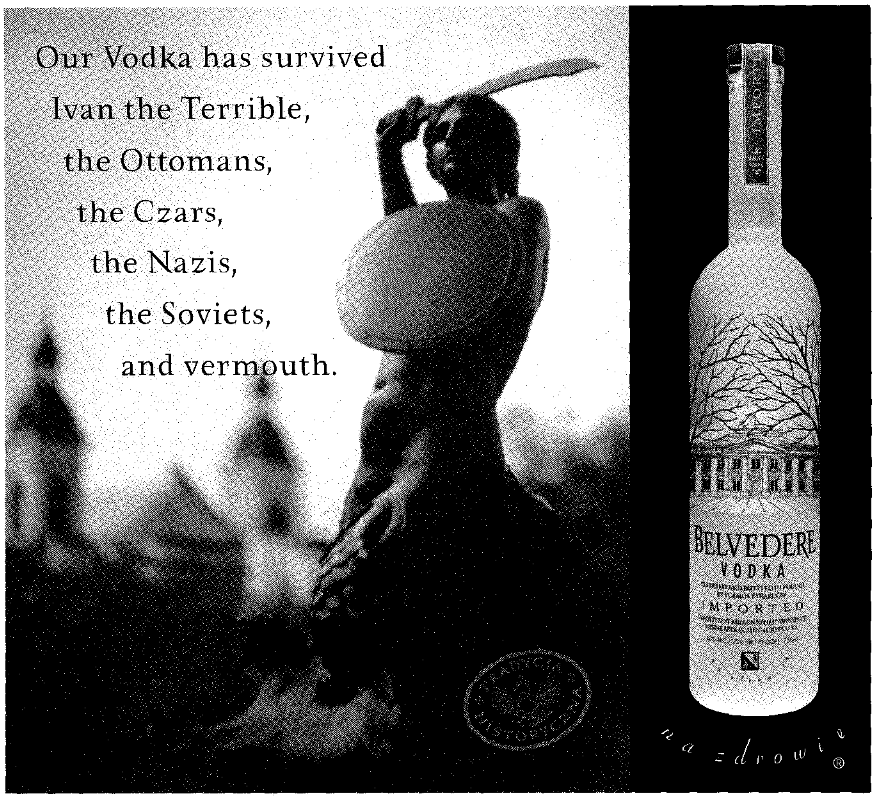
Albright does not yet have a diplomatic triumph to call her own, and the Kosovo crisis is her first really personal test on the international stage. Despite her own high-profile intervention during peace talks in Rambouillet last month, it took another three weeks to persuade the ragtag army of Kosovo Albanians to sign the American peace plan. The breakdown in the talks last week left Clinton and Albright in the position of having to convince Belgrade that the time for prevarication was finally over. Milosevic's continued refusal to budge would leave them facing this dilemma: bomb the Serbs, over the objections of Russia and the reservations of some NATO allies, or risk more damage to United States credibility.

Last week, Albright authorized her spokesman, James Rubin, to address her handling of the crisis. In the space of just a few weeks, Rubin argued, the Administration had had to come up with a viable peace plan for Kosovo, put together a thirty-thousand-strong international peacekeeping force, and juggle constituencies as diverse as the Serbs, the ethnic Albanians, the European allies, and the United States Congress. "We have learned the lessons of Bosnia," he said. "Create pressure, do it early, be prepared to send in ground troops, be prepared to bomb. To do all this in a few weeks, and then for people to call it a mistake, that's hypocrisy." Rubin is well aware of the potential for diplomatic disaster if NATO troops are not permitted into Kosovo to enforce a peace plan, or if any number of things go wrong, but he said, "It is a pretty strange way to do business if the Secretary of State can't engage unless she is tying a ribbon around a box that is already there. That is not who she is." ♦

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

Douglas limped to his car and sat on the driver's side as his wife drove.



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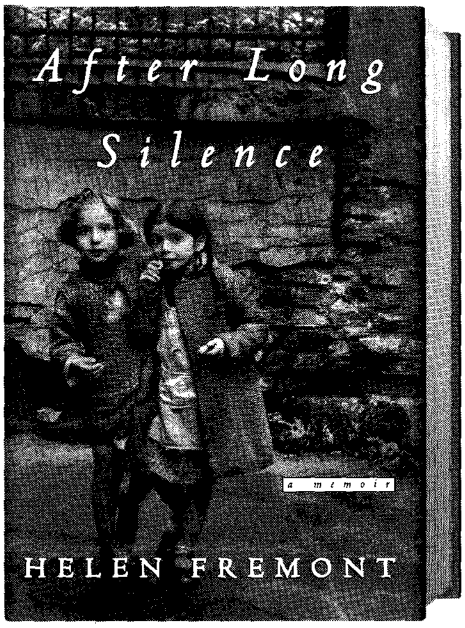

Helen Fremont looks back at her religious upbringing in light of her shocking discovery that her parents were Jewish—and shares the stunning revelation that brought the Holocaust home.

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—*Boston Globe*

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SHOUTS & MURMURS

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE[1]

BY LARRY DOYLE

Larry Doyle is a professional dinner speaker. The following piece is adapted from opening remarks to a speech he recently gave before the Optimist Club of Manhattan.

NEW YORK CITY is totally insane.[2] Just the other day, I was having a drink at Mulligan's Brew[3] over on Forty-third Street, when who, or should I say what, should walk into the bar but this pink-and-purple kangaroo.[4]

I'm thinking, Whooooa bartender, another round, and this time make it a double.[5]

So this 'roo sidles up to the bar, puts a twenty-dollar bill on the counter, and says, "Barkeep, give me a Screaming Orgasm[6]."[7]

Hiiiiii-yo![8]

The bartender is a bit taken aback by this, but he's seen a lot of strange things, so he makes the Screaming Orgasm and plops it down on the bar.

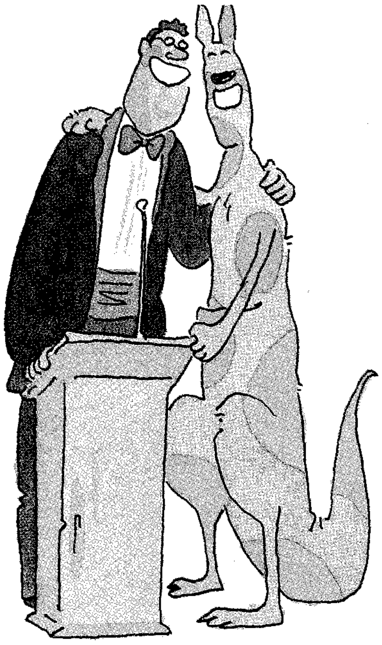
"How much do I owe you?"[9] asks the kangaroo.

Well, the bartender looks at the double sawbuck[10] on the counter and figures, This is a kangaroo, what does he know about drink prices? So he says, "Twenty bucks."

The kangaroo doesn't say anything. He just slams down the drink and hops off his stool to leave.

At this point the bartender's curiosity gets the best of him.[11] He says to the kangaroo, "You know, we've never had a talking pink-and-purple kangaroo in here before."

"Well," the kangaroo says, "at twenty bucks for one lousy Screaming Orgasm, I'm not a bit surprised."[12]



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1. I would like to most gratefully acknowledge Vince Offer, the independent filmmaker who is suing big Hollywood filmmakers Peter and Bobby Farrelly, accusing them of stealing jokes from his film "The Underground Comedy Movie" for their film "There's Something About Mary." His lawsuit provided important inspiration for this article.

2. Credit must go to professional jokester Sammy Haggis, whose comedic monologue contains this opening sentence, albeit in a slightly different form.

3. Although, at the time of its creation, this tavern name was fully a work of the imagination, it has since been pointed out that other drinking establishments with this name actually exist in Boston, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Champaign-Urbana, Illinois.

4. cf. "What the Who Is at the Zoo?" in *Puppy Dog Tales*, Fall, 1964, "Wag Bag" page, submitted by Michael Schrage, age seven.

5. Haggis, op. cit.

6. Credit for creating and naming this specialty drink has been variously attributed to Sebastian Dangerfield, a mixologist at J. P. Ginger's in Manhattan, and to Flo Wecheck, owner of Babylon's Hanging Beer Garden, in Fort Repose, Florida.[i]

7. The aforementioned setup, accompanied by the retort "Straight up or on the rocks?," originally appeared in the shooting script of a 1988 "Cheers" episode,[ii] but was excised by NBC censors.

8. cf. Ed McMahon, "The Tonight Show," and his various fully protected lampooners.

9. While historically attributed to the old Jack Benny radio show, this phrase has American literary antecedents which include, but are not limited to, the works of Nathanael West, Ambrose Bierce, and, of course, Mark Twain. In any event, this particular wording has since become part of the vernacular and can hardly be considered to be the intellectual property of any one author.

DANNY SHANAHAN

10. According to Robert L. Chapman's "New Dictionary of American Slang," this term has been employed by Westbrook Pegler, among others.

11. This transitory sentence originally appeared in a different context in "The Annoying Foot-High Companion," from "A Thousand Men Walk into a Thousand Bars," edited by Isaac Asimov.

12. As anyone who reads the papers or watches "Nightline" must know by now, I have been accused by one "Jerry Grinn" of appropriating this entire humoresque from his book, "Grinn's Big Comedy Treasury of Toasts, Roasts, Boasts, and Jests." I do not take these charges lightly. As a professional writer who derives a not inconsiderable portion of his income from his unique comic sensibility, I cannot. And so, rather than simply allowing these utterly unfounded accusations to die on the vine of bitter grapes from whence they were wrung, I have decided to take my case to the public.

First of all, let me state emphatically that I have not read Mr. Grinn's book,[iii] nor do I intend to do so. However, I did recently receive in the mail a copy of the so-called jest I allegedly plagiarized, and I was frankly shocked that anyone could have given Mr. Grinn's complaints a forum (as did *Harper's* and, quite curiously, *The New Republic*).

Mind you, I am not saying that there aren't some similarities between our pieces—the limited conventions of the comic story virtually guarantee it—but I am saying that viewed in whole, rather than in carefully selected "excerpts," our respective stories are linked by precious little. To wit:

1) "Just the other day, I was having a drink." All the stories in the "Treasury," including the one from which these opening remarks were allegedly lifted, are told in the third person. My story, on the other hand, is a first-person narrative, making it less a jest than an anecdote. Grinn's episode is also cast in the past tense, while mine moves imperceptibly from past to present, an experimental-fiction technique that lends the piece a contemporariness that Grinn's entire volume lacks.

2) "Mulligan's Brew over on 43rd Street." A detail curiously missing from the supposedly purloined text.

3) "Pink-and-purple kangaroo." An intensely personal allusion to my own childhood, predating the "Treasury" by a good twenty years, and giving the whole a surreal quality that Grinn's garden-variety kangaroo fails to evoke.

4) "Barkeep, give me a Screaming Orgasm." Note the wording in the Grinn version: "Bartender, I'd like a Piña Colada." A Screaming Orgasm is not only a more current reference, but it frames the entire episode in a double-entendre context, making it more of an adult tale, in stark contrast to Grinn's rather childish prose.

5) "So [the bartender, when asked how much the drink costs,] says, 'Twenty bucks.' " In Grinn's version, it is only five dollars—a small detail, perhaps, but try this joke out on a New York audience using the lower figure and see how many people appreciate the hyperbole.

6) "[The kangaroo] hops off his stool to leave." A mere flourish, admittedly, yet like many others throughout the piece a telling one.

7) Note the clear difference in cadence between "We've never had a talking kangaroo in here before" (Grinn version) and "We've never had a talking pink-and-purple kangaroo in here before" (Doyle version).

8) In the final analysis, the real proof is in the punch line. Grinn: " 'I'm not surprised,' the kangaroo angrily retorted, 'and if you keep charging five dollars for a Piña Colada, you won't have any others, I'll tell you that.' " Doyle: " 'Well,' the kangaroo says, 'at twenty bucks for one lousy Screaming Orgasm, I'm not a bit surprised.' " In addition to its aforementioned contemporary and ribald qualities, my version is certainly more succinct than Grinn's run-off-at-the-mouth gagism. Further, my version displays that ineffable quality that separates the ridiculous from the sublime, a chuckle from a guffaw—timing.

I could go on, but I think I'll leave the relentless self-posturing to Mr. Grinn. And to those who still believe his reckless charge of plagiarism, I can think of no more appropriate response than to quote something my university creative-writing teacher, Mark Costello, once told me.

"Larry," he said, "always remember: mediocre writers borrow; great writers steal."

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i. The bartenders and drinking establishments in this note are literary allusions to J. P. Donleavy's "The Ginger Man" and Pat Frank's "Alas, Babylon," respectively.

ii. The joke may have been appropriated whole or in part from "Shticks and Grins," a 1979 revue performed by the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard University.

iii. In the interest of full disclosure, I must point out that I met Mr. Grinn once, at a 1996 *New York* magazine party celebrating the magazine's "100 Wittiest New Yorkers." (No, I did not make the list, but I do not have the good fortune of being a PMK client, as were a striking sixty-three of our city's wittiest, including Mr. Grinn.) I cannot recall if Mr. Grinn told the joke in dispute at this gathering, as I was, to be perfectly frank, quite drunk. I was also unaware that Mr. Grinn was married, or that Marie was his wife.

During our subsequent time together, Marie never related to me Mr. Grinn's precious joke, or, for that matter, any jest belonging to her former husband, whom she found to be dour and petty, and who never made her laugh. She is willing to sign an affidavit to this effect. ◆

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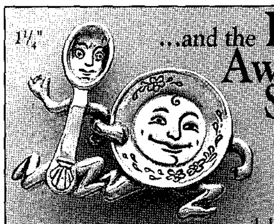
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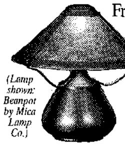
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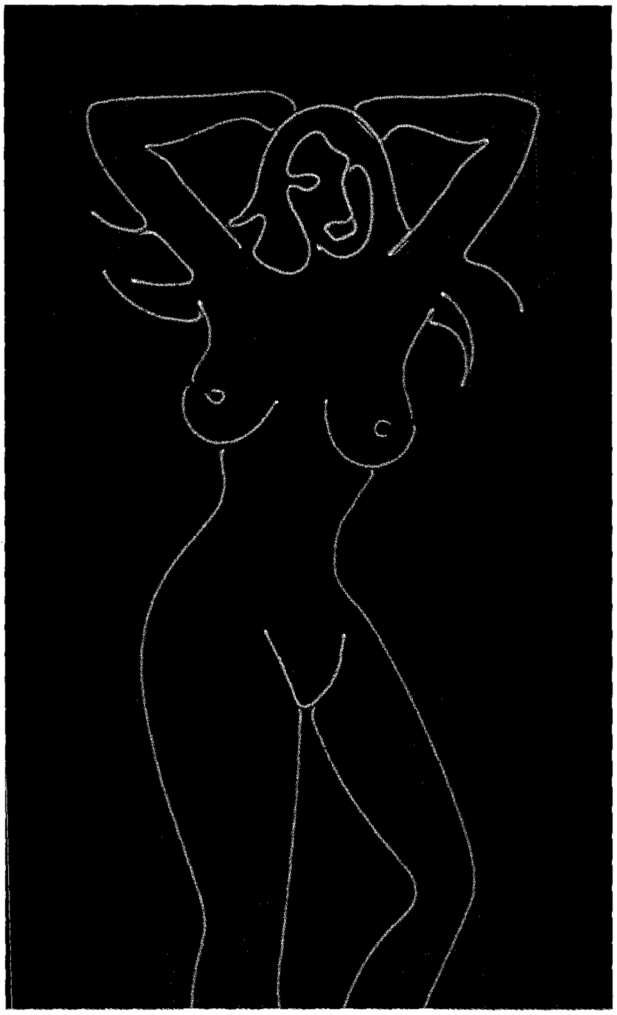
ANNALS OF ACADEMIA

THE LOOSE CANON

Why higher learning has embraced pornography.

BY JAMES ATLAS

IN the Musical Offering Café, across the street from the Berkeley campus, Linda Williams, a professor of film studies at the University of California, was describing to me the virtues of "Latex," a futuristic hardcore porn flick about a man possessed of the psychic ability to divine people's sexual fantasies. Williams is the author of a book entitled "Hard Core: Power, Pleasure, and the 'Frenzy of the Visible,' " a study of pornography which has gained a wide readership among academics and has just been reprinted in a revised, illustrated edition. She also teaches a graduate course entitled "Pornographies On/scene," which features the in-class viewing not only of such classics of the genre as "Deep Throat," "The Opening of Misty Beethoven," and "Behind the Green Door" but also of rawer specimens, like "Suburban Dykes" and "John Wayne Bobbitt: Uncut." A handsome woman with graying hair and horn-rimmed glasses, which give her a dignified aura, Professor Williams struck me as the very antithesis of a campus radical: as she recounted the story of her intellectual apprenticeship, while picking fastidiously at an avocado salad, she could easily have passed for a professor of theology.



The academic porn sisterhood peers at pornography through the secret decoder ring of theory to learn what it means.

PAUL FUSCO/MAGNUM

Williams's conversation is equable, measured, and wide-ranging in its cultural references; she's as likely to drop the name of D. H. Lawrence or Jacques Lacan as that of the porn star Candida Royalle. Her book, an erudite and closely argued assessment of porn films from the crude era of stag through to the lavish porn extravaganzas of today, belongs on the growing shelf of academic works devoted to pornography, books by scholars like Laura Kipnis, a tenured professor at Northwestern known in the field for her pioneering study of the industry, "Bound and Gagged: Pornography and the Politics of Pornography in America," and Chris Straayer, of New York University, the author of "Deviant Eyes, Deviant Bodies: Sexual Re-orientation in Film and Video."

Both of those books are on the syllabus of Rhetoric 241, as Williams's course is blandly identified in the Berkeley catalogue. Students must also work their way through some heavy theory—such as Michel Foucault's classic "History of Sexuality" and the Marxist critic Fredric Jameson's essay "Pleasure: A Political Issue"—and write a twenty-page paper "on some aspect of visual pornography." "I teach it as a genre—a genre about pleasure," Williams told me. "Not that it isn't also about power, but mostly it's about pleasure, this elusive and almost philosophical problem, especially in the visual realm of representation. We know pleasure when we feel it, but what does that mean?"

I asked, "Don't students find watching X-rated movies in the coed academic setting of a Berkeley seminar room unnerving?"

"It is a little difficult to overcome that," she said. "When I taught a porn course to undergraduates at U.C.-Irvine, most of them just laughed their way through the films, and I've had a number of students say they couldn't do the course after the first day. They used to have trouble with gay-oriented films: when it came to anal penetration, they just couldn't watch. But I teach graduate students now, and they're a lot less homophobic. Also, I show clips on the first day to de-select." The syllabus contains a warning to the squeamish: "Some of the images to be studied in this seminar will be offensive, or arousing, or both. Be prepared to look closely at a wide variety of explicit sexual representations and to offer the same kind of close study you would give to any other cultural product."

THE pedagogic enshrinement of porn is by now an established fact: projectors have been wheeled into the classroom, the shades have been drawn, and what Richard Ellmann, the great biographer of Joyce and Wilde, once referred to as "the anatomical convolutions" have been made available to undergraduates for credit. Today, porn studies is taught at N.Y.U., Columbia, and Northwestern, among other universities. Porn stars lecture on campus—the performance artist Annie Sprinkle is a popular draw—and professors lecture on the porn-scholar circuit, giving talks at the Modern Language Association on such arcane topics as "Bakhtin, Eroticism, and the Cinema." Constance Penley, a film-studies professor at the University of California, Santa Barbara, runs U.C.S.B.'s Pornography Research Focus Group. The Duke University journal *Social Text* devoted a special issue to women and "sex work"—i.e., prostitution and pornography. Last August, Linda Williams delivered the keynote address at the World Pornography Conference, in Los Angeles, which was hosted by the University of California at Northridge. The core has become hard core.

Not content with merely theorizing about pornography, academics from the ranks of English, philosophy, and sociology departments around the country are also writing it. Joanna Frueh, an art historian on the faculty of the University of Nevada at Reno, has written a book called "Erotic Faculties," in which she includes nude photographs of herself and shares her sexual fantasies. Amy Flowers, an "independent scholar," recently had a book published by the University of Pennsylvania entitled "The Fantasy Factory: An Insider's View of the Phone Sex Industry." Flowers not only conducted interviews with phone-sex workers but got a job as a 900 operator herself. ("Chuck was especially memorable, a lonely, urban academic living in a small Midwestern town.")

"Over the last twenty years," Alan Soble, a professor of philosophy at the University of New Orleans, writes in a recent book entitled "Sexual Investigations," "I browsed in a hundred pornography stores, in half the continental United States and a half-dozen European countries; I waded inside stacks of magazines and videos; I inspected a virtual stream of catalogues." Garry Leonard, a professor of cultural studies at the University of Toronto, outlined a similar mission when I called him after spotting his name in a *Times* article about the closing down of porn shops in Times Square. (He had the misfortune of being apprehended by the reporter as he was leaving Euroworld, an X-rated video store across from the Port Authority bus terminal.) "Part of my 'field research' in Times Square involved reading the backs of videos marked 'for couples,'" he explained, "to see how contemporary pornography is offering itself as a 'marital aid' and what this implies about the further 'packaging of fantasy' in our time."

IT'S a little weird to contemplate Ph.D. candidates fanning out across the aisles of porn emporia with their Bic pens and spiral notebooks like Claude Lévi-Strauss among the Nambikwara, but it has a certain logic—perhaps, even, a certain inevitability. Cross-dressing as a literary theme, queer theory, and S & M studies have displaced deconstruction and postcolonialism as the cutting-edge mode of discourse. In the seventies, critical theory concentrated on attacking the authority of language, interpreting its power over us as a form of political power. To subvert that authority—to "delegitimize" or "destabilize" the text by questioning our capacity to ascribe a single meaning to it—was to subvert the established order at its source. The notion of the universal was dead. In the eighties, influential theorists like Shoshana Felman, Julia Kristeva, and Luce Irigaray had moved on to the deconstruction of gender and patriarchy. And by the nineties the preoccupation with language had been supplanted by a preoccupation with "the body"—the ways in which our sexual preferences and natures might be "socially constructed." That's why just about every academic book you pick up nowadays seems to have the words "gender," "queer," "body," "lesbian," or "gay" attached to the title. To unmask our most private—even unacceptable—desires is to unmask the hidden face of repression. The job of the critic is to "out" what used to be considered sexual deviancy, and "mainstream" it. (Leslie Fiedler's famous essay of a generation ago, "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!"—which suggested a homoerotic relationship between Huckleberry Finn and Jim—seems quaint in the light of current critics' obsession with bondage and pederasty.)

In this context, it was only a matter of time before pornography entered

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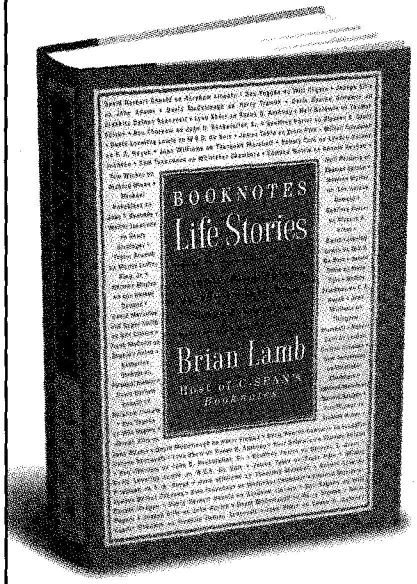

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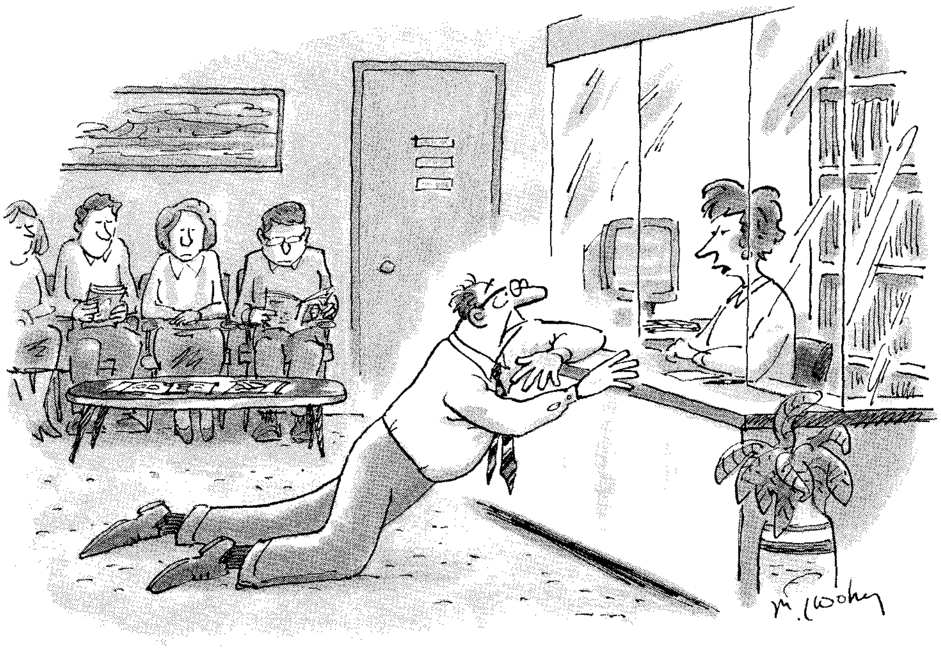

"Just take a seat, Mr. Bern. You're acting as if you were the only one here who's been shot."

• •

the curriculum. After all, porn is the reification of postfeminist discourse—sex-and-gender theory in the flesh, as it were. "This is a Freudian moment," Williams told me. "Sex is now seen as the motive force of our beings. We seem completely caught up in the desire to 'speak the truth of sex.' I'm not saying that porn isn't controversial, but it can also tell us a lot about who we are. As a culture, we're clearly getting over our inhibitions." Long before editors were huddling at conference tables to determine whether the *Times* could print the phrase "blow job" in its pages, English professors were scrutinizing every aspect of the human sexual arena. The academization of popular culture—in which movies, comics, detective fiction, rock, and now rap lyrics are seen as worthy of scholarly interpretation for the insights they yield—has shown itself able to absorb just about any cultural artifact, no matter how transient or bizarre. So why not porn?

NEARLY all the leading figures in the field of porn studies are women. "It's easier for women to have a legitimate voice," Williams acknowledges. But unlike the big names in the porn world—performance artists and political activists like Susie Bright and Wendy McElroy—the academic porn sisterhood is less invested in making a case for porn than in peering at it through the secret decoder ring of theory and learning what it *means*.

The most persuasive writing on porn is slyly playful. When Kipnis, in "Bound and Gagged," writes about the appeal of "fat porn" and "geriatric porn," she does so in the spirit of Richard Klein writing about smoking or William Miller writing about the anatomy of disgust—as a way of humanizing the "marginalized" and the taboo. Her most famous essay, "(Male) Desire and (Female) Disgust: Reading *Hustler*," discerns in Larry Flynt's notorious periodical "a detailed blueprint of the national cultural psyche," and class stratifications of pornography. *Hustler* porn is blue-collar, anti-authoritarian, more intent on dissing the bourgeoisie than on mapping the contours of desire. In Kipnis's view, what porn does is address those sexual impulses which are difficult to categorize without being criminal, or even so bad. In short, it offers us "a crucial political space."

For Linda Williams, porn in the academy emerges naturally out of the academy's preoccupation with politics. She belongs to the generation that came of age in the sixties and gradually mellowed, its fervent radicalism devolving into a quieter, theoretical opposition to the status quo. As a Berkeley undergrad in the sixties, she witnessed the turmoil that spread from Berkeley to colleges around the country and still reverberates in the radical curricula of English departments. "I was in the middle of the free-speech movement," she told me. "It was formative. It was a moment in which a lot of us believed the world could be changed through our own efforts." She was arrested in the People's Park demonstration; her husband of thirty years, who had grown up across the street from her in the East Bay, was a draft resister. (Now he's a high-school history teacher.)

At Berkeley, Williams majored in comparative literature, immersing herself in William Empson's "Seven Types of Ambiguity" and Cleanth Brooks's "The Well-Wrought Urn"—works that removed literature from its political and social context. She did her graduate work at the University of Colorado. "I think I would have followed the conventional comp-lit route, but I was fascinated by Surrealism, and persuaded my adviser to let me write a thesis on film," she recalled. Williams won a Fulbright, and in 1976 she went off to Paris, and apprenticed herself to the film theorist Christian Metz. "What I encountered was the Lacanian revolution in the study of literature and culture," she told me. "Lacan was studying the figural nature of the unconscious. I wanted to study the figuration of film. Watching Buñuel's 'An Andalusian Dog,' I was haunted by that image of the eyeball being cut with a razor. There was something about its vulnerability that hooked me on the form." For Williams, the pleasure of porn recalls the visceral reaction to Surrealist film: it evokes the same intense physical response. "You go to be moved and manipulated," she said. "Horror films scare you, melodrama makes you cry, and porn arouses you."

NOT that Williams has made either the politics or the aesthetics of pornography her personal crusade. Porn isn't her only subject today. She has also taught a course on D. W. Griffith, and she is writing—with the help of a Guggenheim fellowship—a book called "Melodramas of Black and White," which is about racial themes in American culture. "I wanted to get out of porn after I wrote 'Hard Core,'" she said. "I didn't want to be the dirty old lady porn professor."

It was the strident politicizing of Catharine MacKinnon which made Williams decide to teach porn—specifically, an article by MacKinnon in *Ms.* magazine in 1993, entitled "Turning Rape into Pornography," in which she recounts incidents of Serbian forces in Yugoslavia filming mass rape and using those films as propaganda. "With this war, pornography emerges as a tool of genocide," MacKinnon writes. For Williams, MacKinnon's article was the last straw. "I thought, If she can blame porn for ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, it needs all the defenders it can find."

As a film-studies professor, Williams wants to talk about how porn feature films—the kind of moviemaking that started with "Deep Throat," in 1972—constitute a genre, the way that Westerns or horror films do. But porn *is* different in one major respect: it prefers reality to realism. On the one hand, we think, These people are actually doing these things, while, on the other hand, we realize that the things they're doing are staged in a highly contrived, highly choreographed way. There are formulaic, ritualized stages within each film. At the moment of climax, the penis is invariably outside the body, in order for the ejaculate—ocular proof—to be seen. Williams traces this so-called money shot back to Muybridge's photographic experiments with running horses and Edison's film clip of a sneeze: "the visual evidence of the mechanical 'truth' of bodily pleasure caught in involuntary spasm: the ultimate and uncontrollable—ultimate *because* uncontrollable—confession of sexual pleasure in the climax of orgasm." And yet, she writes, this "ultimate confessional moment of 'truth'" requires viewers to believe that "the sexual performers within the film want to shift from a tactile to a visual pleasure at the crucial moment of the male's orgasms." In other words, the films never seem phonier than at the moment of truth.

Williams never denies the misogyny of mainstream heterosexual porn, but she sees it essentially as an expressive medium, and she becomes animated in talking about the differences between "gonzo" porn—low-budget, fly-by-night stuff, where the director is often the star—and high-end porn: "There's incredible variety. If you've seen one porn film, you *haven't* seen them all." In "Hard Core," Williams writes, "In the more sophisticated films, sex acts, like musical numbers, are expected to be integrated into the story line of the movie in some comprehensible way, and to help to explore—and, finally, to resolve—the conflicts of the narrative." Williams then draws up a laundry list of similarities between the two genres:

> Masturbation, for example, can be seen as the solo song or dance of self-love and enjoyment—à la the "Singin' in the Rain" number in the musical of that name; straight sex is like a classic heterosexual duet—as in "You Were Meant for Me," also from *Singin' in the Rain* . . . "lesbian" sex is like the narcissistic "I Feel Pretty" number from *West Side Story.*

Elsewhere, Williams dwells on the choreography of "Urban Heat" (a film by Femme Productions, women producers of porn): "The hard-core number is executed like a dance . . . the framing is more in the whole-body, fluid style of Astaire and Rogers than the fragmented-body (separated) style of Busby Berkeley, a framing that permits the display of body lines and movements in unbroken space and time." It's hard to remember that this is a porn film we're reading about.

The most nuanced position on the politics of pornography is the one staked out by Judith Butler. Butler, who is a cult figure on the Berkeley campus—there's even an underground journal devoted to her, called *Judy!*—has made a large reputation in the academic world with several provocative books on the politics of gender. In "Excitable Speech," one of two books she published last year, Butler questions MacKinnon's premise that porn is a form of "hate speech"—in effect, a "discourse" about sexuality which discriminates against women. If it is, Butler says, then to censor it is to deny the possibility of consent on the part of the female participants. Building upon the work of Foucault, from whose "History of Sexuality" so much of gender/queer/gay—and now porn—theory derives, Butler proposes that the act of repressing sexual expression ends by promoting it to center stage: "The putative repression of sexuality becomes the sexualization of repression." More to the point: does pornography have the stature to do all

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the injurious things that MacKinnon says it does, or is it merely "an allegory of masculine willfulness and feminine submission"? Butler goes on:

> If what is depicted is a set of compensatory ideals, hyperbolic gender norms, then pornography charts a domain of unrealizable positions that hold sway over the social reality of gender positions, but do not, strictly speaking, constitute that reality; indeed, it is their failure to constitute it that gives the pornographic image the phantasmatic power that it has.

In other words, far from being a blueprint for reality, pornography is exciting only because it *isn't* anything like real life. If every cocktail party turned into an orgy by the second Martini, who'd pay to see it on film?

Butler is Chancellor's Professor in the Department of Rhetoric and Comparative Literature at Berkeley. I'd heard stories of her electrifying lecture style—that she strode into packed halls in a leather jacket and transfixed the audience with her charisma. In person, however, Butler turned out to be anything but flamboyant. Slight and soft-spoken, with brown hair cut short, she radiated intellectual intensity. But there was nothing militant about her manner. She spoke with forceful clarity, in wondrously formed blocks of critical prose, which could have gone straight from the notebook to the page. "This is Foucault's nightmare," she said of the Starr report, referring to the French philosopher's prediction that sex would come to dominate our social discourse, thereby obsessing us without liberating us: "Even those who seek to debunk the centrality of sexuality become mired in it. There's a real question about whether the Republicans have disseminated porn on the Internet." But she acknowledged that the definition of what constitutes porn has changed. "There are shifting standards. Things that used to be pornography no longer are. You need a more subtle definition. If you teach Kipling, you have to say it's a colonial text, but let's think about the insights it affords us. It's the same with porn. Does it make us what we see? When Linda Williams teaches, she doesn't try to get people to enjoy it but to understand the nature of pleasure. What is the social script? Does the taboo produce the pleasure? Does it afford us a more careful understanding of what's happened to sexuality as it enters the public sphere? Is there a way in which it liberates us from shame? That's a complicated set of ethical questions."

For Butler, who has a Ph.D. in philosophy from Yale, the academic preoccupation with porn, like the obsession with sexual-identity politics, is an outgrowth of the sixties, but it's less a vehicle for self-liberation than another theatre of "contestation"—to use the academic term. "It's not a utopian ideal, it's just a new area of struggle," Butler told me. "Sexuality has a history; it takes certain forms; it's a cultural inheritance. When you read Marcuse now, he seems out of another time: 'Express your sexuality and there will be peace on earth.' But what we call liberation can turn out to be shattering—forget monogamy, intimacy, family. And what happened? We all ended up on psychiatrists' couches."

WALKING through the streets of Berkeley after my meeting with Butler, I tried to puzzle out the sequence of events. Three decades after the sixties exploded on these streets, Berkeley still has a distinctly countercultural air about it—Krishna Copy Center, Progressive Auto Stereo, lots of health-food stores—but the area around the university has become a magnet for teen-age runaways, who sit on filthy blankets up and down Telegraph Avenue, surrounded by takeout detritus, and panhandle. The revolution that never happened is over.

Yet, in another sense, there really *has* been a revolution, even if it wasn't the one we envisaged in the era of Free Love. In the university—the only place in America where radicalism still thrives—politics has largely become sexual politics. "On the cultural left, there's been a loss of faith in traditional ideologies as a potential agent of social change," Laura Kipnis said to me, "so the left has turned to culture as an explanation of how social consent is obtained, the ways that subjectivity gets produced in conformance with social norms. The idea now is that there won't be political change until there's inner change." And inner change nowadays, she added, means discovering the true nature of one's sexuality, by whatever means.

"Why is there so much pornography?" Kipnis asks. "Why the sheer repetition? It may be that there's something inherent in human desire that defeats the capacity of anything to satisfy it." Porn explores the outer range of what's possible in a socially sanctioned way. You can watch these mind-wrenching sexual configurations passively—and now, thanks to the VCR, in the privacy of your own bedroom—without having to go out and experience them yourself. In "Bound and Gagged," Kipnis writes:

> Call me a feminist apostate, but I say there's more to pornography than a celebration of gender oppression, and limiting the discussion to that issue alone closes the door before things get interesting. If pornography offends women (or some women) more than it offends men (most men?) the question, What does it mean to be offended? needs to be put in front of us. But this is also not simply a "pro-sex" argument: I don't see in pornography the key that will unleash our reserves of unrepressed animal sexuality. Certainly everyone's entitled to better orgasms—wherever and whenever they can be had—but once you've accomplished that, there's still the issue of what pornography means as a form of culture, and why it's so meaningful *to* our culture, especially now.

One reason, I suspect, is that women have begun to control the means of production of porn; it's no longer exclusively a men's game. Among the films that Williams shows in her class are "Nina Hartley's Guide to Better Cunnilingus" and "The Sluts and Goddesses Video Workshop," featuring Annie Sprinkle. Hartley and Sprinkle are well-known proponents of the "sex-positive" outlook: Hartley is an authority on the maximization of female sexual pleasure, and Sprinkle's secret of how to achieve a "five-minute orgasm" is something of a legend in the porn world. The emphasis in these films is on women's desire: how to obtain it, how to depict it, how to maintain the pleasure of hard-core without succumbing to the imposition of male power. "This much is clear," Williams firmly insists: "It is no longer for men alone to decide what is, or is not, exciting in pornography."

Porn as pedagogy hasn't gone down easily in some quarters. It can still provoke agitation, especially on the right. When Constance Penley introduced porn to U.C.-Santa Barbara, in 1993, her course was attacked by Pat Robertson on his evangelical talk show as "a new low in humanist excess." And when the State University of New York at New Paltz sponsored a conference in 1997 entitled "Revolting Behavior: The Challenges of Women's Sexual Freedom," which featured a panel on "Sex Toys for Women," the event sparked outrage in the press and public condemnation from Governor George Pataki. In the progressive universities, things have gone more smoothly. When I asked Williams what the response from officials at Berkeley had been to her teaching a course in pornography, she said that there hadn't been any response, adding, "I mean, there is academic freedom." Still, it would have been unthinkable to teach porn when I was in college, thirty years ago, even at Berkeley.

"I don't really like pornography," Kipnis admitted to me in one of our conversations. "I'm disturbed by it. I look at small numbers of examples and make big generalities. But I'm interested in things that disturb me." This strikes me as an apt description of the whole academic enterprise, then and now. How is pornography different from the forms of subversion I studied as an undergraduate? Every book and film that made an impression on me, from Norman O. Brown's "Love's Body" to Brando's "Last Tango in Paris," had the power to disturb.

The premise of "The Modern Sensibility," a course I took in college, whose entire reading list I can still call to mind after thirty years—it included Marcuse's "Eros and Civilization," Freud's "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," Burroughs's "Naked Lunch"—was that our culture embraced many contradictory impulses, and that often the most provocative expressions of that culture were the ones that seemed most deeply dedicated to undermining it. Like the Marxists of my day and the Freudians of a still earlier day, the pornologists belong to an academic tradition, criticizing the premises of cultural authority from within the confines of the very institution that most embodies it: the university. But the quest for the provocative, the edgy, the new has got a little threadbare. What Williams and Kipnis have to say about porn is interesting, but do we really need a whole curriculum devoted to it? After all, a blue movie is still a blue movie, even if it's screened in Rhetoric 241. ♦

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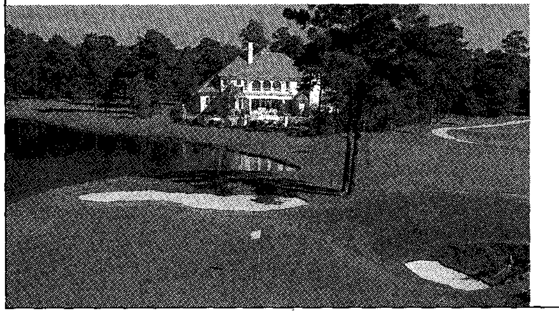

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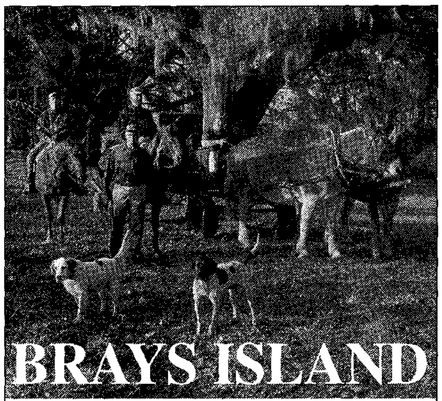

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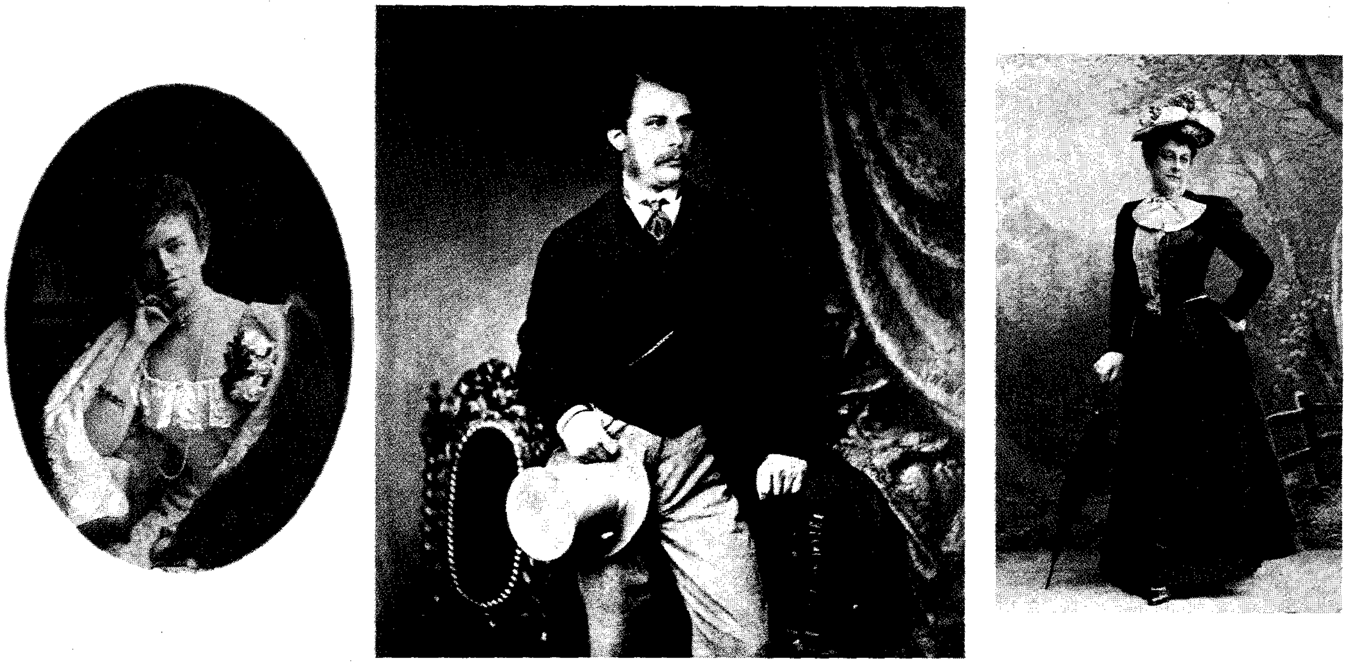

In 1868, J. Pierpont Morgan was thirty-one and recently married. He never divorced, but the principal women of his later life were his mistresses, Edith Randolph (left) and Adelaide Douglas, and his librarian, the mysterious Belle da Costa Greene (opposite).

FROM LEFT: COURTESY THE LATE J. GORDON DOUGLAS, JR.; PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE UNKNOWN J. P. MORGAN

A biographer uncovers the private life of the famous banker.

BY JEAN STROUSE

THE titanic figure of J. Pierpont Morgan has been cultural public property for nearly a hundred years. When Morgan died in 1913, he was the most powerful banker in the world, and had captured the popular imagination to a much greater extent than his contemporaries John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, E. H. Harriman, and Henry Clay Frick. He figures in countless anecdotes and in novels by, among others, Upton Sinclair, Henry James, E. M. Forster, John Dos Passos, and, more recently, E. L. Doctorow and Caleb Carr. And since surprisingly little is actually known about him, substantial measures of fiction have found their way into the accounts of historians and biographers as well. Most of the widely accepted renderings cast him as a ruthless tyrant who ordered workers shot, ruined farmers, and created financial panics for his own profit. He appears in Dos Passos's novel "1919" as the "boss croupier of Wall Street," a man known for "suddenly blowing up in a visitor's face and for that special gesture of the arm that meant, *What do I get out of it?*" In "The Robber Barons," an influential account of late-nineteenth-century America written in the nineteen-thirties, the historian Matthew Josephson depicts Morgan as a coarse brute who throws things at his servants and derisively snorts, "I owe the public nothing."

This picture of Morgan derives partly from his role in organizing industrial trusts (U.S. Steel, General Electric) and his position as the unofficial central banker of the United States before there was a Federal Reserve. The exercise of so much power by a private citizen horrified a nation of democrats, and aroused America's long-standing antipathy to big business and concentrated wealth. Other factors contributing to the caricature of Morgan as a "great financial Gorgon" (a line from a popular song) include sparse facts, the arcane nature of high finance, and his personal and professional reticence. (One of his British partners complained that he was "an impossible man to have any talk with. The nearest approach he makes is an occasional grunt.")

I have been working for years on a biography of Morgan, and virtually every time I go to a dinner party someone volunteers one of two famous anecdotes about him. The first credits him with a quip about how much it costs to own a yacht. "If you have to ask," Morgan reportedly said, "you can't

afford it." The second story has to do with his appearance. Morgan in middle age suffered from an inherited skin disease called rhinophyma, which gave him what Margot Asquith, the wife of the British Prime Minister, graphically described as "a Cyrano nose of vast blue oozing glands, a hideous deformity." It is said that when Anne Morrow Lindbergh was a child, her mother invited Morgan to tea one day. Anne's father, Dwight Morrow, was a partner at Morgan's bank, and he and his wife wanted Anne to meet the great man. Since they were uneasy about what she might say, they coached her carefully not to stare at, or mention, the nose. The appointed day arrived. Mrs. Morrow and Mr. Morgan sat on a sofa by the tea tray. Anne came in, said good afternoon, did not look at Morgan's nose, said nothing about it, and left the room. Sighing in relief, her mother asked, "Mr. Morgan, do you take one lump or two in your nose?"

The main problem with this ubiquitous story (I've heard it on both sides of the Atlantic) is that Dwight Morrow did not join the bank until after Pierpont Morgan died. I checked with Anne Morrow Lindbergh, who confirmed that the tale has "not a grain of truth in it," but acknowledged that it is too funny to disappear. The bon mot about affording a yacht seems implausible as well. Morgan was a singularly inarticulate, unreflective man, not likely to come up with a maxim worthy of Oscar Wilde.

When I began working on the biography, what I knew about Morgan came largely from the accounts of writers such as Dos Passos and Josephson, and I was looking for a modified, human-scale version of the ogre they described. In the early nineteen-eighties, the opening of vaults of documents at the Pierpont Morgan Library in Manhattan provided me with a rich new source of material. Only Morgan's family and one previous biographer, Frederick Lewis Allen, had seen some of these documents. It took me five years to read through them, and I discovered other previously untapped archives as well. What I found was not at all what I expected.

For instance, it was Frick, not Morgan, who was responsible for having workers shot during the Homestead steel strike of 1892. Morgan had nothing to do with it. And in 1901, when the steelworkers' union called a strike against U.S. Steel, he proposed a compromise that union leaders rejected; two months later, steel officials forced the workers to accept terms far harsher than Morgan's, and Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, criticized the head of the steelworkers' union for turning down "the good will and kindly assurances of J. P. Morgan." During a coal strike in 1902, Morgan brought bullheaded mine owners to the bargaining table, where, for the first time, the federal government—under Theodore Roosevelt—brokered a "square deal" for labor.

Morgan's philanthropic activity also contradicts the stock image of the greedy robber baron. He gave millions of dollars to cultural institutions, hospitals, medical education, the Episcopal Church, artists, scholars, clergymen, relatives, and friends. Between 1890 and 1913, he spent more than half his fortune on art—about sixty million dollars, equivalent to roughly a billion dollars in the nineteen-nineties. In his will, he asked that his collections be made "permanently available for the instruction and pleasure of the American people," since he had not had time to dispose of them himself. His son eventually gave about seven thousand objects to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

INFORMATION about Morgan's role in labor disputes and his cultural philanthropy was not hard to find. It had been on the record all along, but, since it did not accord with the popular story, few people went looking for it. More difficult to locate, and far more revealing of the resolutely private Morgan, were letters and diaries written by people close to him. For example, from papers at the Morgan Library I learned that his early life was dominated by illness. He had seizures for a period of months as an infant, and nearly died. He contracted rheumatic fever, had painful boils on his face and neck (virulent adolescent acne often precedes rhinophyma), and came down with varioloid (a mild form of smallpox). In his twenties, he began to suffer from severe headaches and depression. Twice in his early career, he reported himself feeling so "down" and good for nothing that he wanted to retire. Instead, he took long stretches of time off to travel abroad.

There was probably a genetic basis to his depression. His mother's family, the Pierponts, had a sad history of mental instability, alcoholism, and mysterious "nerve" troubles. His mother was chronically depressed, and her condition destroyed her marriage: she and her husband spent much of their time on opposite sides of the Atlantic, and Pierpont had to take care of her as if he were the parent rather than the other way around. Although as an adult he was uncommonly robust, he retained all his life an anxious sense of frailty.

I came upon a cache of completely new material about Morgan not long after I started my research. A relative of his first wife, Amelia Sturges, had visited the Morgan Library in the early nineteen-eighties and told one of the docents that she had family papers at her house in Fairfield, Connecticut. Accordingly, the docent, the library's archivist, and I went up to Fairfield one autumn day to see the house, the papers, and, as it turned out, Amelia's wedding dress, which is at the Fairfield Historical Society. The Sturges family papers, which were eventually given to the Morgan Library, opened an invaluable window on his courtship and marriage.

Pierpont met Amelia, who was called Memie, when he first moved to New York, at the age of twenty, in 1857, and began to court her the following year. She was the daughter of Jonathan Sturges, a prominent New York merchant and patron of the arts. A fragile beauty with a heart-shaped face framed by thick brown hair that she parted in the middle and knotted at the nape of her neck, Memie was two years older than Pierpont. Her family lived in a large brownstone at 5 East Fourteenth Street, in what was then the city's fashionable residential neighborhood (a designation that had been moving steadily up the island since the beginning of the century), and spent summers at their American Gothic cottage in Fairfield. Pierpont lived near Union Square as well, at 45 West Seventeenth.

At twenty-one, Pierpont Morgan was quite good-looking, fluent in French and

German, and familiar with more cultures than most of his compatriots would ever see. He had grown up in Hartford and Boston, and moved to London with his family in 1854, when his father, Junius, joined an Anglo-American merchant bank. Junius Spencer Morgan wanted to build an international financial dynasty similar to those of the Rothschilds and the Barings, and he sent his son to school in Switzerland and to the German university at Göttingen, chiefly to acquire foreign languages. Pierpont was an able student when he bothered to study, and gifted enough at math that one of his university professors asked him to stay on and make a career of it. He had other plans and was, in any case, less interested in school than in travel, art, history, politics, parties, card games, and girls.

The account books he kept during his foreign education in the eighteen-fifties reflect his aesthetic sensibilities and Mandarin tastes. He listed purchases of leather boots, kid gloves, colognes, a beaver hat, flowers, novels, history books, and dancing lessons, as well as parasols, jewelry, and furs for his female relatives and companions, and the entrance fees at Versailles, Napoleon's tomb, the Gobelin tapestry factory, the École Nationale des Beaux Arts, and the Louvre. In Rome early one winter, he spent a month wandering alone through churches, galleries, and ruins. He bought mosaics, perfumes, bronze vases, and reproductions of Canova's "Hebe" and "The Dying Gladiator."

"Your offer to compromise has been rejected and your dog has been cast out."

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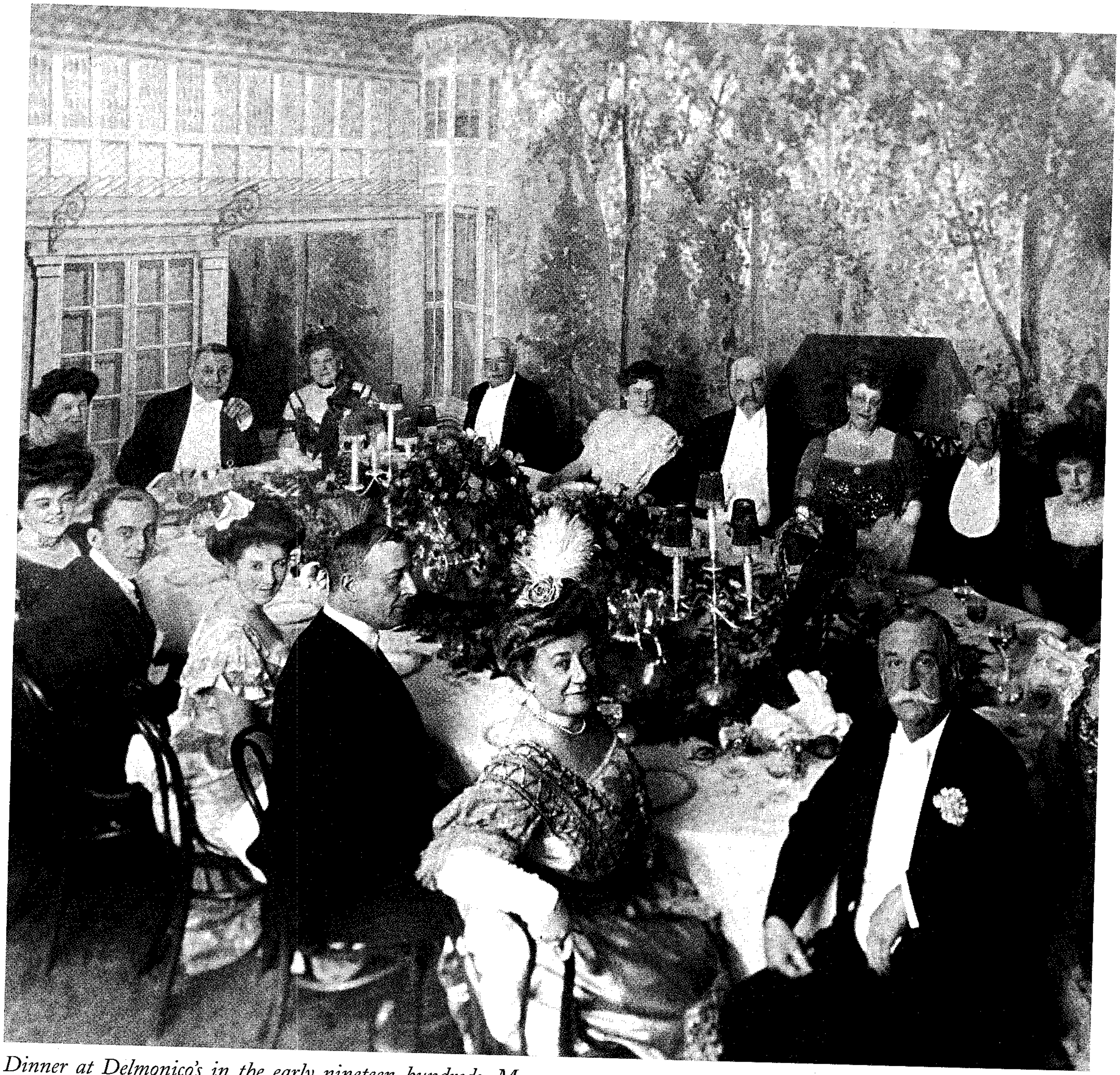
UNLIKE the well-travelled Morgans, the Sturgeses had never been to Europe, and when they decided to take the Grand Tour in the spring of 1859, Pierpont drew up an itinerary for them. He stayed in New York to work while Memie travelled, but he met her in London when she returned from the Continent in November, saw her every day for the next two weeks, and escorted her back across the Atlantic. Eight months later, they were engaged, but the following winter Memie came down with such a severe cough and series of colds that she wanted to put the wedding off. Pierpont refused to consider a change of plans: he would take her to the Mediterranean to get well. With the country caught up in the beginnings of the Civil War—Memie's brother Edward marched off to fight with a New York regiment—the wedding took place on October 7, 1861, in the Sturges family's parlor. Memie kept a veil over her face because she was so thin, and Pierpont held her up at the altar.

The couple sailed for Europe two days later. Lung specialists in Paris diagnosed Memie's illness as tuberculosis—news that "came upon me most unexpectedly," Pierpont wrote to Mr. Sturges. There was no cure, but the doctors hoped she might improve with rest, a remedial diet, and warm air. She followed their prescriptions, which included taking turpentine pellets, cod-liver oil, asses' milk, and jelly. Hopeful at first, she trusted to the medicines and her husband's "loving care": for days, he carried her up and down seven flights of stairs in Paris. "It is an anxious charge for him & at present I can do but little to repay him," she told her parents. In early November, they went to Algiers, where Memie sat in the open French doors of their bedroom at the Hotel de la Régence, watching the street life in the square below, reading and writing letters.

In December, her condition worsened. Pierpont ordered special foods from Marseilles, brought home armfuls of rosebuds, heliotropes, geraniums, and mignonette, took her for drives in the afternoons, and bought birds to keep her company—two nightingales and three canaries. Memie soon grew too



Dinner at Delmonico's in the early nineteen-hundreds. Morgan, center, was accompanied by Adelaide Douglas, on his left.

COURTESY THE LATE ANNETTE M. SCHIFFLIN

weak even to stand or get dressed, and was so thin that lying down made her bones ache. He blamed her rapid deterioration on the Algerian climate, and on himself. "The greatest mistake I ever made was coming here at all," he told Jonathan Sturges. "I fear it will take all winter to bring our dear Memie back to where she was when she arrived."

Memie's father at first discounted Pierpont's reports of her illness. "*He* is very easily alarmed when *he* is sick or any one else," Sturges wrote to his sister. Nonetheless, Memie's mother, Mary, and brother Edward, who was on military leave, crossed the winter Atlantic to join the young couple. In late January, Pierpont moved his wife to a hillside villa in Nice surrounded by rose gardens and citrus groves. Memie's cough kept her awake most nights; she slept during the day. Junius Morgan had been urging his son to come to London on business, and on February 6th, four days after the Sturgeses reached Nice, Pierpont left. Mary Sturges wrote to him daily, reporting on the alternating good and bad spells to which he had become all too accustomed. The news from the United States was largely about the war. Most people expected the fighting to be over by spring. Jonathan Sturges asked his wife to "tell Ed he'll miss all the glory if he don't get back soon."

Memie lost what little strength she had during the ten days of Pierpont's absence. Her cough grew worse, and her mouth became so sore she could eat only egg whites and bouillon with rice. In London, Junius asked his son to stay a few more days, but Pierpont was desperate to get back to Nice. He made the journey in forty-eight hours, arriving, exhausted, early Sunday morning, February 16th. He sat with his wife all day, giving up his place to her mother only when he went to bed. Early the next morning, Memie's expression suddenly changed. Pierpont reached her "just in time to see her breathing her last," Mary Sturges wrote. "[He] knelt by her in an agony of grief calling upon her only to speak to him once more." In a drenching rain, he went out to telegraph the news to his father. He was twenty-four years old.

PIERPONT'S own health problems had subsided markedly while he tended to Memie, but after she died he began to have the mysterious "nervous" ailments—crippling headaches, depressions, and exhaustion—that would punctuate the rest of his life with the unpredictable regularity of bad weather. He sought cures at American and European spas, from a retinue of physicians, and on transatlantic voyages. He rarely said much about his "blue" spells, but they often coincided with conflicts over work. Both he and Junius regarded their profession as a noble, almost religious calling: they were funnelling capital from Europe to the emerging American market, watching over United States credit abroad, building the railroads and industrial corporations that would shape the American future, and acting as the country's unofficial lender of last resort. Neither man entertained an instant's doubt about the patriotic service he was performing, although many other people did. Still, Pierpont restlessly wanted more, and less. He volunteered for the job of America's central banker, but he also craved freedom to travel, collect art, explore foreign cultures, and entertain legions of friends.

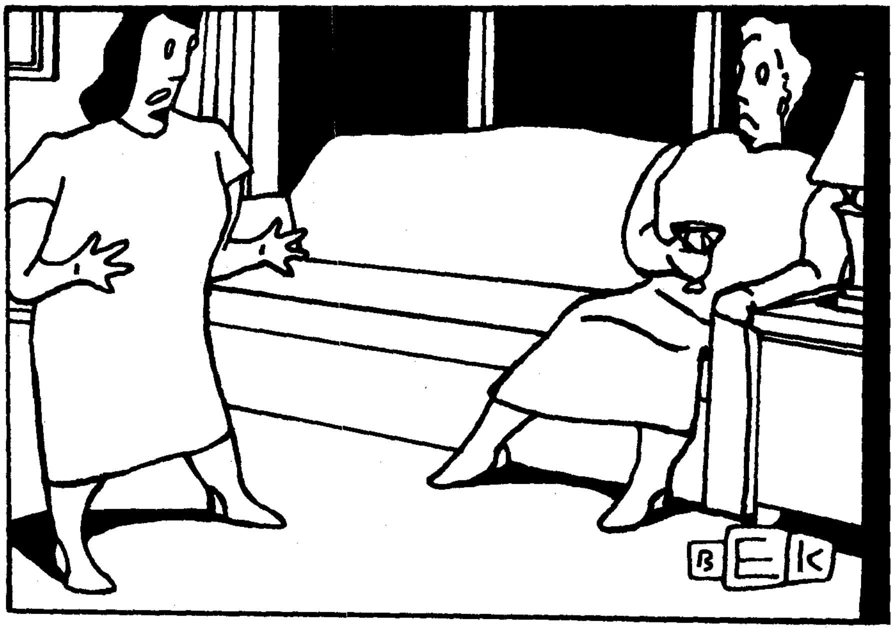
He attributed the first of his early breakdowns to what we would call his "workaholic" and "controlling" nature, explaining to his father, "I am never satisfied until I either do everything myself or personally superintend every thing down even to an entry in the books. . . . I cannot learn to do otherwise." In all aspects of his life, he took charge of what interested him, from account books, railroads, and U.S. capital markets to Memie's failed cure, the Metropolitan Museum of Art (of which he was president from 1904 to 1913), and the building and furnishing of his houses. One autumn Sunday, he cut two hundred and seventy-eight roses in his country garden at Highland Falls, on the Hudson River, and when ordering new bushes from the head of a British nursery stipulated that he wanted no Standards unless they had "extra stout stems and 2-3 year old heads and roots," the stems not less than an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and in any case he wanted "half, not full Standards." Since the demands of his own nature wore him out, he built long periods of enforced rest into his annual routine, claiming that he could do a year's work in nine months but not in twelve.

In 1865, three years after Memie died, Morgan married a young woman named Frances Louisa Tracy, the daughter of a New York lawyer. Fanny Morgan was taller and larger-boned than Memie, with a slight underbite and wide-set blue eyes that seemed to take the world in with timid trust. Though not as imaginative or high-spirited as her predecessor, she had an appealing sweetness. The couple had three daughters and a son, but the early divergence in their temperaments and tastes is evident in letters and diaries at the Morgan Library. Pierpont thrived on Manhattan, hard work, social crowds (he hated to be alone), constant motion, adventurous travel (he took the whole family to Egypt in 1871, and returned as often as possible after that), and the best in art, houses, yachts, décor, cigars, cuisine, and wine. Fanny preferred evenings at home with her children, reading, and quiet visits with intimate friends; she wanted to move to suburban New Jersey, and she retreated from her husband's frenetic pace into nervous depressions of her own. Moreover, she disapproved of his extravagance. One spring, he spent two hundred and seventy-five thousand francs (fifty-five thousand dollars) on jewelry at Tiffany's in Paris. After buying a cascade of dresses at Worth's, he wrote to his favorite daughter, Louisa, that he hoped she would like them, "altho' I fear the displeasure of the head of the house for getting them of Worth." In the eighteen-eighties, he began to keep the Atlantic between himself and his wife, just as his father had done. Louisa accompanied him to Europe every spring, and often stayed with him in New York while Fanny travelled abroad with the other girls, a courier, and a paid companion.

ALTHOUGH Morgan died in 1913, a few people who had known him were still alive at the time I began working on my book. One of them was Annette Markoe Schieffelin, the daughter of James Markoe, Morgan's physician and one of his closest friends. Mrs. Schieffelin, who was in her nineties, had a large apartment and apparently never threw anything away. Once we got to be friends, talking about people who had been dead for eight decades, she invited me to rummage through her closets. We found letters, postcards, photographs, mementoes, and, one day, a trunkful of hundred-year-old cigars made for Morgan in Havana. Another day, when I had been there for several hours, I remarked that she must be tired and that I should leave. She wasn't tired, she said: "I don't have anyone else to gossip about all these people with." Neither did I.

Mrs. Schieffelin's "gossip" did not include revelations about Morgan's love affairs. I rarely ventured to ask about them, and when I did she looked amused and changed the subject, honoring the code of silence that was a prerequisite for his friendship with her parents. Nonetheless, she told me a great deal about his social world (he visited her family's house at 12 West Fifty-fifth Street almost every day after work), about trips she and her parents took with him to Europe, about people in photographs whom I would never otherwise have been able to identify, about her father's work, and about what it was like to be in a room with Morgan. When he walked in, she said, "you felt something electric. He wasn't a terribly large man, but he had a simply tremendous *effect*—he was the king. He was *it*."

Mrs. Schieffelin's mother wrote about a "very feminine streak" in Morgan's nature, and said that "his tenderness and sympathy, his emotional nature, his love for beautiful things and pretty clothes were as intense as a woman's." As his adolescent shopping lists indicate, he paid fastidious attention to the details of his appearance, favoring milled soaps, colognes, silver-backed hairbrushes, and all the masculine accou-



"Somehow, in all the confusion, I aged."

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trements of collars, ascots, tiepins, watch fobs, cufflinks, gloves. No amount of grooming was able to conceal the eruptions and flushing that marked his face in adolescence, or the disease that later deformed his nose, but by the time the rhinophyma appeared his social and professional self-confidence were well established. Lady Victoria Sackville, who had a romantic skirmish with him late in his life, wrote in 1911, "I have never met anyone as attractive; one forgets his nose entirely after a few minutes, as his eyes are either twinkling or full of kindness and expression. . . . He is . . . a wonderful man." That he was also a rich and powerful one added immeasurably to the appeal. In public, however, as he became an increasingly well-known figure, his brusque manner and always searching gaze took on dimensions of defiance, as if he dared strangers to meet him squarely and not shrink from the sight, asserting the force of his character over the ugliness of his face.

MORGAN was attracted to bright, self-possessed women who met him on his own ground, felt at home in society, and shared his gregarious instincts and sybaritic tastes. Gossip at the time credited him with Priapean prowess. It was said that he built New York's Lying-In Hospital to take care of all the pregnancies he was responsible for.

His consort in the early eighteen-nineties was a strikingly beautiful, socially well-connected widow named Edith Sybil Randolph. When they met—probably at St. George's Episcopal Church, where she and Fanny worked on charitable committees—Morgan was in his early fifties and Edith was in her mid-thirties. He took her to his country house in the Hudson River Valley in the summer of 1889, while Fanny travelled abroad, and that fall sent her flowers, jewelry, and cases of his favorite whiskey. The Morgans' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary passed on May 31, 1890, with Fanny ailing in France while Pierpont crossed the Atlantic with two of his daughters and Mrs. Randolph. When they landed in Europe, she went off with other friends, but met the Morgans in Scotland a month later. For the next few years, Fanny noted the visits of "Mrs. R." in her diaries, but seemed unruffled by the fact that her husband frequently arrived and left with his beautiful friend. Everyone treated the presence of Mrs. Randolph with studied equanimity, and Morgan included enough other people in his parties to disguise the truth.

Divorce was not an option. Morgan's father had also withdrawn from a miserable marriage into an affair with an American widow. Not only religious vows but professional utility and social propriety bound the Morgan men to their wives. Both took a more European view of private life than many Americans did, and neither had much use for bourgeois convention, but divorce would shatter a banker's image of conservative decorum, and in the upper reaches of their late-Victorian world a divorced woman would be an object of scandal. Pierpont had too strong a sense of duty to abandon his wife to that fate and too much sense of entitlement to give up his extramarital pursuits.

Edith Randolph introduced him to several of her friends, including James Markoe, Annette Schieffelin's father. Dr. Markoe had earned his M.D. at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, trained in surgery at New York Hospital, and studied obstetrics at the Frauenklinik in Munich. Most American obstetrics students never witnessed childbirth as part of their training: they learned on mannequins. (Midwives handled nearly half the births in New York in the eighteen-eighties.) In Germany in 1887, however, Markoe went into women's homes to observe and assist at deliveries, and returned to New York determined to make experience with childbirth mandatory for American obstetrics students. In 1890, he and a colleague opened a Midwifery Dispensary in a tenement at 312 Broome Street, in lower Manhattan, for immigrant women who had no access to medical care. It treated a hundred and ninety-nine patients in its first year, nine hundred and fifty-five the next, and two thousand five hundred and eighty-two in 1892, when it expanded into a second building, next door. Just as the doctors had hoped, it also succeeded as a training facility: in 1893, three hundred and sixty students completed its two-week course in clinical obstetrics.

Edith Randolph helped run the Dispensary kitchen, giving out milk, cereal, bread, coffee, and tea to young mothers. She and Morgan saw Dr. Markoe and his wife socially, and before long the obstetrician agreed to become Morgan's personal physician. (Since medical specialties were just being established in the late nineteenth century, doctors who treated diseases "peculiar to women" often had general practices on the side.) One night in 1893, Markoe arrived late at a dinner party uptown, having spent most of the day performing a rare cesarean section. Morgan questioned him in detail about the operation. When Markoe said that the woman had no money and needed more sophisticated care than the Dispensary could provide, Morgan told him to get her whatever she needed: he would pay the bills. Not long afterward, he made the doctor a singular offer: You give up your private practice, he said, and I'll pay for a new hospital and your salary. That way, you can give your time entirely to the hospital and to me. "Mr. Morgan could be very domineering," Mrs. Schieffelin told me, squashing an imaginary insect under her thumb in illustration, "and Pa was devoted to him."

Morgan gave Markoe ninety thousand dollars in 1893 to buy land for a hospital site on Second Avenue between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, a block from St. George's Church. Four years later, he gave a million dollars for the new building, then two hundred and fifty thousand more, and sent Markoe abroad to study hospital construction. After the New York Lying-In opened its doors, in 1902, Morgan contributed ten thousand dollars a year to its operating costs, and made up the annual deficit for the rest of his life.

MORGAN remained with Edith Randolph for about five years. The relationship may have come to an end partly because Fanny finally complained about it. On April 15, 1894, she wrote in her diary: "Spoke with P. about Mrs. R." Two years later, Edith married William C. Whitney, an affluent widower and former Secretary of the Navy.

Early in my research, I had come across clues about at least one other significant woman in Morgan's life. The art critic Roger Fry, who took Morgan on a tour of Umbria in 1907, described him "sleeping upstairs in the arms of the elderly and well preserved Mrs. Douglas." But Fry didn't mention Mrs. Douglas's first name. Going through art dealers' records at the Morgan Library, I noticed that one of the venders had annotated lists of what Morgan was buying: scores of the purchases were marked "Museum" (the Metropolitan), others "house" (Morgan's brownstone at 219 Madison Avenue), "Princes Gate" (his London residence), "South Kensington Museum" (now the Victoria and Albert), and "55th Street" (the Markoes). But several fine things were marked "46th Street." I puzzled over this for weeks, then finally thought of Douglas and went to the New-York Historical Society to look through street directories from the turn of the century. There she was: Adelaide T. Douglas, at 4 East Forty-sixth Street.

Once I knew her first name, I found her obituary, her husband's name, the names of her children—and, in an odd six-degrees-of-separation piece of luck, her great-grandson, whom my editor turned out to know. Eventually, I met Adelaide's grandson, who told me what he remembered, and showed me photographs, family documents, and objects given to Adelaide by Morgan.

Born Adelaide Louisa Townsend in 1853, she grew up in Bayside, Queens. Her father, descended from English Quakers who settled on Long Island in the early seventeenth century, was Effingham Lawrence Townsend, the head of the auction house Townsend & Montant. In 1879, Adelaide married William Proctor Douglas, a yachtsman and polo player who had donated a building on his Long Island estate to serve as the local railroad station on condition that the town be called Douglaston, Queens. At some point, according to their grandson, William Douglas was hit in the head by a polo mallet, after which he was never quite "right."

Adelaide probably met Morgan through Edith Randolph, but it is not clear exactly when he shifted his affections from one woman to the other. Adelaide was sixteen years younger than Morgan in 1895—forty-two to his fifty-eight. Self-confident, elegant, and handsome, though not conventionally pretty, with blue eyes under hooded lids and a throaty alto laugh, she had no aversion to society, no trouble with her nerves, and no objection to the luxe with which he liked to surround women. Her high spirits offset his tendency toward depression, and she moved easily in his glittering world.

In Paris, Morgan invariably stayed at the Hôtel Bristol, on the Place Ven-

"It's all about the milk."

dôme. (The current Hôtel le Bristol, on the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, appropriated the name after the First World War.) Travelling with Adelaide in the early nineteen-hundreds, he put her up a few doors away, at the Hôtel Vendôme, where the Prince of Wales had installed his mistress in the eighteen-nineties. Adelaide's grandson told me that Morgan had a special suite of rooms at the Vendôme entirely redecorated for her every spring. Dealers billed him for furniture, porcelains, and décor "to be delivered in Paris," along with fittings, hangings, and alterations. The bills were charged to a special account. He also gave Adelaide jewelry, a "*coffret de mariage de Marie-Antoinette*," Riesener furniture, a Louis XV *secrétaire*, groups of Sèvres and Meissen porcelain, books on "Les Femmes de Versailles" and "Napoléon et les Femmes," a silver-plated Temple of Love by the nineteenth-century Parisian silversmith André Aucoc, and a trust fund (although she had resources of her own). And probably for her amusement he bought items that had belonged to various royal and historical Adelaides, including a Missal of 1739 containing prayers written out in the hand of Louis XV's daughter, Princess Adélaïde, and nearly two dozen letters written in the eighteen-seventies by Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

Adelaide eventually separated from her husband, but he apparently did not hold their complicated situation against her, since he left a third of his estate to her when he died, in 1919. Adelaide had built a house near Morgan's, on Park Avenue between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets, and, according to her grandson, Morgan paid for it, and had a private entrance at the rear. The children were instructed to vanish when their grandmother's eminent friend arrived. Designated a New York City landmark in 1979, it is now the Guatemalan Mission to the United Nations.

"PIERPONT MORGAN . . . is carrying loads that stagger the strongest nerves," Henry Adams wrote in April, 1902. "Everyone asks what would happen if some morning he woke up dead." Morgan had recently put together the world's first billion-dollar corporation (U.S. Steel) and was in the process of organizing a huge consolidation of international-shipping companies that included the first-class British White Star line. He had also just bought a Raphael altarpiece for four hundred thousand dollars, and was directing more of his attention to collecting art than to banking. In his later years, his obsessive attention to detail at work had diminished considerably. One of his partners, noting the old man's "marked inclination" to pull out of business, complained that "any arguments or facts to be put before him have to be compressed into small concentrated doses like patent medicine." Leaving his partners to do most of the firm's work in London and New York, Morgan was fully caught up in a romance with art that combined his cultural nationalism, interest in history, sensuous response to beauty, and love of acquisition. Operating on an imperial scale in the early twentieth century, he seemed to want all the beautiful things in the world. He bought Old Master paintings and drawings, sculpture, majolica, tapestries, Regency furniture, bronzes, jewelry, watches, ivories, coins, armor, portrait miniatures, seventeenth-century German metalwork, Carolingian gold, rare books, illuminated manuscripts, Gutenberg Bibles, medieval reliquaries, Limoges enamels, Gothic boiserie, Chinese porcelains, ancient Babylonian cylinder seals, Assyrian reliefs, and Roman frescoes from Boscoreale.

He did not care how much he had to pay for important works of art—he allegedly once said that the three most expensive words in any language were *unique au monde*—and he was acquiring exceptionally fine things. In the early nineteen-hundreds, he kept most of his collections in England, partly because the Revenue Act of 1897 had imposed a twenty per cent tariff on imported works of art. (After Congress eliminated the import tax, in 1909, Morgan shipped all his collections to the United States.) The 1897 Act contained a significant exception, however. Books and manuscripts could come to America duty-free as long as they were used for religious, educational, scientific, philosophical, or literary purposes. With the help of his scholarly nephew, Junius Spencer Morgan, Pierpont had been specializing since the early eighteen-nineties in rare books and illuminated manuscripts, and by the turn of the century he owned many more than his private study in New York could hold. One night in March, 1902, he telephoned Charles Follen McKim, the leading proponent of Italian Renaissance architecture in the United States, and asked him to stop by the next morning. Over breakfast, the banker commissioned the architect to design a simple, classical library next to his brownstone on East Thirty-sixth Street to house his collections of manuscripts, drawings, and rare books.

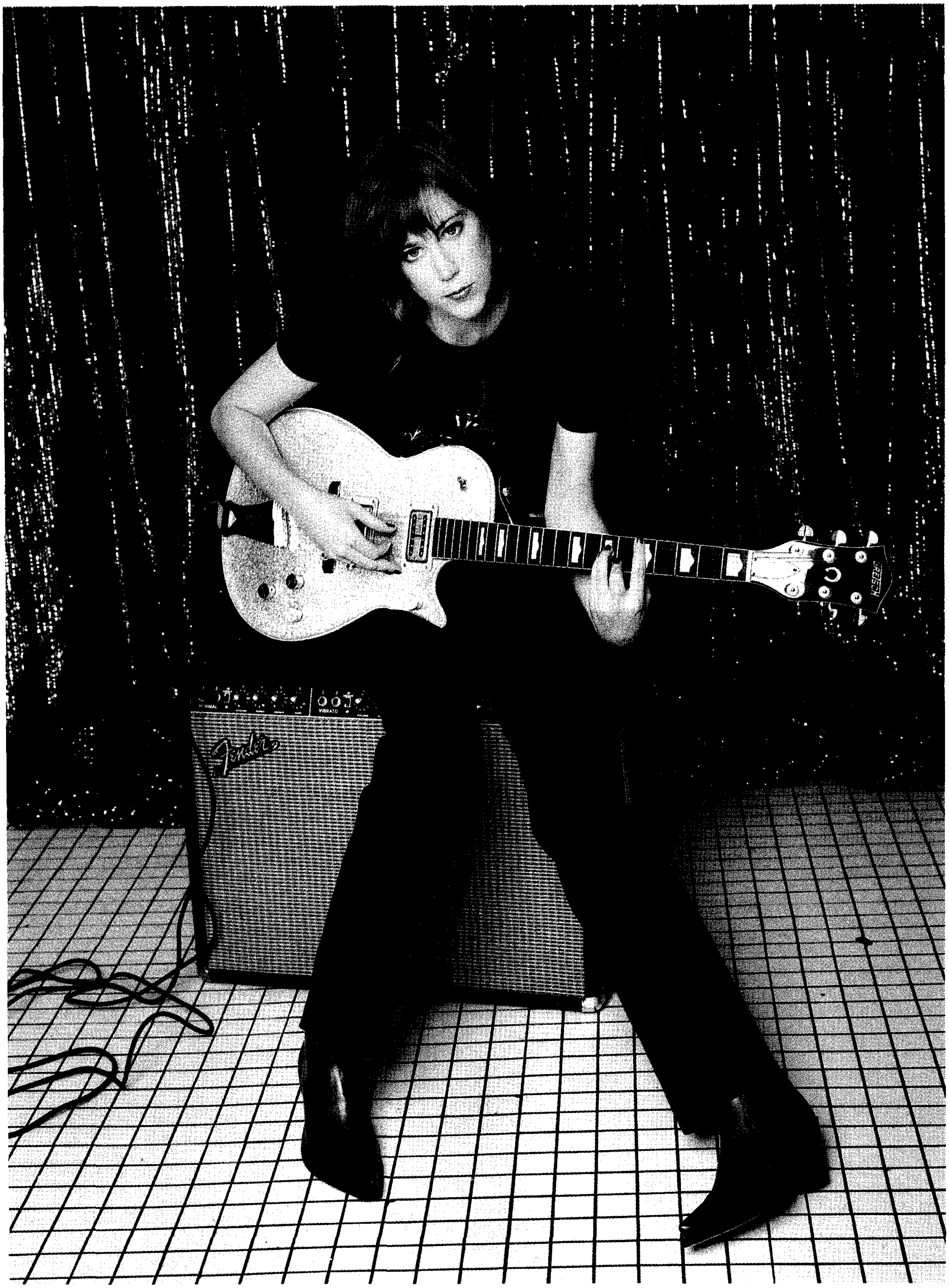
At the end of 1905, as the Italianate marble building neared completion, Morgan decided he needed a librarian, and his nephew Junius introduced him to a young clerk working at the Princeton University Library named Belle da Costa Greene. She had impressed Junius with her quick intelligence and eager aptitude for knowledge about books. That was all the recommendation the elder Morgan needed: he hired her at their first meeting.

Belle Greene played a large supporting role in the last eight years of Morgan's life. Small and slender, with dark hair and olive skin dramatically set off by light-green eyes, she had an extraordinary vitality that appealed to both men and women. Her middle name and exotic looks came, she said, from her maternal Portuguese grandmother,

FREEWHEELIN'

What defines a folk legend most? Thirty-four years ago, the distinctly down-to-earth coffeehouse hero Bob Dylan shocked the music world by going electric. Today, the twenty-eight-year-old English songwriter Beth Orton may carry a glittered guitar and wear glossy red boots, but there's no hiding her Birkenstock heart. She was discovered by Madonna's current producer, techno-wizard William Orbit, but on her new album Orton has unplugged the digital bells and whistles that have cluttered her previous work. "Central Reservation" (Arista) is a gorgeous collection of honest, unadorned folk tunes. Suddenly, it feels like 1965 all over again.

Photograph by Polly Borland


Fender
GRETSCH

Genevieve da Costa Van Vliet. The friends who later wrote her entry for "Notable American Women" reported that her parents had separated when she was a child, and her mother, "a native of Richmond, Va., and a proud and cultivated lady of old-fashioned dignity, moved with her children to Princeton, N.J., where she gave music lessons to support them while they attended local schools."

Belle quickly became indispensable to Morgan as his purchasing agent and confidante. Returning from Europe one year, she smuggled several of his acquisitions through customs in her suitcase. She contrived to let the inspectors find a few things of her own "with great seeming hesitation," she told a friend—acting "very indignant" and protesting, "to their great joy." The examiners never noticed the more important items, and when she arrived at the library with a painting, three bronzes, and a watch she and Morgan "did a war dance & laughed in great glee." Though young and relatively inexperienced, Miss Greene, with Morgan's backing and her own growing expertise, assumed a powerful position in the fields of rare books and art. She met the world's leading art scholars, assimilated their advice, and walked off with the best items at European auctions.

Presiding over rare manuscripts and Gutenberg Bibles at "Mr. Morgan's Library," she added her own insouciant sense of style to the august tone of the place. "Just because I *am* a librarian," she reportedly once announced, "doesn't mean I have to *dress* like one": she wore couturier gowns and jewels to work. In London, she stayed at Claridge's, and in Paris at the Ritz. Her one aim, she told Morgan a few years after she settled in, was to make his library "*pre-eminent*, especially for incunabula [early printed books], manuscripts, bindings and the classics." She thought their only rivals were the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, but she hoped "to be able to say some day that there is neither *rival* nor *equal*." No young American library could surpass the great European repositories of culture, but Morgan and Belle Greene in a relatively few years secured individual masterpieces and scholarly collections of exceptional quality and range. In the decades after her patron's death, Miss Greene became known as "the soul of the Morgan Library."

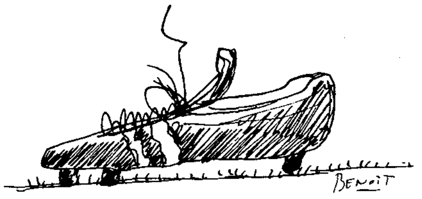
As I discovered, however, virtually every piece of information she gave out about her life was false.

SOME of Belle Greene's inventions had to do with personal vanity—she was twenty-six when she started to work for Morgan, not, as she said, twenty-two. But forty years after the end of the Civil War she had a far more compelling motive than feminine guile for obscuring the biographical facts. Her given name was not Belle da Costa Greene but Belle Marion Greener, and the story of her matrilineal Portuguese and Dutch descent was pure fiction. Belle's grandmother was not Genevieve da Costa Van Vliet but the former Hermione C. Peters, who had married a music teacher named James H. Fleet. The 1845 Fleet-Peters wedding appears in a registry of "Blacks in the Marriage Records" of the District of Columbia, and the 1850 Washington census lists the family as mulattoes. Belle's birth certificate identifies her as the daughter of Genevieve Fleet and Richard Theodore Greener. Place of birth: 1462 T Street, Washington, D.C. Date: November 26, 1879. Color: "Colored."

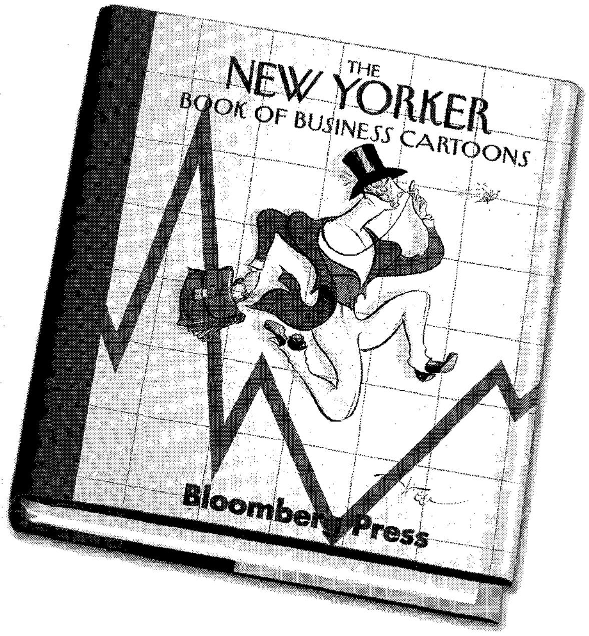
In trying to find out about Belle's background, I had hired a genealogist to search for da Costas, Van Vliets, and Greenes in Virginia. I thought that she might have been Jewish, since da Costa is often a Sephardic name. At the Morgan Library, I learned shreds of things about her life, including the names of her brothers and sisters. Then one day I recalled a conversation I'd had with a man who claimed to know a lot about New York society at the turn of the century. He said that Belle was the daughter of the first black man to graduate from Harvard, a Richard Greene, but most of what this man told me turned out to be inaccurate, so I dismissed it all. After months of getting nowhere with Belle, however, I wrote to the Harvard University Archives. The first black man to graduate from the college was Richard Theodore Greener, Class of 1870. Greener, Greene: I thought my informant had made an understandable mistake, until I began to read through Greener's class reports and found that he had a daughter named Belle and other children with the same names as Belle Greene's siblings.

W. E. B. DuBois considered Richard Greener one of America's most gifted black intellectuals, a representative of the upper echelon of character and intelligence that DuBois called the "talented tenth." Belle Greene belonged to that meritocracy as well, although few people knew she was black. Greener entered Harvard in 1865 after attending preparatory school in Oberlin and at the Phillips Andover Academy, courtesy of an employer who had been impressed by his intellectual abilities. At Harvard, his senior thesis on land tenure in Ireland won the Bowdoin Prize. After graduation, he earned a law degree at the University of South Carolina, married the light-skinned Genevieve Fleet, moved to Washington, and in 1879 became dean of the Howard University Law School. Belle was the third of the Greeners' five surviving children. For several years in Washington, Greener taught, practiced law, lectured, wrote, and recruited blacks for the Republican Party. He moved his family to New York in 1885 to take a civil-service job, and thirteen years later, with the help of Booker T. Washington, he secured an appointment as U.S. consul in Vladivostok, where he stayed until 1905. He may have accepted this geographical and metaphorical consignment to Siberia partly because of the dissolution of his marriage.

The New York City street directories until 1897 list Richard T. Greener, lawyer, with an office at 27 Chambers Street and a home on West Ninety-ninth. The following year, only Genevieve I. Greener appears at the home address. After her husband's assignment overseas, the family vanishes from the records for a few years,



Very funny
business,
indeed!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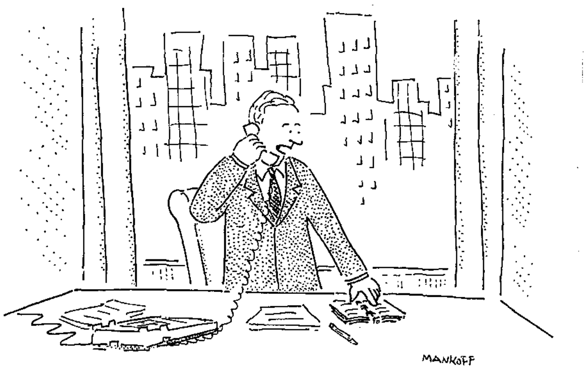
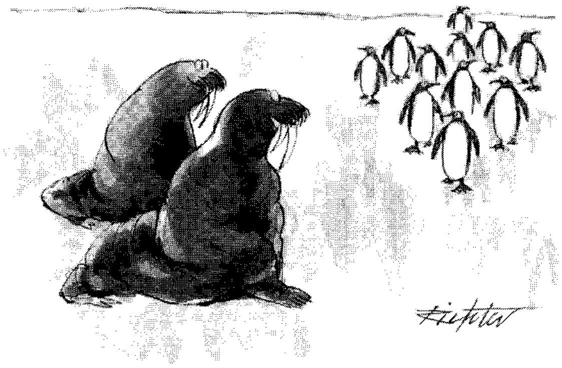
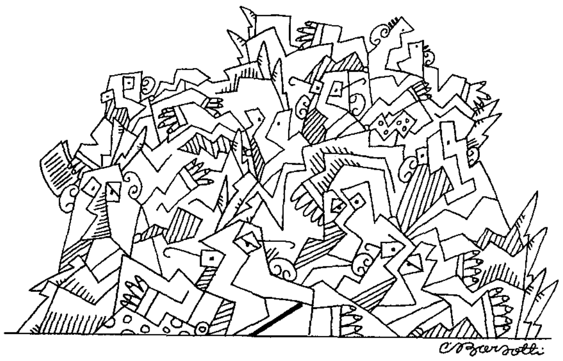


“No, Thursday’s out. How about never—is never good for you?



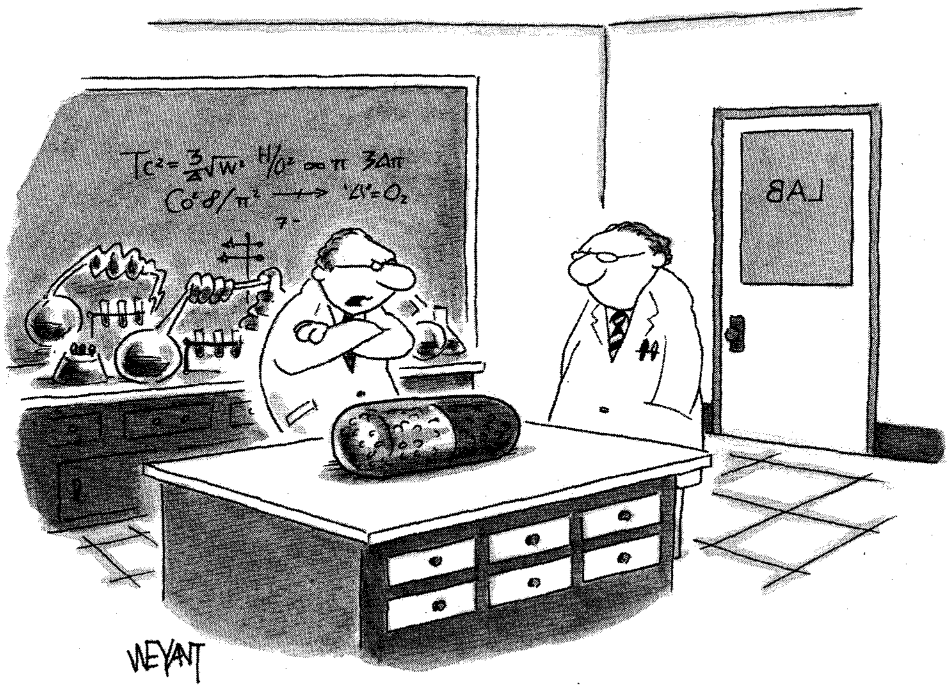
“Here come the suits!”



“Wentworth, could I take another look at that reorganization plan?”

BLOOMBERG PRESS

and when Mrs. Greener turns up again she has changed her name to Greene. In 1903, she lists herself as "Genevieve I. Greene, widow"—so much for Mr. Greener—and then she disappears again until 1908-09, at which point the transformation is complete: Genevieve V.V.—Van Vliet—Greene, widow, at 403 West 115th Street. What happened within this family, and whether Greener had any contact with his wife and children after 1898, may never be known. He eventually moved to Chicago, where he died in 1922. The light-complexioned "Greenes" apparently expunged him from the record, and with him all acknowledgment of their race. Belle moved on her own initiative into an élite, cosmopolitan world that excluded even the top tenth of the "talented tenth," and with Morgan's patronage created for herself an independent, precarious, heady life that few women of her time, black or white, could have imagined.



"That's just great. I discover the cure for the common cold and all you can do is criticize."

• •

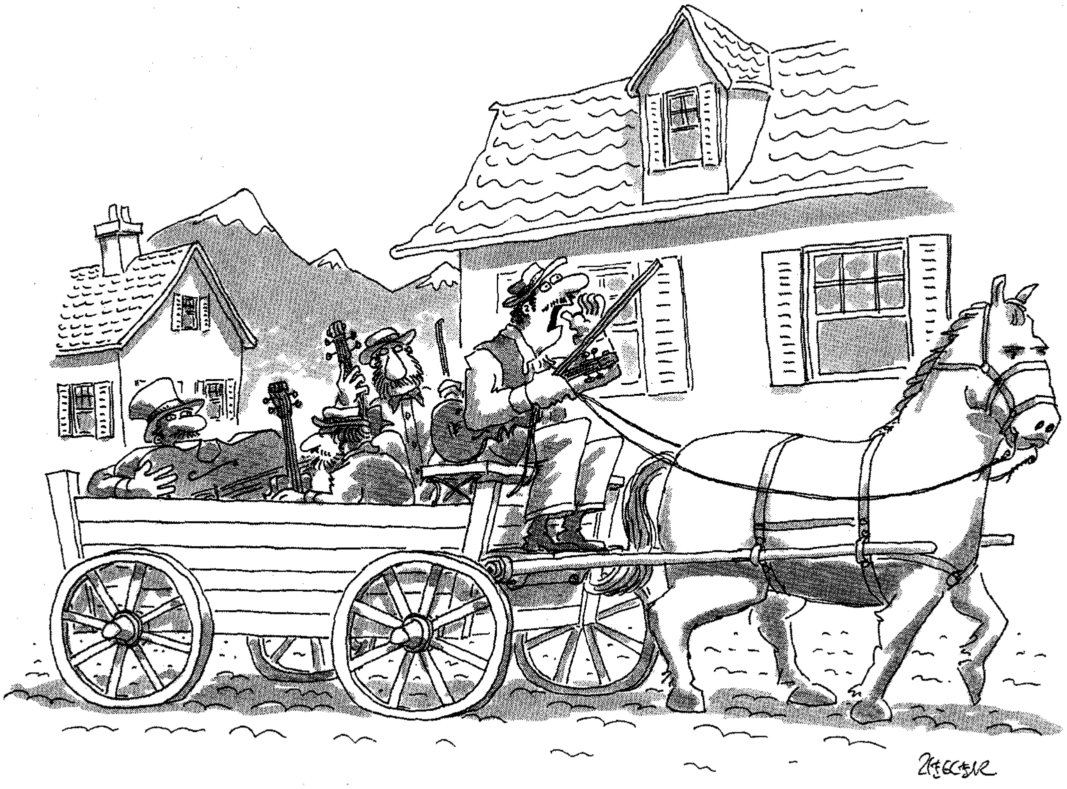
MORGAN left no indication that he knew of Belle's background, and once she took charge of his literary collections he probably would not have cared. Though widely regarded as an imperious snob, he was surprisingly meritocratic in choosing people to work for him, drawn more to ability, energy, and new ideas than to credit line or pedigree. He entrusted Belle not only with his bibliographical masterpieces but also with intimate secrets. She ghost-wrote some of his letters, ran his private errands, helped him draw up guest lists, bought flowers and wedding presents on his behalf, saw to it (she claimed) that he was regularly shaved, manicured, and pedicured, opened his mail—except when the handwriting looked unmistakably "blonde"—and arranged the schedule of his female callers at the library so that one wouldn't run into the next.

Many people suspected that she was Morgan's mistress, but all the evidence suggests not. He tended to get involved with women from his own social class and closer to his own age. (Belle was twenty-six and he was sixty-eight when they met. Adelaide was fifty-two.) And the chatty, intimate tone in which Belle wrote to her own lovers is entirely different from the voice in which she addressed Morgan. She alternately worshipped and railed against him to others, but treated him with fond, somewhat awed, respect. He made her feel, as he made many women feel, that she was the only person who truly understood him, and partly in response to that seductive compliment she gave him her best work and fierce allegiance.

From behind the doors of Morgan's private library, Belle proved wonderfully (for biographical purposes) indiscreet, writing to the art historian Bernard Berenson at length between 1909 and 1913 about the collecting and amorous activities of the man she called (behind his back) "my Big Chief." Berenson had met Belle when Morgan invited him and his wife, Mary, to see the library on a visit to New York in December, 1908. Afterward, Berenson reported to his patroness, Isabella Stewart Gardner, that he was "duly impressed" with the illuminated manuscripts but divided about the objects—some "tremendously fine," others "what they call in Venice 'Musica.' "

He was more than duly impressed with Belle Greene. They saw each other several times over the next two months. She addressed him at first as "Dear Mr. Berenson," but on March 9, 1909, she began a letter, "Dear thou of my heart," and went on (he had gone to Boston), "I have been with you in thought every moment since you left me.... My thoughts have been wrapped around you as I should have wished to be and my absorbing occupation has been to chop off, day by day, the long weary hours that lie between us. How I wish I might gather them all up in my hand and throw them over the edge of the world! How I wish that you might gather me up & take me to the wood beyond the World where we two might learn to know Life and each other."

Berenson was forty-three and Belle thirty when they met, though she claimed to be twenty-five. He had had affairs outside his forgiving marriage before, but, according to his biographer Ernest Samuels, this one "would stand apart from all others in depth and intensity." Berenson lived in Italy, on a handsome hillside estate near Florence, the Villa I Tatti. He and Belle conducted much of their affair through correspondence. Its transatlantic white heat lasted several years, and its underlying friendship for decades. Berenson



"String quartets! Minor rhapsodies! Little symphonies!"

carefully preserved the hundreds of letters Belle sent him; she destroyed the hundreds he wrote to her.

I SPENT three weeks at the Villa I Tatti (now the Harvard University Center for Italian Renaissance Studies) in 1991, reading this one-sided correspondence. Belle wanted Berenson's affection and scholarly knowledge, but she also wanted complete independence, and her blithe descriptions of other romantic conquests made Berenson deeply unhappy. When he sent a friend to ask her whether she was simply making use of his mind without really caring for him—a poignant turn on the standard female version of the question—she vehemently denied it. "I really had to laugh at your last letter complaining of all the scandal you were hearing about me—I suppose they say everything from calling me the daughter of J. P. *à la main gauche*, to . . . the mother of triplets—but what difference does it make? . . . These men and this talk and all is so stupidly unimportant and irrelevant—the only time I was really 'scandalous' was in your own dear company so if I guarantee that I will be really wicked only with you isn't it alright?"

Belle's letters to Berenson make constant, conflicted reference to her physical appearance, and he later speculated that her mysterious origins were "Maylay." Joking about her dusky coloring and jealousy of blondes, she anticipated a dinner party at which "*I* shall probably look like a huckleberry in a bowl of milk!" Sending Berenson photographs of herself, she told him to tear up the ones he didn't like—"I am sure the 'Esquimaux-nigger-Burmese' one will appeal to you." She decided one winter not to attend a conference in Montreal because, she told Berenson, "I am so damned black that it is impossible for me to go anywhere . . . without being identified."

Berenson was not one of Morgan's advisers, and he tended to disparage works of art that he had not authenticated. After touring the banker's art-filled London house in 1906, he said it looked "like a pawnbroker's shop for Croesuses." But when he made fun of Morgan to Belle, she leaped to defend him, even though she herself often criticized Morgan's actions and taste. "I am going to . . . beg of you on my knees," she wrote after Berenson passed on some derogatory gossip about Morgan in the summer of 1909, "if you have any spark of friendship—affection or love for me please don't jeer at my dearly-beloved Boss. . . . You see I have a peculiarly tender feeling for him—for many reasons—but most of all perhaps because he has shown himself to me (in the all too few years I have known him) in a unique way. He has been so absolutely like a child in his confidences—in the expression of his thoughts and feelings. . . . There is an honesty of thought between us—a soul-oneness which makes it possible for him to tell me things which, as he has often said, he has told no other living being—and I rejoice to hear him, not because it flatters me, but because I cannot help but feel that it affords him a certain relief."

Belle acknowledged that her defense of Morgan sounded "hysterical," and it was driven as much by the position he provided her as by their mutually flattering "soul-oneness." Still, she had rare access to the private Morgan. "I wonder how many other people know, as I do, of the utter loneliness of his life?" she went on in her letter to Berenson. "He gives all and gets what? Only a sickening realization of his money and the world-power it brings him. . . . It is because of my knowledge of him that I can't bear to have you sneer at him in his relation to art. . . . For the things he stands for, are not his art collections, be they good, bad or indifferent—they are after all but his amusement, as are his yachts, his Belles-dames, his game of solitaire and his game of finance."

What he stood for she did not say, but her peroration temporarily toned down Berenson's scorn. Reporting on Morgan a month later, Berenson told Mrs. Gardner that he had found him "as usual affable, simple, as proud and eager as a nice schoolboy, and a thoroughly life-enhancing person."

ALL his life, Morgan had shrugged off criticism and listened only to praise. His first and harshest critic had been his father, who pelted him with cautionary platitudes and excoriated him for taking speculative risks. Public censure had started with profiteering charges during the Civil War, and steadily intensified as Morgan took the conservative side in political struggles over the country's currency, organized giant railroad systems and industrial corporations, and appeared to be running a "money trust." Always tone-deaf to his adversaries, he was in his last years literally hard of hearing as well. By 1912, however, he knew that the Progressive national mood had turned sharply against the Republican Old Guard and the power of Wall Street. Moreover, a number of his enterprises were in trouble. The government was bringing an antitrust suit against U.S. Steel. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, on which Morgan had hoped to base a New England transportation empire, was nearly bankrupt and under political attack. And the securities of his giant shipping company, the International Mercantile Marine, had never sold at all. After disaster in the form of an iceberg struck the Mercantile Marine's premier ocean liner in April, 1912, people joked that the company's stock held more water than the sunken *Titanic.*

Morgan, who was now seventy-five, was subpoenaed to testify before a congressional committee in Washington at the end of 1912 about the so-called money trust. The appearance of the "Napoleon of Wall Street" on the witness stand riveted the country for two days, but the hearings did not change many opinions on either side. The day Morgan left Washington, an editorial in New York's *Evening Post* praised his "uncommon ability," but cautioned, "It will never do to say that unchecked power is a good thing because it is in the hands of good men."

Two weeks later, Morgan left for his annual trip to Egypt with his daughter Louisa and several friends. On the Nile in early February, he slid into the worst depression of his life. He could not eat, had horrible dreams, asked constantly about subpoenas and citations for contempt of court, and felt, Louisa reported, that "the country was going to ruin, that his race was run, and his whole life work going for naught!" His party retreated to Cairo, then to the Grand Hotel in Rome. Since Dr. Markoe was ill in New York, another American physician, Stephen A. Dixon, came to take care of Morgan. The Pope, the Kaiser, and the King of Italy sent messages of concern. Morgan rallied for a drive up the Janiculum to see buildings he had paid for at the new American Academy, and attended Easter services at St. Paul's American Church on March 23rd. On Monday, March 31st, he died in his sleep.

At the start of my work on Morgan's life, I published notices in the *New York Times Book Review* and *The New York Review of Books* asking for information. A man in Maine sent me a remarkable letter written from Rome on March 31, 1913, by his grandmother to her fiancé. "Dr. Dixon has been in here a great deal," she wrote, "and told us in so many words on Friday that the old man was dying, and also told us about lots of the facts of his illness. It seems terrible to me that a man like Mr. Morgan—a man with his mind—should have to end his life in that state. He was without doubt a wonderfully big man and I don't think there's anything fine enough we can say about him. Generous to a degree and the most public spirited man in America, I've heard hundreds of people say, and even if he had a great many bad points, his good ones certainly outbalance them by a great deal. . . . He died at 12:30 and they tried to keep it quiet until the stock exchange closed at home, but I suppose they couldn't. . . . All the parties here for to-night have been given up and the place seems to be very much shocked. . . . All the Embassies are closed and his death is as much of an event as it must be at home. He was a great deal more than just a private citizen, wasn't he?"

Belle Greene cabled Berenson, "My heart and life are broken." ♦

FOR MERVYN, MORNINGS WERE A TIME OF QUIET INTROSPECTION.
MR. BEER

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE INN CROWD

The food has been rated the best in the country, and the rooms are sublime. How did such a nice place make so many enemies?

BY TONY HORWITZ

TWO mountain ranges define the village of Washington, Virginia. In the middle distance, behind Main Street, looms the gentle eastern face of the Blue Ridge. Below, near the center of town, rises a weed-choked scarp known informally as Mt. Critzer.

One side of this man-made berm belongs to Steve Critzer, a road builder whose yard is a haphazard garden of heavy equipment, some of it half a century old. Much of the machinery is almost sculptural in its decay: a stooped and corroded crane, half a fire truck, a grader lost in honeysuckle, a backhoe bucket lying on the ground like an amputated limb, gangrenous with rust. "It looks like hell," says Critzer, who is bearded and bearlike, and who sells as scrap what he can't pillage for parts. "But that's what we do." Critzer and his family live amidst this metal retrospective in a worn clapboard house his great-great-grandfather built in 1851.

On the other side of the berm sits a house that once resembled the Critzers'. Now it is painted sea-foam green, with trim the color of Devonshire cream and windows swagged with Fortuni silk. An urn-shaped fountain tinkles on the patio. The gates are adorned with putti. Inside are trompe-l'œil paintings, a cocoa leather ceiling, and floors of Tinos marble.

The house belongs to Patrick O'Connell and Reinhardt Lynch, owners of the Inn at Little Washington, a world-renowned establishment that sits just across the road. The Inn's rooms, advertised as "charming jewels, each unique in mood and utterly decadent in detail," cost up to a thousand dollars a night during peak season. A party of six recently spent twenty-six thousand dollars on dinner at the Inn. That's twenty-two hundred dollars more than the annual per-capita income of Rappahannock County, of which Washington is the county seat. "The guest has that rare privilege of feeling just as he might if he'd stayed at a royal château," says O'Connell, the Inn's chef. Patrons include Barbra Streisand, Paul Newman, Andrew Lloyd Webber, Al Gore, and Alan Greenspan.

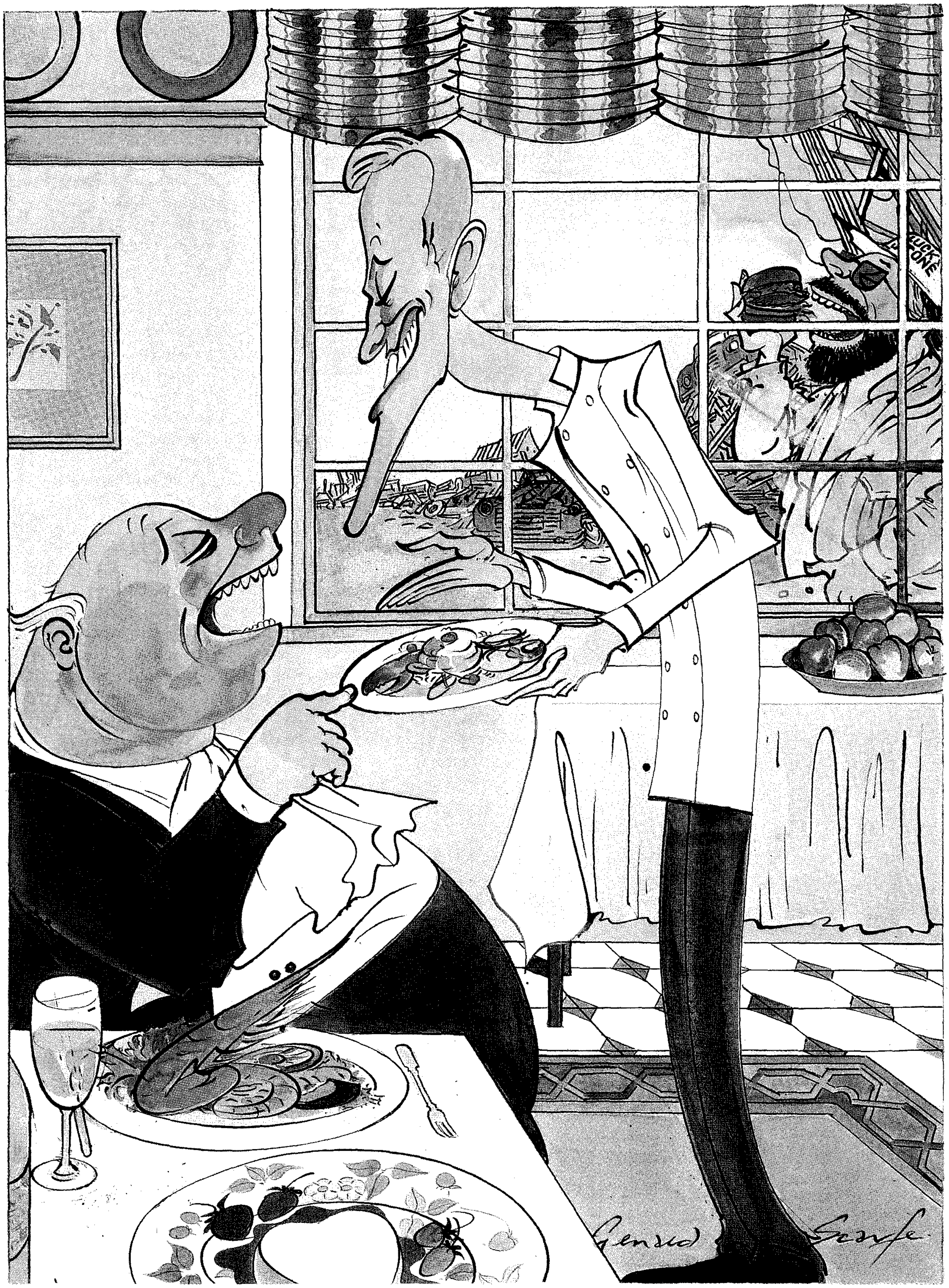
As the Inn's reputation has grown over the past twenty years, the owners have bought and buffed nearby properties. Other buildings around town have been renovated as quaint shops and guesthouses catering to Inn diners. As a consequence, this modest community, which hasn't grown much beyond the boundaries that George Washington surveyed in 1749, presents a sometimes dissonant mixture of mountain burg and period theme park. "We want guests to have a sense of the town, a somewhat controlled sense of the town," says O'Connell. "A different history is being created. Not necessarily a false one, but a new and different vision, one that we and our guests are charmed by."

But many residents are alarmed rather than enchanted by O'Connell's grandiose vision, and they have battled the Inn as intransigently as the "Deathless Dead" whose names are etched on the town's Confederate monument. The result has been an uncivil war marked by the kinds of smear tactics, lawsuits, and political scandals more commonly associated with that other Washington, sixty-two miles away. The fight, now in its third decade, also recalls the days when feuding mountain families burned barns and poisoned wells. "It's 'Village of the Damned,'" says Donna Kevis, a bed-and-breakfast owner, referring to the horror film in which an idyllic town becomes possessed by demonic forces and tears itself apart. Kevis and her next-door neighbor are on opposite sides of the Inn controversy, and they no longer speak, even though he is godfather to her only child.

THE metamorphosis of Washington, Virginia, population 198 (including jail inmates), into an embattled outpost of gastronomy seems almost surreal to those who remember the town before the Inn opened, in 1978. At the time, Washington's social and commercial center was Merrill's, a gas station at the main crossroads, where men in duckbill caps and bib overalls liked to perch on the chairs and piles of tires out front. They rotated between Merrill's and the porch of the nearby Cash Store, which sold everything from bulk seed to a dark suit of such sturdy weave that the store owner boasted it could endure a lifetime of weddings, funerals, and church services.

On one flank of town lived mountain folk evicted by the government from log homes in the Shenandoah National Park in 1937 and resettled in block houses with chicken coops and outhouses. Descendants of local slaves lived across town, in "Blacksburg." A trickle of outsiders, known as "come-heres," had joined the mix, as had weekenders from Washington, D.C., who began buying mountain properties outside town. But Rappahannock County remained essentially what it had been for decades: a rocky, rural domain with stirring scenery and a sagging economy. Almost a third of its residents lived in poverty. Washington, the county's only incorporated town, retained its Colonial street grid and striking architectural skeleton—red brick courthouse, mud-chinked log cabins, a few antebellum mansions—but many of the buildings were vacant and dilapidated.

"You knew everybody in town," the former mayor Newbill Miller recalls. "You knew everybody's dog in town." A sign over the gas pump at Merrill's cap-


UCKY
ONE
Gerald Scarfe

A sybaritic getaway for politicians and movie stars, the Inn at Little Washington is too rich for local consumption.

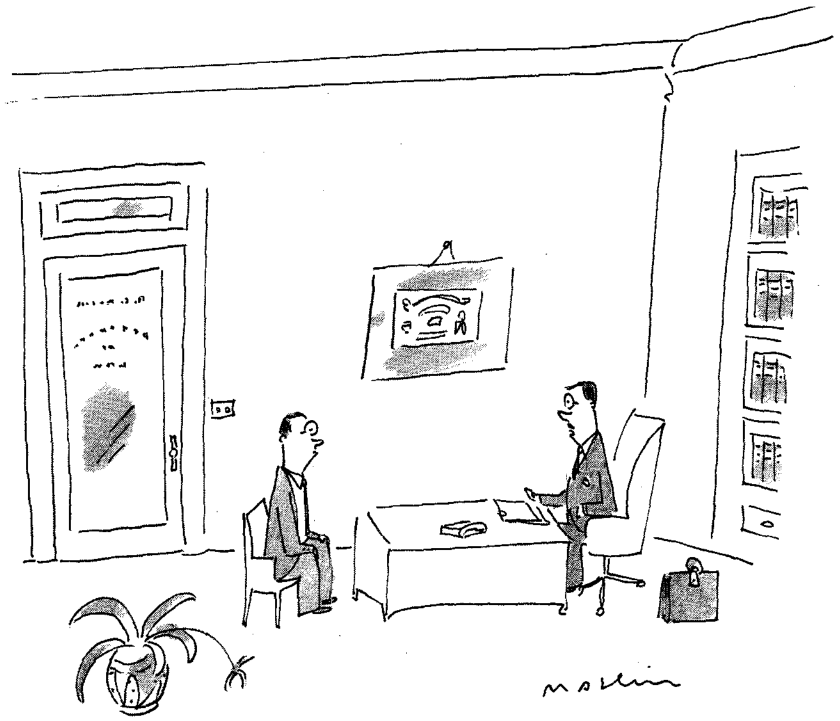
tured this easygoing air: "If you can't stop, smile as you go by."

In the early seventies, two women from Washington, D.C., opened a crafts shop in a building across from Merrill's. They decided to add a restaurant, and approached O'Connell and Lynch, who had moved to the county a few years before and started a catering business popular among wealthy weekenders. The women were so charmed by the two men that they not only leased them half the building but also advanced them twenty-five thousand dollars for building improvements. Mayor Miller presided at the Inn's ribbon-cutting. Many locals welcomed fresh life at the center of town and enjoyed dining at the Inn, where an entrée of roast chicken with fresh tarragon cost just $4.95.

Two weeks later, a food critic anointed the Inn one of the best restaurants within driving distance of the capital. Overnight it was booked solid. The owners raised prices and undertook a lush redecoration by an English set designer: William Morris wallpaper, richly patterned carpets, a collage ceiling modelled on the Houses of Parliament. The Inn also added guest rooms appointed with rare orchids, antique fainting couches, canopied beds, and lavishments familiar to readers of *Architectural Digest*, such as Frette linens and Scalamandré silks. The Inn has become mainly a destination for sybaritic celebrations and romantic getaways, a reputation the Inn nurtures by indulging the guests' most extravagant requests: a pearl necklace planted in a plate of oysters, a spouse surprised with a closet full of minks. "It's an atmosphere that lends itself to fantasy, to people craving a little European-style escape," O'Connell explains.

I first met O'Connell and Lynch in the restaurant's terrace room, where we sat beneath a canopy of tasselled linen inspired by a Napoleonic campaign tent. Nibbling figs and Bordeaux tea cakes, the two men, now in their early fifties, present a complementary pair. O'Connell is tall and slender, with close-cropped ginger hair, an engaging smile, and a theatrical manner (he studied drama in Washington, D.C.). Lynch, who was raised in Indiana but left there after becoming a conscientious objector to the Vietnam War, is compact, boyish, and intense. He is the Inn's business manager and host; O'Connell runs the kitchen.

O'Connell, who began as a short-order cook and later became chef at a French restaurant near Washington, D.C., is famed for creating unexpected combinations of American and French flavors. Dinner at the Inn opens with an *amuse-gueule* such as potato cornets layered in salmon, caviar, and crème fraîche. This may be followed by a first course of black-eyed peas draped with country ham and foie gras and drizzled with pan juices. A palate-cleanser of sassafras granité precedes equally eclectic entrées, such as veal sweetbreads braised in port with mushrooms and huckleberries. The signature dessert reflects the Inn's self-conscious decadence: an opulent sampling of cakes, tarts, and puddings, it is called Seven Deadly Sins.



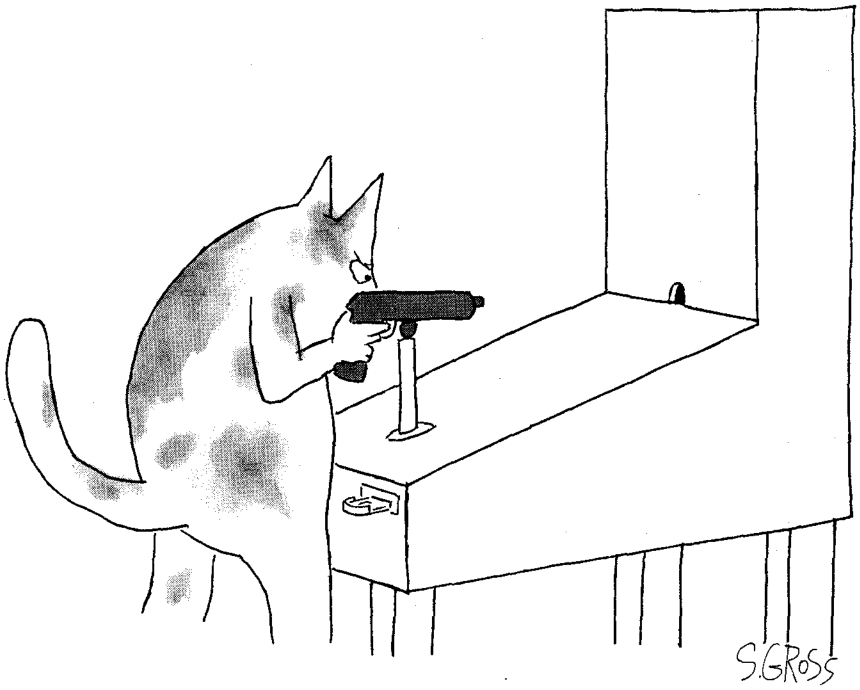
"Your wife's also asking that you rot in hell for eternity, but I think that's negotiable."

This cornucopia is matched by a fourteen-thousand-bottle wine cellar and theatrical service. "You come here for the total experience," said Crawford Malone, a wine broker and former sous-chef for Paul Prudhomme, who was dining with colleagues on a winter weekend. A team of tuxedoed waiters glided to his table bearing chargers hand-painted with 24k. gold, then set the plates before each guest with the stylish precision of synchronized swimmers. Malone admired not only the food and service but the cutlery, glassware, and flowers—all the finest available. "It's a level of art you don't often see in this country," he sighed.

In 1986, Craig Claiborne, of the *Times*, declared dinner at the Inn "the most fantastic meal in my life." The next year, the Inn joined the exclusive Relais & Châteaux group of small luxury hotels and restaurants. It has since won the James Beard Restaurant of the Year Award and the Mobil Travel Guide's first ever five-star prize for both food and lodging. But each uptick in this soaring reputation has brought a corresponding dip in relations with the town.

The first friction occurred when Mayor Miller asked the Inn to remove its new sign. Some locals felt that "Little" Washington was demeaning. O'Connell says mail addressed to the Inn at Little Washington was initially marked at the post office "Return to sender—no known address." Soon afterward, the Mayor charged that tree planters flanking the entrance to the Inn encroached on the public right-of-way. Miller says he was simply enforcing local rules. But his true motive, the innkeepers say, was to rein in two upstarts who didn't kowtow to a "feudal" power structure, headed by "landed gentry" such as Miller, a cattle breeder and seventh-generation local. "This is a foreign concept here, that change can be for the better," O'Connell says.

Another source of tension was the fact that the innkeepers lived together. At first, O'Connell says, "they thought we were brothers." But before long, local



males began referring to the two men as "the queers." Some warned that AIDS might spread through the Inn's food or the town's drainage fields. The innkeepers initially got on better with the county's women, and hired many as waitresses and kitchen staff. But O'Connell relates that experience with a faux mountain accent and evident distaste. "A local woman would arrive with pink curlers, baby on hip, Coca-Cola in hand, another young 'un in back and another bringing up the rear, and Big Mama and other relations offering support," he says. "They'd greet you, 'Mistah, I need a job, I need it baaad.' "

After working at the Inn, O'Connell claims, some women found themselves "unable to marry a local. They'd seen a bit of the light." This edification included trips he led to Washington, D.C., for cooking classes at Williams-Sonoma and trying on clothes at Neiman Marcus. "I often think how wonderful if I'd grown up in a town like this," he says, "where the Vice-President is coming, where Barbra Streisand is coming, where people from France are coming—such a wonderful contrast to going to the general store."

To many townsfolk, this condescending attitude is the root of most conflicts between the Inn and the town. One of the first big fights, however, occurred between the innkeepers and the two women from Washington, D.C., over the terms of their lease-to-buy contract. This led to a court injunction and an ugly legal dispute—until then rare events in this small town. But what really stunned the innkeepers' once adoring landladies was the vitriol that followed. "They told everyone in the county what creeps we were," recalls Louise Sagalyn, a painter, who, along with her business partner, has been purged from the oft-told tale of the Inn's meteoric rise. (In a typical instance, O'Connell recently wrote in a trade magazine that he and Lynch used only their meagre savings to open the Inn in a "rundown garage"—which the building hadn't been for twenty years.) "These two men are extraordinarily mean-spirited, and the town has picked up on that," Sagalyn says.

The innkeepers disavow any malice. But this early spat set the tone for many conflicts that followed. Soon after the Inn opened, once sleepy town meetings became angry set-tos over issues such as zoning variances—sometimes with court stenographers present, because either townspeople or the Inn had threatened a lawsuit. Many locals who had taken jobs at the Inn quit or were fired, often under hostile circumstances. In 1986, the Inn dismissed Kaye Kohler, a veteran waitress, then had her arrested for trespassing when she returned the following night. (She said she hadn't been fired and was reporting for work; the Inn said she was staging a protest.) The charge was later dropped; among other things, Kohler's lawyer argued that the magistrate issuing her arrest warrant had eaten for free at the Inn many times. Kohler then sued for defamation and unfair dismissal and won a modest out-of-court settlement.

The Inn's arrival also spawned new bureaucracy in a town that has traditionally loathed government and taxes. In the mid-eighties, Washington established a levy on food, lodging, and beverage—almost all of it collected from the Inn. An architectural-review board was set up to approve exterior changes in town, in part because the innkeepers tried to paint the restaurant salmon and ended up with "hot pink," O'Connell says. "It was a pulsating Miami Beach building." (The Inn's columned façade is now a more sedate lichen and putty.)

Conflict even found its way into the Episcopal church across the street from the Inn, when the Reverend Jennings Hobson III agreed, in 1982, to lease the church parking lot to the restaurant. "I love the car flesh," Hobson confesses, recalling some of his favorite sightings: a red Rolls, a Lamborghini, three Mercedes 300 SLs from the nineteen-fifties. But some congregants don't like to see the church serving Inn guests. "If it was a bunch of rusty Pintos, there wouldn't be so many complaints," says Hobson, who also enjoys dining at the Inn. "It's a class issue." For a time, teen-agers hung out at the parking lot and sometimes heckled Inn patrons, usually women, with wolf whistles and epithets like "rich bitch." Several arrests for public drunkenness ended the loitering.

In the late eighties, new shops and guesthouses sprang up to serve the Inn's patrons. Before, most diners had come and gone the same night (occasionally by helicopter, another irritant to early-rising locals). Now many visitors stay over and stroll conspicuously through town. (One couple was overheard discussing where to hang their new Chagall.) "It's amazing how these guys have succeeded in the middle of nowhere," Manja Blazer, an Inn guest from suburban Washington, told me on a recent winter morning. "It's like nothing, this town." She was dressed for a walk on Main Street in black leather pants and jacket, a silk scarf, and matching purple hat, gloves, handkerchief, and pumps. Some of the shops offer gold jewelry, pre-Colombian art, and Oriental rugs, at prices up to twelve thousand dol-

"Sorry, Dad, but it's time to consider a retirement kingdom."

• •

lars. The Inn also runs its own gift shop, peddling items such as "our elegant and sinful pure silk signature tie."

Seated on a bench by the Country Café, where she works as a waitress, Lindsay Knight watches two women in full-length fur coats stroll by. "It's intimidating and a little annoying," she says of the Inn traffic. "They think the whole town has to stop for them. Limos will block the street and sheriffs will tell them to move, but they don't care." Some Inn guests visit the Country Café for breakfast or lunch. Knight finds them "very particular," and also cheap. "I get fifty cents or a dollar tip. Maybe that's all they have left after the Inn."

The Country Café, with fare such as wing dings and ham steak, is the rare business that still caters to locals. The Cash Store closed in 1990, leaving residents with no place within walking distance to buy staples. Most townsfolk haven't eaten at the Inn for years because of its prices—a hundred and twenty-eight dollars per person for the Saturday-night prix-fixe, before tip and wine (a 1945 bottle of Château d'Yquem was recently uncorked at a price of ten thousand dollars). To some in this frugal mountain culture, the fin-de-siècle excesses of Inn patrons seem offensive. "Just because the Lord gives you more money doesn't make you a damn bit better—you're just who you are," says Clabert Smoot, a retired custodian, who refers to Inn guests as "damn rogues." Older residents also lament the change in atmosphere since, as they put it, "the quaintness came to town." When Merrill's and the Cash Store closed, men lost their traditional spots in town to gossip and "loaf." By now, the Inn owns much of the town center—seventeen properties in all, including Merrill's and the post office.

BUILDING by building, Lynch and O'Connell are refurbishing Washington, guided by their vision of "what one wished the town history had been," O'Connell says. The Inn's garden, for instance, includes what O'Connell calls "an appendage of the great house," a folly that will be adorned with roses and a carillon to mimic an old ruin. "The idea is to create little vistas," he says. "A building speaks to you and demands of you what it wants. You're the conduit to make it happen. If you're a gifted person, you don't own the gift—you have a responsibility to exercise it."

But some in Washington fear that this form of exercise will ultimately transform the entire town into a period resort for the rich. These fears crystallized in 1990 when the Inn unveiled its plans for a baronial, block-long addition with turrets, an indoor pool, formal gardens, and parking for forty cars. "In the Hudson River or Loire Valley, it would have fit perfectly," says Donna Kevis, the B.&B. owner, who was then head of the architectural-review board. "It didn't belong here."

Faced with overwhelming opposition, the Inn was forced to withdraw its plans, but not before Innkeeper Reinhardt Lynch made his first run for town council. During the campaign, he urged three Inn employees who weren't residents of town to register and vote. Lynch lost anyway, and was subsequently convicted of "voting fraud" and sentenced to a sixty-day jail stay (suspended), a thousand-dollar fine, and eighty hours of community service.

The 1990 showdown hardened the battle lines. When Lynch ran for town council again, in 1994, anonymous mailings were distributed containing news clips about his voting-fraud conviction, as well as tax documents embarrassing to Inn allies. (Lynch tied for last, but won a council seat on a coin flip.) Around the same time, townspeople thwarted the Inn's attempt to buy an antebellum church and began to pepper the Inn's frequent improvement projects with stop-work orders.

Lynch and O'Connell had to fight such an order when they bought and gutted the plain frame house beside the Inn which became their home. "We did a little new history on it," O'Connell says of the house, now a neoclassical structure. Because the new picture windows at the rear of the house looked out on what they call Steve Critzer's "junk yard," the innkeepers dispatched a landscaper to speak to the road builder about screening the view with decorative trees and shrubs.

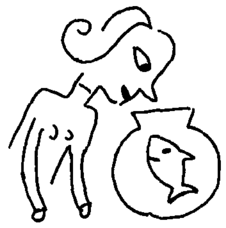
This approach, by proxy, irked Critzer. “They think that someone working heavy equipment must just be an ignorant country person you wouldn’t possibly want to know,” he says. Critzer devised his own solution: when the town dug a new water system several years ago, he asked that the leftover dirt be dumped in his yard to form a three-hundred-foot berm between his yard and the innkeepers’ cottage. The innkeepers then offered to pay for landscaping the berm, but Critzer turned them down to insure that “we could move the dirt later on without a Philadelphia lawyer showing up.” So Mt. Critzer has been left to sprout pokeweed and locust. But at least it provides screening. “Now,” says Critzer, “if I want to relieve myself while working in the yard, I don’t have to step too far behind a truck.”

IN the nineties, the Inn has come to completely dominate the local economy. “It’s like one of those rare exotic plants that thrive in parched soil,” says O’Connell. Its annual tax bill for food and lodging totals about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—roughly two-thirds of the town’s entire budget. The Inn has also attracted other commerce, created jobs, and boosted real-estate prices. Lynch and O’Connell give generously to local charities. All this has won the innkeepers a small but staunch band of allies. “Those guys put this town on the map,” says Louise van Dort, an interior designer who works for the Inn and acts as its fiercest advocate. A chain-smoking, blunt-spoken Dutch native, she has a bumper sticker on her office wall that reads “For a Small Town This One Sure Has a Lot of Assholes.” Van Dort is impatient with the notion that the Inn threatens the town. “Things grow, things change—I used to wear a size 10,” she says. “Even if the Inn hadn’t come, things would have changed.” Inn supporters point out that the alternatives for the town might have been far worse: if not continued decay, then polluting industry or tacky strip malls.

Still, many residents complain that Washington is “almost like a company town,” says Tanya Ritchie, an artist and gallery owner, who points to the Inn’s treatment of Kaye Kohler, the fired waitress. Immediately after Kohler won her small out-of-court settlement, the Inn called the vineyard where Kohler then worked to cancel the Inn’s wine orders. In the early nineties, Lynch loudly protested Kohler’s hiring as the town’s administrator. More recently, a B.&B. owner was warned that giving Kohler part-time work would jeopardize referrals from the Inn. “It’s all about control,” says Ritchie, the rare local merchant unafraid to speak publicly about the Inn.

Except for the occasional face-off at town-council meetings, which sometimes degenerate into jeering between the Inn’s foes and its allies, the innkeepers now dwell in almost total isolation from town. Locals rarely work there anymore, except as dishwashers and maids. O’Connell says this reflects the ever higher standards of his guests. “People have a whole different set of expectations when they’ve flown from London for what they’ve been told is America’s best meal,” he says. “It’s just not appropriate to say to guests, ‘Howdy, how y’all doing, want to see a picture of my bumper crop of turnips?’ ” Most of the Inn’s seventy-four-person staff is recruited from the Culinary Institute of America and other top schools, as well as from abroad.

The staff members tend to keep to themselves, as do Lynch and O’Connell. “I walk the dogs after midnight, when no one’s on the street,” Lynch says. O’Connell never strays far from the kitchen, which runs around the clock. “You operate in a different time zone than is operational around here, where there’s a lot of ‘porch-setting,’ ” he says, as members of the kitchen staff, wearing Dalmatian-print pants and Moroccan-style caps, strain soup, chop lobster, and pick filaments from sweetbread. “We’re putting out a plate every thirty seconds.”



The fact that Lynch and O’Connell now deal with locals largely through proxies, however, has meant that battles over the Inn are intensified by a storehouse of personal slights and ancient grudges. For instance, van Dort, the innkeepers’ advocate, admits that she recently terrorized her neighbors by spreading false rumors about the Inn’s plans—payback, she says, for nasty gossip told about her by a rival designer.

This toxic intimacy makes it hard for even come-heres to remain neutral for long. “If you go down the middle, you get hit by both sides,” says Tanya Ritchie. Town Councillor Charlie Tompkins discovered this as well when he tried to conduct shuttle diplomacy between the two camps. In a town so insular that people recognize each other’s license plates, he couldn’t visit anyone without the other side accusing him of plotting. “The suction from the factions is enormous,” he says. “The malevolence here pretty much gets to everyone”—including Tompkins, who has joined the Inn camp and now passes on malicious tidbits about his neighbors.

MEANWHILE, the Inn’s business continues to grow. Lynch and O’Connell recently finished a five-million-dollar remodelling of the kitchen and two adjoining rooms (which feature a gold-leaf-and-leather ceiling and a tapestry from a seventeenth-century French manor). The innkeepers have also just done a costly makeover of a cottage for V.I.P.s. And they may soon buy and renovate a tavern where George Washington is said to have danced the minuet. “We have more at stake” than townsfolk, O’Connell says. “They can move. We have twenty years’ investment here.”

However, locals, some with roots here going back two centuries, aren’t about to abandon the fight. “It’s a terrible thing to say, but it’s one of those things that will perpetuate itself,” Newbill Miller says.

O’Connell agrees, though characteristically he sees things in more theatrical terms. “This is a film. Think of the sets!” he exclaims. “I could play a bigot. I can do the accents. The end is one of those ambivalent finales—everyone will think they’re right.” He wishes it were otherwise. “The best revenge is to outlive them,” he says. “However, they’ve produced a new generation.”

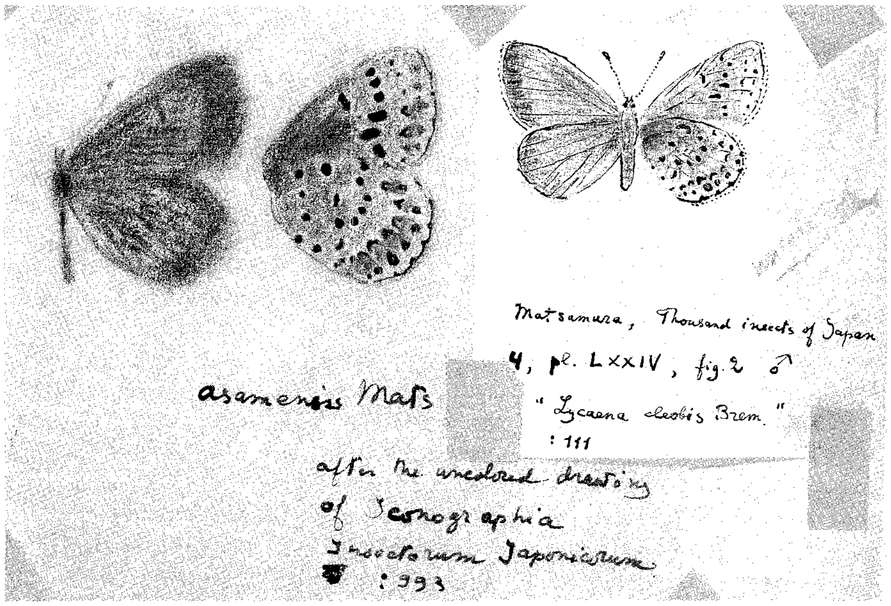
One of the very few people who remain nonaligned is John McCarthy, a county zoning official. He believes both sides are guilty of pettiness and paranoia that obscure their common interests, such as protecting the area against exurban sprawl. But he, too, doubts that there’s much impulse to make up and move on. Asked how the drama will end, McCarthy smiles wanly and recites a maxim that is strangely popular in Washington, Virginia: “Good friends will come and go, but a good enemy will last you a lifetime.” ♦

SCRAPBOOK

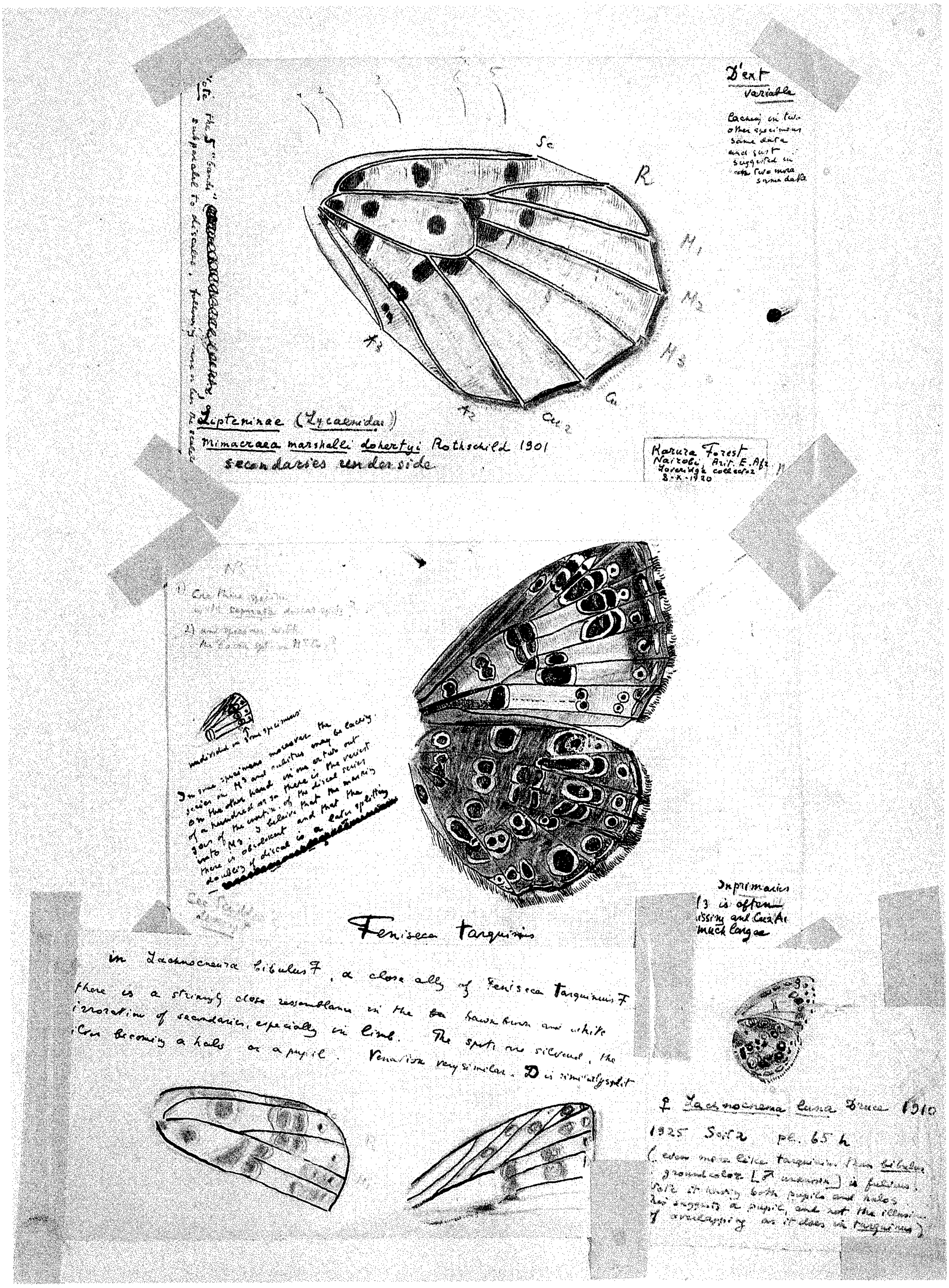
NABOKOV'S DREAMS

These notes and drawings, from the writer's private papers, attest to his lifelong fascination with butterflies. They are part of the Vladimir Nabokov Archive, held by the New York Public Library's Berg Collection. Selections from the archive will be on view at the library's "Nabokov Under Glass: A Centennial Exhibition"—a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the writer's birth—from April 23rd through August 21st.

23 Nov 1964, 6:45 A.M.: End of a long "butterfly" dream which started after I had fallen asleep following upon a sterile awakening at 6:15 A.M. Have arrived (by funicular?) at a collecting ground of timberland (in Switzerland? in Spain?), but in order to get to it have to cross the hall of a large gay hotel. Very spry and thin, dressed in white, skip down the steps on the other side and find myself on the marshy border of a lake. Lots of bog flowers, rich soil, colorful, sunny, but not one single butterfly (familiar sensation in dream). Instead of a net, am carrying a huge spoon—cannot understand how I managed to forget my net and bring this thing—wonder how I shall catch anything with it. Notice a kind of letter box open on the right side, full of butterflies somebody has collected and left there. One is alive—a marvellous aberration of the Green Fritillary, with unusually elongated wings, the green all fused together and the brown of an extraordinary variegated hue. It eyes me in conscious agony as I try to kill it by pinching its thick thorax—very tenacious of life. Finally slip it into a morocco case—old, red, zippered. Then realize that all the time a man camouflaged in some way is seated next to me, to the left, in front of the receptacle in which the butterflies are, and prepares a slide for the microscope. We converse in English. He is the owner of the butterflies. I am very much embarrassed. Offer to return the Fritillary. He declines with polite halfheartedness. ♦



Vladimir Nabokov—who, as a lepidopterist, named five new genera of blues—hunting butterflies, above, with his wife, Véra, at Six Mile Creek, near Ithaca, New York, in 1958.



D'ext
variable

lacking in two other specimens same data and just suggested in two more same data

Lipteninae (Lycaenidae)
Mimacraea marshalli dohertyi Rothschild 1901
secondaries underside

Karura Forest
Nairobi Brit. E. Afr.
Loveridge collector
8-X-1920

individual in some specimens
In some specimens moreover the [illegible] may be lacking
series in M3 and cubitus [illegible] or two out
on the other hand in one [illegible] the reverse
of a hundred or so there is the discal series
join of the [illegible] of the marking
into M3. I believe that the
there is obsolescent and that the
doubling of discal is a late splitting

In primaries
3 is often
issing and Cu2 A1
much longer

Feniseca tarquinius

in Lachnocnema bibulus ♂, a close ally of Feniseca tarquinius ♂
there is a strikingly close resemblance in the brown and white
irroration of secondaries, especially in limb. The spots are silvered, the
lour becoming a halo or a pupil. Venation very similar. D is similarly split

♀ Lachnocnema luna Druce 1910
1925 Seitz pl. 65 h
(even more like tarquinius than bibulus
groundcolor [♂ unknown] is fulvous.
Note it lacks both pupils and halos
but suggests a pupil, and not the illusion
of overlapping as it does in tarquinius)

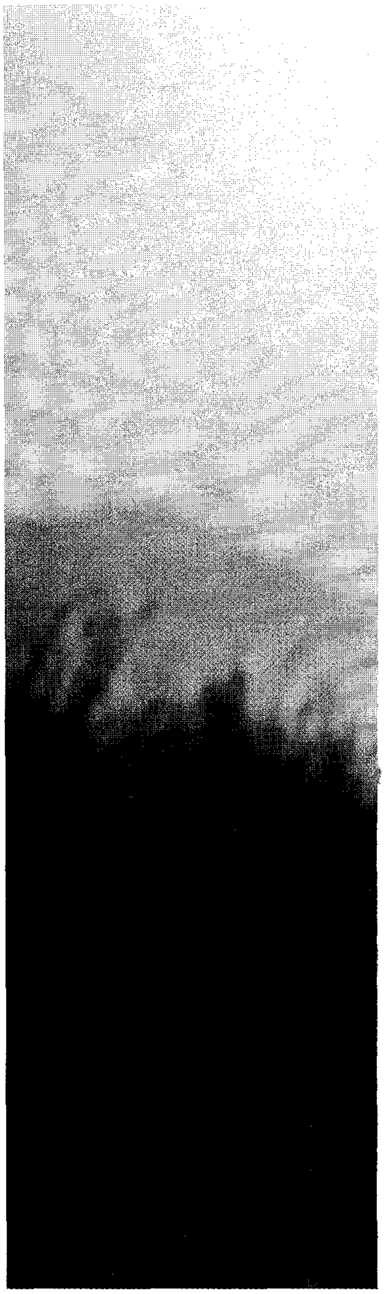
Above and opposite, diagrams from Nabokov's scrapbook (circa 1943–48), "Notes on the Morphology of the Genus Lycaeides."

FICTION

KISS

Lipstick and cigarettes and the taste of candy.

BY TOBIAS WOLFF



When Joe Reed was a boy of fifteen, his craziness over a girl became such a burden to his family, and such a curiosity to the small town where they lived, that his mother threatened to pack him off to his married sister in San Diego. But before this could happen Joe's father died and his mother collected a large sum from Northwestern Mutual, and sold the family pharmacy, and moved both Joe and herself to California.

Thirty years passed. In that time he heard nothing from the girl, Mary Claude Moore, but now and then word of her reached him through people back in Dunston. She dropped out of high school in her senior year, had a baby, got married, got divorced, remarried a few years later. That second marriage was the last thing Joe learned about Mary Claude until he got the news of her death.

He'd dropped by his mother's house one Sunday afternoon. She couldn't keep the house up anymore, alone as she was, and failing, and she'd finally agreed to buy into an assisted-living "community"—oh how she hated that word, how icily she served it up. He came by to make sure everything was in order for the realtors' walk-through later that week. Afterward, they had coffee together and that was when she told him about Mary Claude and gave him the letter. He didn't want to be thinking about what his reaction looked like, or ought to look like, so he excused himself and took the letter outside, to the back yard.

According to the newspaper clipping his mother's friend had enclosed, Mary Claude appeared to have fallen asleep at the wheel and drifted into the oncoming lane of traffic. She'd been killed outright and so had the driver of the car she hit, a dentist from Bellingham on his way home from a weekend of fishing. That was the newspaper account. The unofficial version, which his mother's friend disparaged but passed along anyway, was that Mary Claude had been having a fling with a real-estate agent named Chip Ryan. Chip Ryan drove the same unusual car as the dentist, a red Mercedes station wagon, and Mary Claude had an equally distinctive old Mustang convertible, powder blue. Both of them lived outside town, and frequently passed each other coming and going. The story was, whenever they met on an empty stretch of road they played a game where they switched lanes at the last moment. A sort of lovers' game. Mary Claude had mistaken the dentist's car for Chip's, and that was that.

Joe could hardly make sense of the story. His mother's friend doubted it was true, but conceded that it certainly was a puzzle how Mary Claude could have fallen asleep just a hundred feet past a series of tight curves. Still, she wrote, there were probably other ways of explaining it without insulting her memory and giving needless pain to her family.

The newspaper article said that Mary Claude and her husband owned a tavern. They must have done well; a few years back, the Chamber of Commerce had named them Businesspersons of the Year. She was survived by her husband, three children, and two grandchildren. For some reason the paper hadn't run a picture of her with the piece. Joe was glad of the omission.

Joe had lived another, submerged life, parallel to the one known to those around him. In this other life he hadn't left for California but had stayed on in Dunston with Mary Claude. He fell into this dream during the first months after the move, in the immensity of summer on a sunstruck street full of old geezers, where sprinklers ran at night on lawns visited only by the Mexicans who mowed them. When his mother left her darkened bedroom long enough to chase him outside, Joe took the *Saturday Evening Post* to a pool in a nearby park and watched the girls oil each other and arch their glistening legs over their backs and shriek when loitering thugs threw water on them. He lay on his stomach and stared at the *Post* and lived his ghost life with Mary Claude.

After Joe started school, his mother took a job as an accountant for an office-furniture store. A few months later she and another woman formed a partnership and bought the owner out. Joe's mother began to dress smartly. She wore her hair straight instead of piled up on her head, and let a gray streak show through. One night at dinner she called

CLAUDE NORI, "RAFFAËLA, ITALIA, ANCONA" [1988]

Joe! in such a way that he realized she'd been speaking to him without his knowing it, and when he looked at her she said, You can't bring him back, son. You have to let him go. Joe was embarrassed at the depth of her misunderstanding, but he played along; he let her think she'd read his mind.

The high school was new and bright and vast. In the echoing hallways the voices of the students mingled in a roar that Joe came to hear as an aspect of the silence in which he passed his days. He sometimes went home without having spoken a word to anyone. It seemed to him that he might go through the whole year that way, and the next year, too, until he graduated, but before long he became friends with his biology-lab partner, who took him to parties and introduced him to girls. When Joe got his driver's license that spring he began to date Carla. He aced his courses and played Officer Krupke in "West Side Story." In the fall of his senior year he and Carla left a dance early and went to a motel. It was the first time for both of them, and a failure. They tried again a few days later in Carla's bedroom and had better luck, and by Christmas Joe was starting to see Courtney on the sly. He didn't really prefer her, but it seemed inevitable that sooner or later either he or Carla would be unfaithful, and he wanted to be the one. It turned out to be much more complicated than he'd thought. Joe was soon exposed and denounced by both girls as a heartless cheat, which did not, it turned out, entirely discourage other girls from going out with him.

And through all this he continued his phantom life with Mary Claude. He was with her on a blanket in a moonlit clearing, or in a car parked above the river with Ray Charles on the radio, her fingertips grazing the back of his neck, her mouth open to his, her caramel taste on his lips and tongue and deep in his throat. Only the kiss was a memory; only the kiss was real. He'd hardly been anywhere with Mary Claude except when

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they could sneak off at school, and a few times in town. But from the kiss he made everything else, or everything else made itself, for that was how it happened—without any effort of imagination or sense of unreality, he watched his life with Mary Claude go on as he had once believed it would. The scenes grew more particular as time passed, each new one framed by those that had gone before, and always with a kiss at the heart of it.

At Berkeley, Joe went with Maureen, and when Maureen left for a year at the Sorbonne there was Linda, then Candace. He and Candace shared a house with two other couples until they graduated, and afterward they rented an apartment of their own through Joe's first year of medical school. Then Candace went to New York to visit her family and never came back. She sent Joe a letter in which she asked his forgiveness for the problems she'd caused through her alcoholism, which she was now in the process of confronting. She said she couldn't return to the life she'd led in Berkeley, as he must understand.

No—Joe did not understand. They'd had their troubles, the two of them; he'd been going all out, and so had Candace, waitressing nights as she worked toward a degree in dance therapy. Of course, there were problems, but nothing that serious.... He certainly didn't begrudge her a little relaxation. But when Joe's mother heard about Candace leaving, the first thing she said was that she hoped she'd get some help for her drinking. Joe hadn't mentioned the letter.

Until he finished his training and met the woman he would marry, Joe had no more love affairs, just occasional sessions with women working too hard themselves to want much more of him. The practicality of these arrangements gave the whole enterprise a starkly biological cast, which made Joe nervously conscious of his masculine duty, and thus left him unmanned with oppressive frequency. By the time he started his residency, in Seattle, he'd entered a state of near-quarantine that made his shadow life more moony and detailed than ever.

DUNSTON was just three hours north of Seattle; Joe sometimes thought of driving up on a free afternoon, but never did. By then he'd heard that Mary Claude was married again. There was no purpose in making the trip except to see her, and he was afraid that she wouldn't want to see him, and also afraid that she would. It was too late for that. She had a daughter and a husband and a house to run, she had work to do. So did he—useful, exacting work. It depended on a clarity Joe knew he couldn't rely on, that he had to improvise day by day. He'd lost it before and could not risk losing it again.

When Mary Claude was killed, Joe had been married for seventeen years. His wife, Liz, was a pediatrician in the same clinic where he practiced as an internist. They had a son in his junior year of high school, a daughter a year younger. The boy was a gifted cellist, unworldly, dreamy. Joe's daughter was more calculating but fiercer in her attachments once she'd made them. Joe began taking her rock climbing when she was still in grade school, and she turned out to be the most fearless and inventive partner he'd ever had.

Then came a time when his daughter ceased to confide. Both daughter and son developed private sources of amusement, and Joe began to detect a certain condescension in their handling of him. His children were slipping away into the deep forest; he tried not to hurry them with the panic he felt at the gathering signs of their departure.

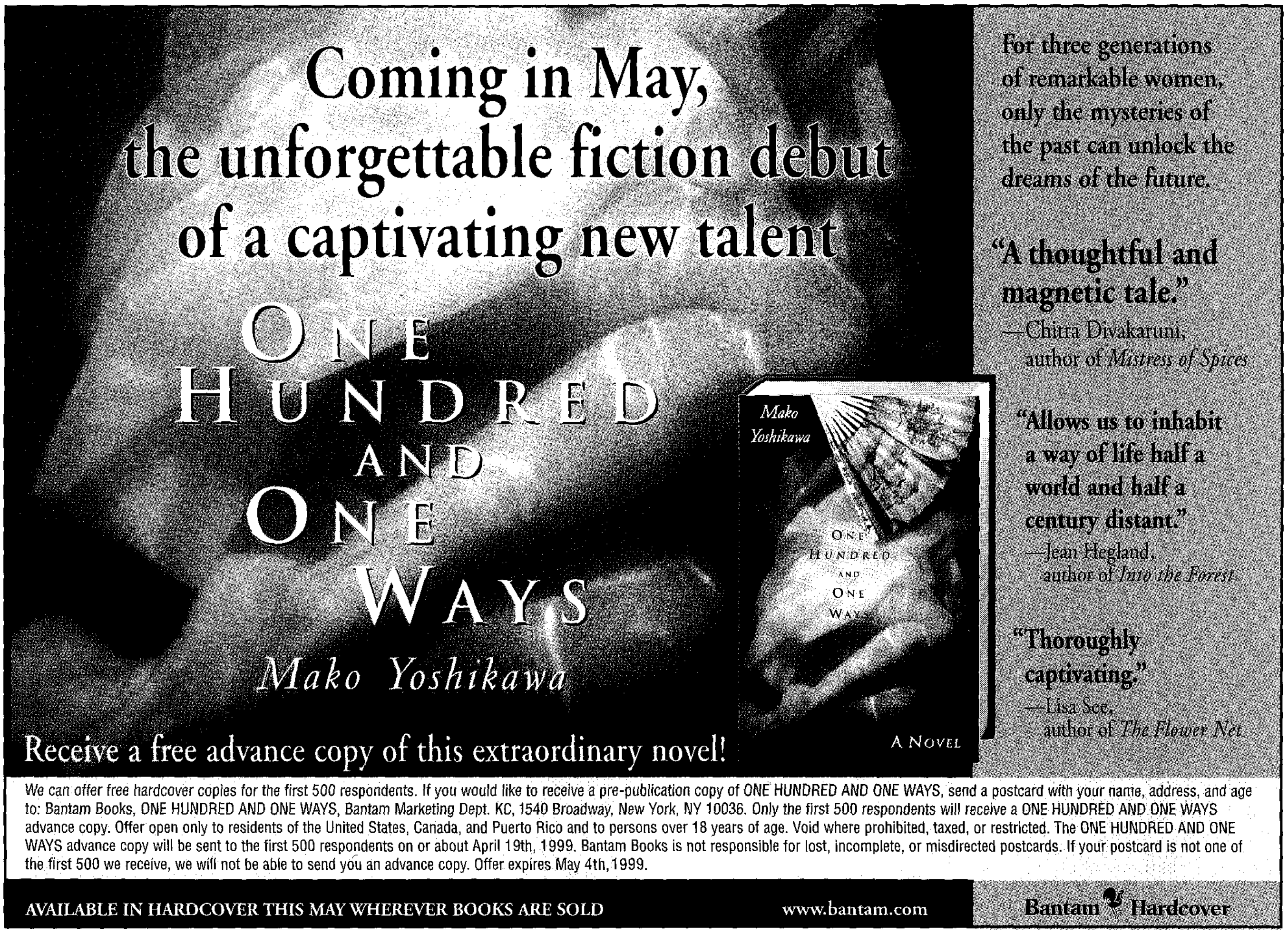
Liz, too, kept changing on him. When they first met, she was girlish and unsure of herself in spite of being three years older than Joe, but since then she'd grown calm and regal, which both unsettled and excited him. In their lovemaking he approached her almost wistfully and sometimes concluded with a bark of triumph, as if he'd brought a notorious virgin to ground. Away from her for more than a day or two, Joe hardly knew who he was.

And still through all these years he had thoughts of Mary Claude. He thought of Mary Claude sitting across from him at a table in a kitchen, barely awake, drinking coffee. The kitchen was small and untidy and Mary Claude's robe gaped open as she bent to drink. She saw him looking and looked back at him. He stood. She put her cup down and waited. He thought of them standing on a porch and waving as friends drove off. And when they were alone Mary Claude turned to him and slipped an arm around his waist, and they went slowly inside and up the stairs, stopping to kiss on the landing. Sometimes Joe thought of what was to follow, but this was the moment he lingered on, the kiss. Joe remembered very well what it was like to kiss Mary Claude; he had done it as much as anyone could for as long as they were going together, which came to just over three months.

MARY CLAUDE'S father owned a dairy farm several miles out of town. Her mother had moved away when Mary Claude was eleven, taking her daughter with her. She married again, but things did not go well between her daughter and this new husband, and she sent Mary Claude back to her father when she was fifteen. Joe had gone through the first six years of grade school barely noticing her, drab little hick that she was, but she came back a different girl, witchy and vivid. She mouthed off to the teachers and walked around in a pout with her back arched like a bow. She had no friends except for an equally friendless cousin. During volleyball games in her gym class she baited the other girls by deliberately hitting the ball out of bounds or into the net. She cut classes, and smoked, and made out with other girls' boyfriends, or so it was said, and Joe, curious to test the rumor, found it to be true: Mary Claude went behind the school with him during a dance to which he'd brought another girl, and kept him out there for over an hour. He knew she was doing it to shame his date—at first, anyway, until she warmed to him—but once he started he couldn't stop kissing her.

Joe had by then kissed several girls and thought he had a pretty fair idea of the possibilities of a kiss. Kissing was good, but he tended to think of it as a beachhead from which to launch more serious operations, and a safe haven when, inevitably, he was forced to retreat. But he didn't remember to try anything else that night, leaning against the gymnasium wall with this girl who tasted so good and pressed so fully against him, humming in his ear when they stopped to breathe and swaying to the music that rattled the high windows above them. There were other couples along the wall and Joe knew his date would hear about this, but when he started to lean away Mary Claude laid her fingers along his cheeks and guided his mouth back to hers, and after that he forgot about leaving. He would have stayed there all night, with no sense of the time passing, but finally a girl came out and told Mary Claude that her ride was waiting to take her home. She turned to go, then stopped and kissed Joe again. He walked around the school twice before going back inside. The gym was almost empty. His date had left with friends.

When he saw Mary Claude in the hallway on Monday morning he did not pretend that nothing had happened. Nor did she. She let him take her books and walk her to class. At the lunch period they went to the cafeteria and sat across from each other. He understood what would happen—the hush around them, how they'd be looked at, even by his friends. Joe knew the rules. He'd been a shit and hurt a nice girl, and for Mary Claude, of all people. You could make out with Mary Claude, but you had to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laugh about it later and cut her dead. They ate without talking. Her color was high, otherwise she gave nothing away. She helped herself to his carrots, and that was that. They were a pair.

There was a fern-choked gully behind the school. There were the stands by the football field. Empty classrooms. They met before school started and at lunch and for a few minutes after school, until her bus left. Joe didn't say much. When he heard the things he said, he felt hopeless. Mary Claude was either stone silent or gabby. She often got on a jag between kisses when they were making out, a steady murmur, vague, domestic, whatever came to mind. Joe liked feeling Mary Claude's low voice against his chest, but he paid little attention to what she said, and afterward remembered almost none of it.

She tasted of lipstick and cigarettes and candy. When she opened her mouth to his the first sensation was a shock of relief as the tightness melted in a rush from his neck and shoulders. And then he was swaying with her, drinking that smoky sweetness, drinking forgetfulness of the schoolwork he had not done, the stammer he was developing, his mother dazed and pale, the room at the end of the hallway where his father lay gasping for the next breath like a trout dropped on the riverbank. He forgot to plan what to try next, where to touch, how hard to press. He stopped thinking ahead; there was no ahead, no before and no after. He was itchy with thirst and deeply satisfied all at once.

And Mary Claude was thirsty for him. He'd never had this happen before, a girl impatient for the taste of him, greedy for it. She did not like to break off; when he leaned away for a breath she would close her fingers in his hair and pull him back to her. She sometimes said his name in a low, almost mocking way as they were about to return to class, and the sound of it whipped him around as if she'd yanked on a leash.

Mary Claude soon grew careless with their privacy. She didn't care who saw them, or when. She'd command a kiss—a profound kiss—as she boarded her bus, or in the hallway, even on the street in town when her father let her go in for some shopping after school. Joe knew that it went beyond carelessness, that she was making a display of their appetite, perhaps especially of his appetite for her. He could see that she was proud of her claim on him, and this made him proud and brazen, too. He didn't mind if people thought they were ridiculous, even a sort of joke, the two of them "stitched together at the mouth," as his mother put it. Joe's mother had heard about them—she heard everything in the pharmacy.

At first she came at him aslant about it, then she lost patience. Was this the time to be carrying on with some girl? This was not the time, couldn't he see that? Now, of all times? Couldn't he sit with his father awhile instead of mooning in his room and tying up the telephone? Would that be too much to ask? Joe knew he should care that he was giving his mother trouble, but nothing she said touched him. It wasn't out of concern for her that he ruined everything.

HE and Mary Claude were in the stands during a basketball game. She was bored, she wanted to leave, go outside. Joe kept putting her off; the game was close. She started to play with the hair at the nape of his neck. He liked the feeling and almost surrendered to it, but something came over him and he shrugged her hand off. He felt Mary Claude go still beside him. He knew she was looking at him, but he kept his eyes on the players and even produced a shout when one of them goofed a pass. Mary Claude slid her fingers back into his hair, tightened them, and began to turn his head toward hers. Without taking his eyes from the game he gave a rough shake and pulled away. Mary Claude stood up but waited there a moment, and though Joe knew he could still turn to her, even then he did not. She made her way to the aisle. He watched her descend the steps and cross in front of the stands and leave the gym. The game had become meaningless to him, but he sat through the rest of it. His mouth was dry, his heart thudded as if he were hollow.

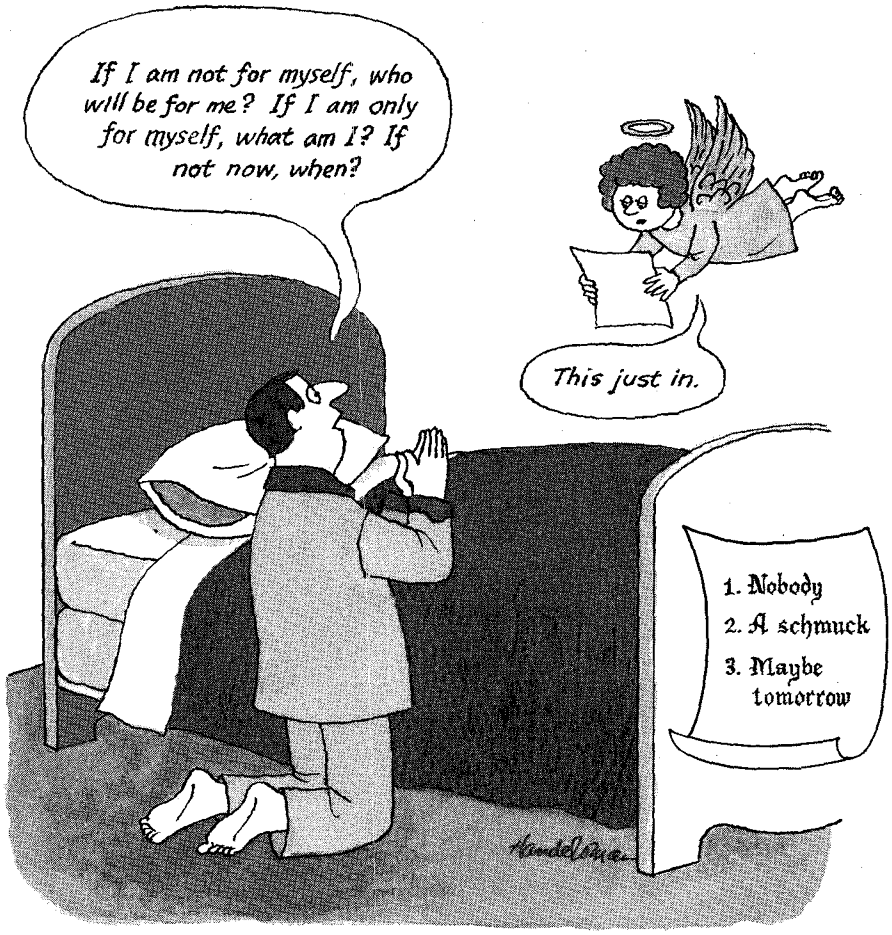
Joe phoned Mary Claude when he got home, but no one answered. He called again just before he went to bed and someone picked up but didn't say anything. Mary Claude, he said. Mary Claude, please.

She wouldn't answer. He knew she was waiting for him to give an account, to justify himself, and he couldn't think what to say. In the end, all he could say was her name.

Mary Claude.

And then she hung up.

She hung up whenever he called. He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pushed notes into her locker and got no answer. He met her bus every morning and she walked right past him. He waited outside her classrooms and followed her down the hall and out to the bus stop after school. He knew he was making a fool of himself, but he had no choice; there was no other way to be close to her. His mother heard about it and demanded that he leave the girl alone. It made no difference—Joe continued to trail Mary Claude. And still Mary Claude did not relent.

They had one class together, Washington State History. She sat two seats ahead of him in the next row to the left. He could watch Mary Claude without her seeing him watch her, though of course she knew. Back when they were together, before he ruined it all, she turned her head every little while to look at him and always found his eyes on her. She didn't turn now, but the way she yawned, lifting her hair away from her neck with both hands and letting it fall again—she had to know he was watching her. And the way she slipped one foot out of its loafer and slowly scratched the other ankle with it—all this was to sharpen the ache he felt. The curve of her neck as she inspected her fingernails. Her lips, pursed with impatience as the class wore on.

He was alert to any movement that allowed him a view of Mary Claude's mouth. She often turned to look at the clock over the door, and Joe never failed to seize that glint of her face in profile, the high forehead, the full mouth. When he saw her mouth he leaned forward, narrowing the distance by at least that much. It was wrong that he couldn't put his mouth to hers, it was an impossible mistake that kept him baffled and on edge.

She must be feeling what he was feeling, Joe was sure of that. If he was cut off from her, she was cut off from him. She was in exile, too. Once it was over, everything would be the same between them, maybe better, because they would value more what they'd lost and had to find again, but it went on and on, and Joe came to understand that Mary Claude didn't know how to end it—that she was waiting for him to find a way. But what could he do when she wouldn't speak to him? When she wouldn't even look at him?

Then she began keeping company with Al Dodge. Al was a senior, a quiet, well-liked boy who struggled in school and had a limp from polio. He lived just up the road from Mary Claude. He drove to school, and Mary Claude started riding with him instead of taking the bus. They often ate lunch together. Joe was confused at first; then he saw that this was his signal. He waited for Al outside the woodshop and began to tell him about Mary Claude and himself, but Al wouldn't listen. He tried to brush past, but Joe wasn't through talking and blocked his way. Al pushed at him and his bad leg gave out and he went down, his metal brace clattering on the concrete. Joe bent to help him up, but two boys ran over and shouldered him aside. One of them gave Joe a look as he struggled to lift Al to his feet. Joe wanted to explain everything, and the impossibility of ever doing this left him no choice but to smile at the boy and tell him to go fuck himself.

He could see when he got home that his mother already knew about it. She set him to work in the store and spoke to him only when she had to. While he was doing the dishes that night she came to the kitchen and told him that his sister and her husband were willing to have Joe come live with them until things got sorted out—until his father died, Joe took her to mean. Her face was flushed, her eyes brilliant, she stood erect in the doorway and forced him to look at her. She was magnificent, and he resented it. Did he want to go to San Diego? Did he want to do that? No? Was he sure? All right, she said. She needed him here. But one more thing like this, he'd be on the first bus out of town. Did he understand? Good. Now she wanted Joe to go to his father and make the same promise to him.

Joe did no such thing. He listened to the weird submarine clankings emanating from his father's oxygen tank and studied the pattern in the rug and answered a few wheezy questions about his schoolwork, and then he got the hell out of there, but not before his father put his dry yellow hand on Joe's wrist and pulled him down into an embrace that left him sick with horror.

HE stopped following Mary Claude to her classes. She rode to school with Al Dodge, and they sometimes ate together, but Joe could see there was nothing between them. She was alone, as

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before. So was Joe, more than ever—the guy who picked on cripples. He didn't follow Mary Claude, but he watched her, from nearby when he could, but mostly from a distance, cocking her hip to hold her locker door open, at a cafeteria table, tearing at the peel of an orange with her strong white fingers. It was late May. In a couple of weeks school would be over and he'd have no way of breaking this spell he had brought on them.

He decided he would kiss her. She was like him. After the first taste she always wanted another, and then another, until she lost herself. That was what they needed—to lose themselves again.

Mary Claude's gym teacher took the girls outside on warm days for softball and track. Joe's French class met that period, but he sometimes cut out early to stand in the shade of the trees at the near end of the field and watch Mary Claude. She suited up with the other girls but usually drifted into the stands to smoke and talk with her cousin Ruth, who was half Indian and never talked to anyone but her relatives. Mary Claude was pale anyway, but beside Ruth she gleamed like a white stone in a streambed. When the teacher led the class back inside, Mary Claude always made a point of lagging far behind, as if the force that impelled the others had no hold on her. Even Ruth could not endure this exquisite dawdling and left her behind.

Mary Claude had her eyes on the ground, arms crossed, as she picked her way off the field. Joe didn't know if she'd seen him or not. He stood under a horse-chestnut tree beside the path that led to the locker rooms; the tree was in bloom, and his eyes had gone weepy and raw from the pollen. When she drew near to him he spoke her name and she looked up without surprise. He'd had something all planned out to say, but now that he was close to her he forgot what it was. The whiteness of her legs emptied him of words.

She waited, arms still crossed. Then she said, You been *crying*?

Joe wasn't sure what happened next. Even right after it happened he had no confidence in any account, even in his own memory, and accepted the blame that fell on him without protest and without belief.

But he knew that it started with Mary Claude's crack about his eyes. He heard her mockery as forgiveness—forgiveness and summons. It sent a rush of heat to his face. He could still feel it, thinking back. Then he lost the thread. He remembered holding one of her hands in both of his, and her leaning away and looking at him, but struggling? Perhaps. Then he remembered being with her under the tree, his arms around her, but how they got there he couldn't say. Maybe he led her there, maybe he really did force her. The one thing he was sure of was that her mouth was opening to his when the gym teacher grabbed his collar. Even as she wrenched him back, shirtfront bunched at his throat, he was straining forward to seal the kiss. Then Mary Claude turned aside and started gagging and weeping, and he knew he'd have to start all over again.

He didn't argue with anything anyone said. His mother surprised him by trying to make the principal feel sorry for her, something he'd never seen her do, but it didn't pay off—the principal refused to let Joe finish out the year. As he was clearing out his locker, a couple of seniors walked past and made smooching sounds, and other students took it up as Joe carried his stuff down the hallway.

Joe's mother talked about sending him to San Diego that weekend. He'd made up his mind to refuse, but it never came to a test. Late Wednesday afternoon his father went into a coma; until he died that evening Joe kept the watch with his mother, prowling the bedroom while his mother held her husband's hand. Now and then Joe looked at the figure in the bed, then turned away, to the window with its darkening view of the neighbor's yard, to the bookcase, to the photographs on the walls. Joe in his Little League uniform. Joe looking over the edge of his crib. Joe and his father beside the Skagit River, holding up a pair of big steelhead.

He helped his mother make the calls and settle the funeral arrangements. He gave his father's best friend all his fishing gear and boxed up his clothes for the Goodwill. He was steady at his mother's side, gallant and grave. On the night after the funeral he slipped downstairs and felt for the car keys on the hook where they were kept. Not there. Not there the next night, either. So—his mother had second-guessed him. Joe was

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surprised that she had calculated so coolly in her grief. It made him think differently of her. Better, and worse.

Both house and business were sold within the week to a couple from Vancouver. It had all been arranged months back, pending his father's death. Joe was doing an inventory for the new owner, kneeling on the floor with a clipboard, when he heard someone walk up the aisle and stop behind him. He glanced back and there was Mary Claude's father.

Joe had seen Mr. Moore from a distance a few times but never really considered him, didn't think of him except as a vague shadow cast by Mary Claude; he was unprepared for the physical truth of the man. Mr. Moore was tall, he loomed over Joe and caught a dusty slant of light full in the face. Wetness gleamed in the slack right corner of his mouth. His right shoulder sagged as if he were holding a bucket. He wore new overalls and fresh-scraped boots, the marks of the stick still vivid through a film of dried mud. He smelled strongly of camphor. His eyes were a pale, watery blue. He didn't narrow them against the light but looked down studiously at Joe. Joe was sure the man knew everything, not only what Joe had done with his daughter, and tried to do, but everything he had dreamed of doing, even his plan to get her in the car somehow and run away to Canada.

Mr. Moore seemed about to say something, but instead he bent down and gave Joe's shoulder a squeeze. Then he turned and went back the way he'd come. Joe damn near blubbered with relief, and amazement, and gratitude—to think that Mr. Moore, her own father, would make a special trip into town to console him for the loss of Mary Claude.

JOE took the letter into his mother's yard and studied it awhile. Hunched in a lawn chair, elbows on his knees, he waited to be struck; but down the street someone was blasting a Strauss waltz through an open window and he couldn't stop himself from following it, even conducting it with minute twitches of his head, though he'd lost his taste for old Vienna after Candace went on a Strauss binge the year before she left. The chair had looked dry when he sat down, but that morning's dew still lingered between the straps of webbing; it seeped into his pants, warm, clinging. The grass needed a trim. Joe knew that if he looked up he'd see his mother watching him from the kitchen window, pulling a long face for what she imagined he was feeling. What he did feel was embarrassment at this hambone attempt to create sorrow by imitating it. Pathetic...pathetic.

He rocked to his feet, looked sourly around as he waited for a purpose to form, then started toward the shed where the mower was kept. It would come later, if it came at all. Sometimes it didn't. He lost patients and hardly ever thought of them again, and then with a regret that he recognized as mostly polite. Same with a colleague who was killed not long ago on Lake Tahoe when he hit a beer cooler while waterskiing—but then waterskiing was such an untragic way to go, and the derelict cooler a ludicrous touch.

No, if it came it would come from behind and push him into a hole so deep he'd forget what it was like to be out of it. That was what happened with his beautiful niece, Margaret, his sister's only child. She was twenty-eight. Joe had warned her—she had diabetes and was drinking heavily—but somehow he'd failed to expect it himself. He got clobbered a few weeks after her death; laid low. Something like it happened to him after his son was born. One night, holding the baby, he remembered with perfect clarity his own father holding him, looking down at him. His father was smiling; there was that roguish gap between his teeth, the crazy upcurved eyebrow. It was a look of unguarded benevolence. Joe knew it well, he'd grown up in the light of his father's pleasure in him, and now he figured that by some trick of the mind he had imposed it on a scene too distant for recall. And then a few days later he was doing some paperwork after the clinic closed, and looked up into the dim corridor, and there he was in his parents' house again, in the hallway just outside their bedroom. And as he stood there, unable to move, the wheezing yellow-faced monster who had taken his father's place turned slowly and smiled that kindly smile, and lifted his long yellow fingers, and tried to speak. Joe cried out—or thought he did. The room had that shocked, expectant air. But if so, no one had heard him.

The lawnmower had a bent blade and shook convulsively as Joe worked his way around the yard. It was folly to use it in this condition, but the pushing felt good and he muscled it on. He spun through a corner and saw his mother in the kitchen window, her face overlaid with leaves reflected from the orange tree. She looked worried. Joe raised a hand and she made a little wave back, the same regretful wave she used to give from the departing car when they left him at Scout camp in the summer—the same wave, the same uncertain smile, except she was strong and handsome then and now she was old and had to wear a diaper. He turned his attention to the rock border where he'd pranged the blade last time, and when he looked up again she was gone.

He squared the yard and kept working his way in. The shaking of the mower no longer had his interest. It was part of the cadence of the work, like the crisp turns he made and the extra push he gave when he hit a thick clump of grass. His hands tingled, his brow dripped, his shirt was soaked through. As he worked he ceased to think, or to feel himself think, and then it came to him: The real-estate agent, Chip Ryan. Little Chip! He hadn't placed him at first, because the boy had been so young, just seven or eight, when Joe left Dunston. Chip's older brother had been a friend of Joe's. Chip used to hang around while they played records and talked, but he didn't butt in or act bratty. Joe had been struck by that—what a nice little kid he was, little Chip, sitting there with his pet rabbit, stroking its ears while he looked up at the big boys.

Little Chip and Mary Claude.

The letter didn't say whether Chip was married or single. Either way, he was on the prowl, or they wouldn't be telling that story. And of all the girls in that long green valley, he had to pick Mary Claude. If it was true. Of course it was true.

He bullied the mower through the last couple of turns and cut the engine. A pall of exhaust hung above the yard. He heard the music again. Violins. Strauss, still. He nodded helplessly along as he towelled himself down with his shirt. He'd heard the piece a hundred times, five hundred times, Candace dancing naked through their apartment to the grand rise and fall of it, gleaming with sweat, eyes half closed—but when he reached for the name he felt it slip away. It baffled him that he could not hold on to something he'd known so well, and he stood fixed in his puzzlement as the music swelled to a finish and died, and a dog barked somewhere, and another waltz began. ♦

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THE CRITICS

THE ART WORLD

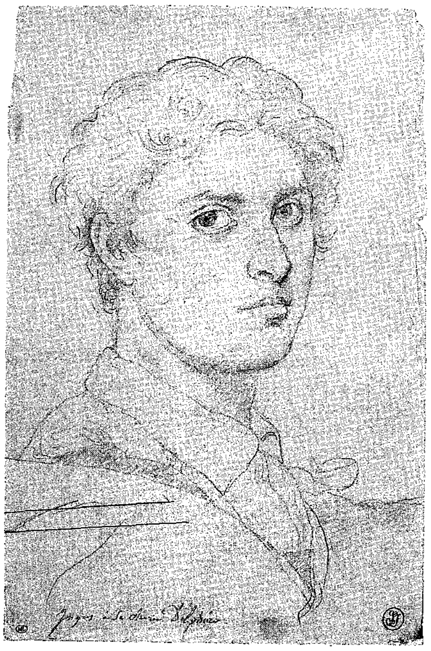
SILK AND SKIN

The cold comfort of Ingres's portraits.

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

FEW things in existence induce aesthetic delirium like Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres's best portraits, which are his greatest works. The paintings' glassy, scintillant precision amazes to the verge of panic. Their ardor for flesh and flesh-friendly fabrics raises sensuality from obsession through decorous hedonism to reverence. They put excruciating craft in service to wild luxuriance. Of course, the artist's signature odalisques and other tours to mythic loveland do the same, but so pathologically as to exude a surreal goofiness. Take the Louvre's famous "Roger Freeing Angelica": naked cartoon babe chained to cartoon rock, racy cartoon knight poking cartoon dragon. Whoop-de-doo.

Ingres's portraits, though they are bizarre in their own ways, defy condescension. This is clear from the first comprehensive exhibition of them in more than a century: "Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch," at the National Gallery in London until April 25th. (It will travel to the National Gallery in Washington and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.) It's a monumental show, despite the defensive subtitle, "Image of an Epoch," which begs mercy for the pictures as historical artifacts. (Imagine promoting Rembrandt portraits as souvenirs of old Amsterdam!) What Ingres achieved in portraiture remains definitive and tremendous: style for style's sake, with a human face.

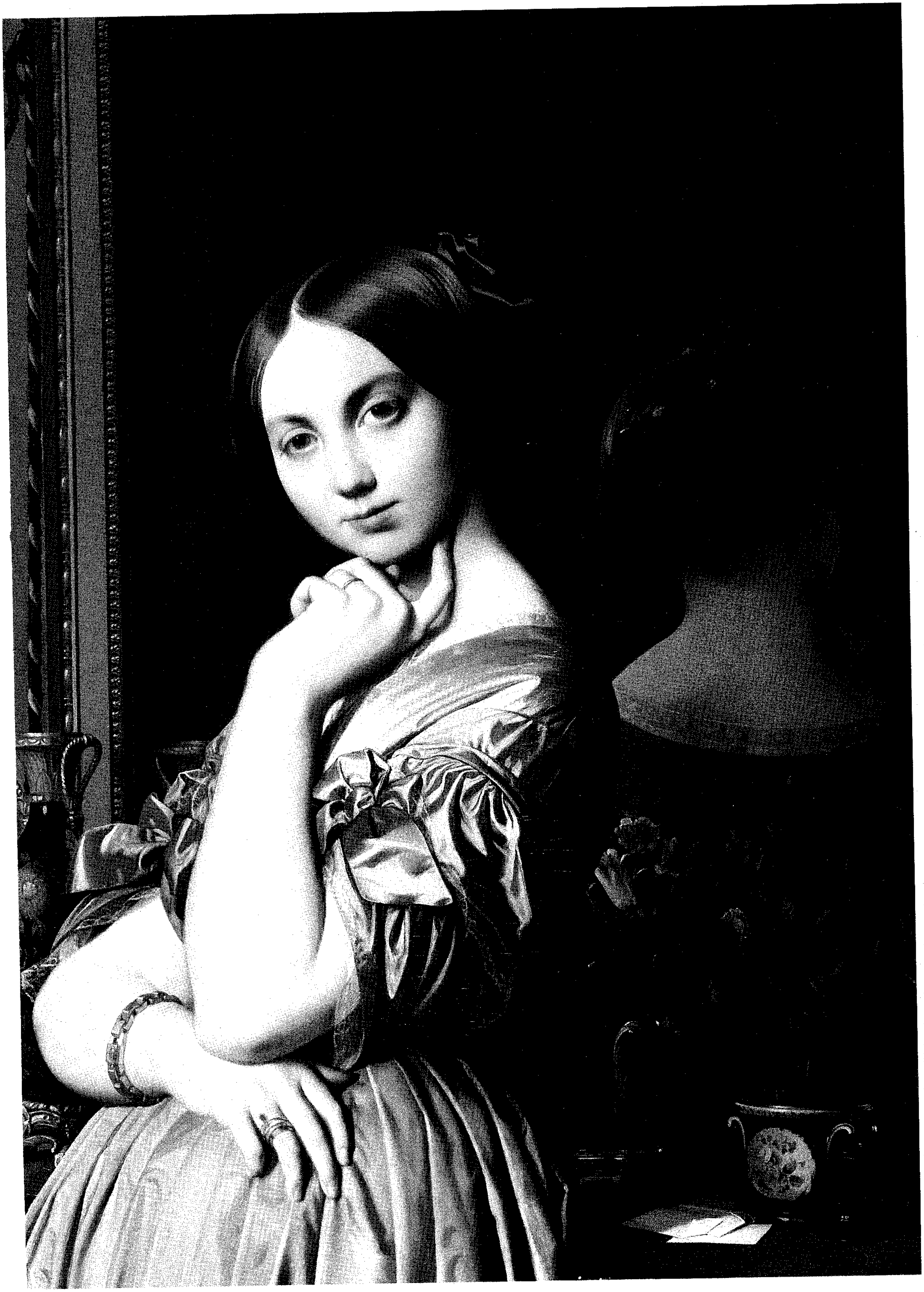


Born in 1780, the son of an artist/craftsman, Ingres was a painter from childhood, with scant education in anything else except music. (His love of fiddling left to language the proverbial phrase for an avocation, *violon d'Ingres.*) He was a blazingly apt pupil and assistant of Jacques-Louis David. In 1800, he painted the candelabra and the footrest in David's neoclassical touchstone portrait of Mme. Recamier. Having mopped up most of the academic painting prizes on offer, the young artist made his public move at the 1806 Paris Salon, with several paintings, including the huge, terrifying "Napoleon I on His Imperial Throne"—an apotheosis of the totalitarian sublime which might have struck even Joseph Stalin as a tad much. (It is an early highlight of this show.) In the time-honored Parisian hazing ritual for vulnerable newcomers, the critics flayed the young Ingres, ridiculing his "barbarous" sensibility and his panting ambition. Partly out of wounded feelings, he lived most of the next eighteen years in Rome.

There is epochal interest, for certain, in Ingres's Roman portraits, especially those painted during the six years of Napoleonic occupation, which ended in 1814. Like carpetbagging imperial flunkies in a Graham Greene plot, French opportunists in Italy strutted nervously in positions of secondhand power which ranged from civil engineer to king and queen. Ingres was their perfect portrayer, because, like them, he built his models of authority—and of charm—from the outside in: a sum of clothes, accoutrements, settings, and gestures. The people in all his portraits are fictional beings cobbled together in collaborations (or is it conspiracies?) of artist and sitter. How mere matter and sheer manner can combine to create uncanny life, as if by Frankensteinian lightning bolts, is this artist's immortal secret.

Consider the eyes in an Ingres portrait. They aren't the windows of a soul or of anything else. They are accessories: top-drawer eyes in the choicest fashion, which for Ingres always meant Raphaelesque. The same applies to Ingres-brand anatomy. Are the arms of his women improbably pudgy, given the delicacy of the facial features? Raphael adored pudgy. If you want slim biceps,

Treating the eyes as fashion accessories: An undated self-portrait (above), and detail from "Vicomtesse d'Haussonville," 1845 (opposite).



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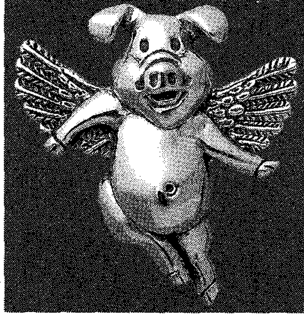

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fifty cents, he knew it for sure, the scarf
in 1950, for fourteen cents, he planted
his beans three inches apart, two inches deep,
and put a worm in every two holes, for he was
giving back, and for this purpose he carried
a twenty-ounce can without a label though it had
probably housed asparagus tips or even
French-cut beans itself, and that should be coming
full cycle, and he would get on his knees for that and
let the water take him where it had to, he
was where he wanted to be, his shirt cost a quarter,
his pants cost eighty cents, but that was before
the legs were covered with mud; the can was rusty
and both of his hands were red, he was on a hill
down from the cheap mulberry, the birch
was in a corner by itself, his shoulder
was getting tender, but he had fifty more worms
to go—or a hundred—he used a stick and he would
stay there at least an hour—swelling or no swelling—
and he would finish his scraping, God or no God.

—Gerald Stern

go down-market. Meanwhile, many a body constructed by Ingres might fall apart if it undertook to walk across a room. The right shoulder in perhaps his single most glorious portrait, the Frick Collection's "Vicomtesse d'Haussonville," apparently emerges from the poor girl's rib cage. But, again, go argue. We're talking about once-in-a-lifetime ravishment here, not aptitude for tennis.

Thirty or so years ago, I fell desperately in love with that countess, and some part of me, like Dante after he got a load of Beatrice, will never recover. (My heart jumped when I came upon her in London: "You here, too?") Other people I know have been smitten to the bone by Ingres in a similar way—a way that is rivalled, among the Old Masters, perhaps only by Vermeer. Like Vermeer—though with full-blooded vulgarity, in contrast to the Dutchman's ineffable tenderness—Ingres pins general ideals of beauty to specific details and sensations. He credits us with the ability to experience aesthetic rapture in everyday circumstances, with no effort beyond that of an intimate glance.

Along with being fastidiously elegant, Ingres was truly barbarous—an abject flatterer, first and last. As a classicist without an ounce of nobility, he was just right for a nostalgic society that sought legitimacy through possession and display. He tacitly merged his era's anxiously rising bourgeoisie and anxiously sinking aristocracy in a showy oligarchy of wealth and taste. The Ingres test of worth is ease. To appear relaxed and vivacious in an uncomfortable, staggeringly expensive getup amounts to righteousness. Tailors and couturiers are the unacknowledged legislators of this world—which is nonetheless a milieu of admirable, lovable individuals. The crowning effect of Ingres's artifice is an impression of natural-born personality. You can more or less see how he does it, with off-the-shelf expressive tricks: eyes that are "intelligent" or "melting" or "laughing," or, in the fully equipped luxury line, all of the above. But if you can resist being seduced I do not understand you.

"I please, therefore I am," Ingres's people as much as say. "You like me. You can't help liking me. Of course, you envy me. Who wouldn't? But if you were in my place you couldn't behold me so satisfactorily. Here is my secret: I exist for you. But you knew that already, didn't you?"

INGRES wins our hearts with a fabulous, mad generosity of surfaces, which discount depth of any kind. He is a positivist of silk and skin. If you can't touch it, the hell with it. The quivering, silvery tension of his draftsmanship conveys the hunger of his own touch, disciplined by worshipful alertness to the tilt of a chin or the fold of a sleeve. But the very infallibility of Ingres's line, in this show's scores of drawings, rather wears out its welcome. Are his monotonously fawning pencil portraits-for-pay of English tourists in Rome different, essentially, from the product of your average Washington Square sketch artiste? No. Ingres is a slick performer. It's just that when his slickness passes into the metaphysical complexities of oil painting the result is overwhelming.

There is no light in Ingres, only radiant effulgence, and no space, only material presence. Part of the giddiness he imparts is a kind of visual oxygen deprivation. One can endure just so much of it. When you visit the show, avoid blowing your whole fund of concentration in the initial galleries, which take you through the Roman years. The best comes later—with the notable exception of "Madame de Senonnes." This astonishing masterpiece of 1814 pictures a notorious lady whose red velvet dress is an all-time advertisement for the busty, hipless Empire style. Ingres's great period for portraits starts in the eighteen-twenties, when he returned in triumph to Paris and could thenceforth pick and choose commissions. Has anyone ever worked harder? Ingres labored for many years on some of his best portraits. Louise d'Haussonville gave birth to two children (her third and fourth) amid sittings.

The wonder and the weakness of Ingres were nailed in 1855, by Charles Baudelaire, who wickedly bracketed the seventy-five-year-old patrician master with the thirty-six-year-old parvenu wild man Gustave Courbet. Baudelaire wrote, "The heroic sacrifice offered by M. Ingres in honor of the idea and the tradition of Raphaelesque Beauty is performed by M. Courbet on behalf of external, positive, and immediate Nature. In their war against the imagination they are obedient to different motives; but their two

(Advt.)

It's a bittersweet truth that all things eventually must come to an end, including lives, lifestyles, epochs...and good conversations.

The American cowboy, for example, may soon be history, yet the raw, mythic power of this singular national icon endures. Author **David McCumber** wanted to experience cowboy life while it was still possible to do so—and so, at age forty-four, he signed on as a hand on a large Montana ranch. ***THE COWBOY WAY*** is McCumber's grand adventure of the body, spirit, and senses. More than a simple memoir of long days and difficult chores, it is a lyrical and honest appreciation of a land and a lost profession; a book that contrasts the reality of the work and the harsher realities of the changing times with the cherished myth of the "Roy Rogers" cowboy.

Innocence is also something that must inevitably vanish with time and experience. **George Ella Lyon**'s novel ***WITH A HAMMER FOR MY HEART*** tells a powerfully moving story of a young girl's friendship with an aged and unbalanced war veteran in the Kentucky hills. The characters this author has created are as vibrant and colorful as the landscape they inhabit; and her tale touches that secret place inside us all where we long for understanding and wish to be transformed by the power of love.

Subjective truth, faith, and faithlessness are some of the themes **A. Manette Ansay** explores in ***RIVER ANGEL***. In her latest novel, the award-winning author of *Sister* and *Vinegar Hill* weaves an intricately textured tapestry of small-town life. In Ambient, Wisconsin, an unloved little boy drowns on a cold winter's night. And when his lifeless, still-warm body turns up the following day in a barn a mile from the river, the town's citizens are forced to confront their collective demons and beliefs, as the "miracle" draws tourists, zealots, and hucksters to their community.

We'll have a lot more to say about a lot more books in the coming months. And we'll have a different way of saying it. In the meantime...

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opposing varieties of fanaticism lead them to the same immolation." Ingres an enemy of imagination? Think about it. "A man with a system," Baudelaire called him, who "believes that a happily contrived and agreeable artifice, which ministers to the eye's pleasure, is not only a right but a duty."

Baudelaire's linkage of Ingres and Courbet was even more brilliant than the poet could know. Split the difference between Ingres's persnickety artifice and Courbet's instinctual anarchy. What you get is, roughly, Édouard Manet. That is, you leap ahead to the first full cry of modern art's proposition that visual pleasure is not only a duty but practically a science and a natural religion. Art of the ensuing century would launch one system after another. What enthralls us about Ingres's portraits is the violent intensity of a system that pretends not to be a system at all but just a polite way of hailing some swell citizens. ♦

BOOKS

DARK PASSAGE

Can a child who murders become a morally responsible adult?

BY FRANCINE PROSE

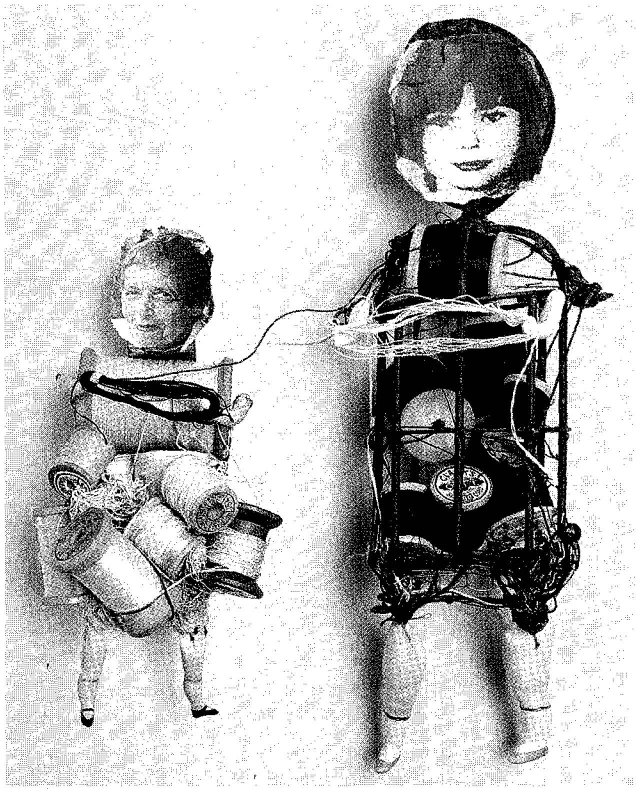
In the spring of 1968, in a run-down area of Newcastle, an eleven-year-old named Mary Bell killed four-year-old Martin Brown, in a ruined house; nine weeks later, she murdered three-year-old Brian Howe, in a vacant lot near a munitions plant that the children called the Tin Lizzie. Soon afterward, she was tried, convicted of manslaughter with diminished responsibility, and sentenced to reform school and then prison, from which she emerged, somewhat unsteadily, in 1980. Now, at forty-one, Mary Bell is the responsible, attentive mother of an adolescent girl. Profoundly changed by her love for her daughter, she is trying, at great cost, to come to terms with the person she was, and is.

No one could be better qualified to document these costly efforts than Gitta Sereny, whose "Cries Unheard" (Metropolitan/Holt; $26) tells Mary Bell's chilling, cautiously redemptive story—her gruesome childhood, her crimes, her sensational trial, her incarceration, and the "mystery of transformation" that has turned a violent, disturbed girl into a morally conscious adult. A Vienna-born journalist living in London, Sereny is best known in this country for her powerful researches into the evolution of conscience and into our capacity for succumbing to—or resisting—evil at its most extreme and persuasive. "Into That Darkness" (1974) is a portrait of Franz Stangl, the happily married family man who served as the commandant of the Treblinka extermination camp. Her most recent work, "Albert Speer: His Battle with Truth" (1995), painstakingly attempts to fathom how an intelligent, thoughtful man could have thrown himself so wholeheartedly into the job of being Hitler's chief architect.

What makes Sereny's books so controversial, so profoundly threatening—and so unlike anyone else's—is her immensely brave refusal to demonize her subjects. She insists on viewing them as complex human beings, with histories, quirks, virtues, flaws, and needs—not unlike our own. (The Speer book begins, provocatively, "Albert Speer, whom I knew well and grew to like . . .") Convinced that little is to be gained from exploring the reasons that monsters behave monstrously, she focuses instead on the desires, petty self-delusions, and equivocations that seduce sentient, essentially "normal" people into making unconscionable compromises and decisions.

Confronting these penitent or unrepentant sinners without prejudgment or condemnation, Sereny listens carefully, asks for repeated accounts, compares competing versions, monitors her own responses, and interviews the sorts of collateral figures (Stangl's wife, Speer's secretary, Mary Bell's probation officers and fellow-prisoners) that other journalists often neglect. Sympathetic, unsentimental, alert to the vagaries of memory and to the possibility of manipulation, she describes the excruciating self-examinations occasioned by her patient interrogations; her singular strategy is so simple and so brilliant that it's hard to understand why no one else employs it in quite the same way.

Sereny has also written books about the moral lives of abused children, including "The Invisible Children," a study of child prostitution in America, Germany, and Britain. In 1972, she published "The Case of Mary Bell," an account of the little



The journalist Gitta Sereny and her collaborator, Mary Bell.

girl's trial, which she herself had attended. In "Cries Unheard" she writes, 'It seemed very obvious to me that there were elements of Mary Bell's story that were either unknown or hidden from the court. And as she grew up in detention and was repeatedly mentioned in the press, I found myself hoping that one day Mary Bell and I could talk." She felt that hearing Mary's own version of her childhood might illuminate the pressures that drove her—and drive other children—to murder. In 1995, Sereny heard that Mary's mother had died, and that Mary wanted to write a book about her life, and so their intense and often painful collaboration began.

"CRIES UNHEARD" is structured as an inquiry into why the hapless eleven-year-old reached the breaking point. The book opens with the trial at which Mary was sentenced to life imprisonment. Her co-defendant and best friend, thirteen-year-old Norma Bell, was acquitted of all charges, though Norma undeniably knew about—and was perhaps complicitous in—the killing of Brian Howe. But the slow-witted Norma had the advantage of a demonstrably loving family, while Mary, far more intelligent and disturbed, came from a problematic and (at least to the jury) less sympathetic background. Her biological father's identity was unknown, and her mother, Betty, was a prostitute whose specialty involved whips; Betty was also a delusional sociopath, who acted out at the trial, took suggestive photographs of Mary while she was in detention, and hawked personal information about her daughter to the tabloids.

Only after reading about the trial of the bewildered child (whom the media described as "a freak of nature" and "a bad seed") do we learn the details of the criminal investigation that began after Brian Howe's body, strangled and marked by peculiar scratches, was discovered between two concrete blocks in the Tin Lizzie. Gradually, the detectives' suspicions collected around Norma and Mary, who had been behaving bizarrely since Martin Brown's death, nine weeks before. A few days after Martin was found, Mary appeared at the Browns' door and, smiling, asked Martin's mother if she might see the boy in his coffin. The girls protested their innocence until their inconsistent and improbable stories—and their eerily accurate knowledge of unpublicized aspects of the murders—pointed to their involvement, and they were arrested.

Sereny tracks Mary's thorny, circuitous route from imprisonment to parole—a journey that began at Red Bank, an enlightened reform school headed by a compassionate former Navy officer named James Dixon. It was Dixon's kindness that first suggested to Mary that an adult could be trusted. But the progress made at Red Bank was rapidly undone by a maximum-security prison to which Mary was subsequently transferred; there her "rehabilitation" involved violence, attempted suicide, and endlessly inventive uses of sex and personal charisma to manipulate her surroundings.

In these sections, as in the rest of the book, Sereny is engaged less by facts of biography than by questions of consciousness and of epistemology. What was Mary's experience of the crimes, the trial, and her detention? And what does she remember and understand in the light of what she knows now? "Cries Unheard" hasn't even a vague familial resemblance to a "true crime" story; instead, it is a profoundly philosophical and reflective psychological study of culpability and innocence, conscience and redemption.

Throughout, the tragic narrative of damage and misunderstanding is interrupted by interviews and encounters in which the adult Mary fearfully inches toward the truth of what she did and of what was done to her. Sereny writes:

> She invariably lost control of her emotions when trying to talk about the actual killings. In the early weeks of our talks, her distress at these disclosures would be so intense that I sometimes became afraid for her and urged her to lie down and rest or even to go home. . . . Her recovery from these terrible bouts of grief, however, was astoundingly quick, and at first these rapid emotional shifts raised doubts in me. After a while, though, I came to realize that they were part of the internal pattern that governs all of her feelings and her conduct. She has an exceptional range of opposing needs, all of which are constantly acute: her needs for disclosure and for hiding, for sociability and isolation, for talking and for silence, for laughing and for

BRIEFLY NOTED

MISS NOBODY, by Tomek Tryzna; translated from the Polish by Joanna Trzeciak (Doubleday; $23). When Marysia Kawczak, a teen-age girl from the provinces, moves to the city of Walbrzych, in southwestern Poland, two competing demons—that is, two girls at her new school who are more sophisticated in cruelty and drama than she is—begin to vie for her soul. The force of this first novel lies in a simple, strong voice telling a complex tale of betrayal and confusion. Tryzna, a filmmaker, also has a talent for arresting images, and you can see why the great Polish director Andrzej Wajda has already made the book into a film.

THE WORLD AND OTHER PLACES, by Jeanette Winterson (Knopf; $22). Winterson's stories are controlled experiments in which diametrically opposed characters are brought together to dynamic—if sometimes overwrought—effect: hubristic Orion rapes the fierce feminist Artemis; an imperious painter named Picasso, who is going through her Blue Period, baptizes her childlike lover Sappho. Yet, despite this dichotomous framework, the author's surreal imagination lifts her prose to a level of whimsy that feels anything but formulaic—as when she muses, "Who are they with fish and starfish in their hair?"

CARTER CLAY, by Elizabeth Evans (HarperFlamingo; $24). Carter Clay, Vietnam veteran and relapsed alcoholic, drives his van off a Florida highway and into an Arizona family, killing a paleontologist named Joe Alitz, leaving his wife, Katherine, brain-damaged, and crippling their precocious twelve-year-old daughter, Jersey. Clay, concealing his role in the accident, becomes Katherine's caretaker, and Jersey finds herself trapped in the shadowy world of his hope for their physical and spiritual redemption—and his own as well. While Evans's satiric, nervy tone is not always persuasive, her portrait of Jersey's growing isolation drives the novel to a nuanced close.

INCUBUS, by Ann Arensberg (Knopf; $24). Though the engaging inhabitants of this lurid gothic tale are not in search of an author (Arensberg's gifts recall those of Jane Smiley), they may be looking for ways to escape from the plot. When Dry Falls, Maine, is possessed by an evil spirit, it's business as usual: withered crops, two-headed calves, local women with sexy heebie-jeebies. But Cora Whitman, who narrates the tale, is testament to the author's better judgment: her calm, bemused voice never wavers.

HOUSE OF SAND AND FOG, by Andre Dubus III (Norton; $24.95). When Kathy Nicolo's bungalow is mistakenly auctioned out from under her by the San Mateo County tax office, Les Burdon, a cop who falls for her during the eviction, decides, Rambo style, to get the place back from its new owner, an Iranian exile who is a former colonel in the Shah's Army. It's clear from the start that we're heading for a mess; what makes the book memorable is Dubus's affecting, subtle portrait of two hostile but equally fragile camps.

crying. Only one thing overrides them all: the discipline she has created inside herself in order to give her daughter a normal life.

Like many children, Sereny believes, Mary and Norma only dimly comprehended the finality of death. Mary says of Martin's killing, "I told him to put his hands on my throat and I put my hands on his. . . . Obviously, I must have been messed up inside, but I never associated it with the afterwards. . . . I think to me it was: 'You'll come around in time for tea.' " In addition, Mary and Norma were genuinely dumbfounded by the gap between the gritty realities of police custody and the glamorous fantasies of chase and escape they'd constructed from watching old Westerns and hearing about the latest high-profile bank heists. Sereny writes, "For children, for whom there is a wide separation between what they should know or are believed to know and what they do feel and understand, the evidence that proves their crimes, once obtained, should become almost irrelevant. The only thing that should count is human evidence—the answer to the question 'Why?' "

THE why in this instance is quite obviously Betty Bell, whose initial, instinctive response to her newborn daughter was "Take the thing away from me!" Early in the narrative, Sereny informs us that when Mary was between four and eight years old Betty subjected her to "one of the worst cases of child sexual abuse I have ever encountered." But, cannily, she waits almost until the book's end—until we have come to know Mary, to see her through Sereny's eyes, to recognize her strengths, compassion and humor—before disclosing the specifics of Betty's attempts to poison her and give her away, and of the appalling sexual uses to which Betty and her clients put the little girl. Our sympathy for Mary and our outrage at her mother are further intensified by the fact that Sereny reveals the full history of their catastrophic relationship immediately after the very different, and very moving, account of Mary's own labor and delivery: "Then they said, 'It's a little girl. You've got a little girl,' and I burst into tears and I held her and they said they had to take her away to clean her up. . . . And then they brought her back all swaddled and I held her to me . . . and I said, or I thought, 'Hello, I've been waiting a long time to see you.' "

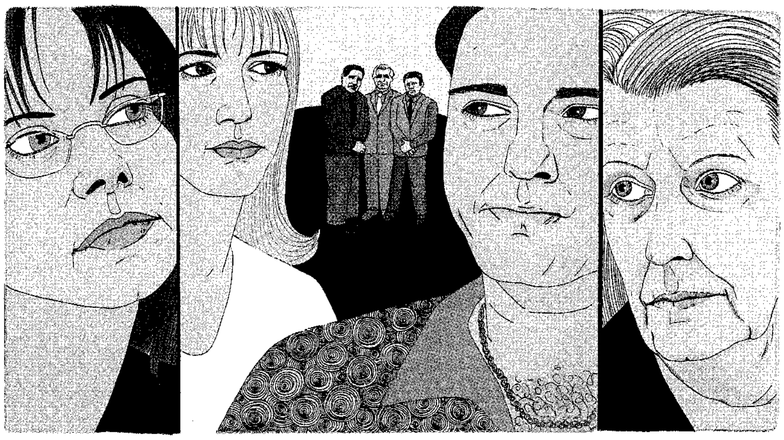
At a cultural moment when so much in our society—criminal defenses based on histories of childhood abuse, the growing popularity of the notion that past suffering absolves the perpetrator of moral responsibility—persuades us to blur or eradicate the line between sympathy and absolution, both Mary Bell and Gitta Sereny are fiercely meticulous in drawing and maintaining it. "Cries Unheard" reminds us that understanding and accountability can coexist, that we need not choose between them. While Mary's abysmal childhood helps explain her violence and her disassociation, it does not excuse her crimes. Thus, when Sereny asks Mary if she ever associated Martin Brown's death with a vicious physical fight that she had with her mother on the day of the murder, Mary recoils from what she interprets as an attempt to diminish her culpability: " 'I didn't ever want to say it. Not today either. . . . It sounds too much . . . too much like . . .' I waited. She couldn't, wouldn't say the word. 'Nothing can justify what I did,' she finally said. 'Nothing.' " Sereny assures us that Mary knows her guilt is permanent: "Nothing can remove it, nothing can allay her sadness for what she has done. But her dream—a modest one, I feel—is to work, to study, to live in peace with her family, to be allowed, as she puts it, 'to be normal.' . . . She allows herself no mitigation, and in her despair for an answer has repeatedly said, 'There are many unhappy, very disturbed kids out there who don't end up robbing families of their children.' "

Sereny's journalistic—and, one wants to say, spiritual—disposition serves her well in a project that is in itself an ethical minefield. Preëmptively, she raises the vexing moral questions even before they occur to the reader. "There has not been a day in the two years I have worked on [the book] when the families of the two little boys—who would now have been thirty-five and thirty-four years old—have not been in my mind. And there has not been a day, either, when I have not asked myself whether writing this book was the right thing to do . . . for Mary Bell, from whom, with great difficulty and agonizingly for her, I extracted her life, for the families of the children she killed, and for her own family, above all her child, who now *is* her life."

Regardless of her private apprehensions, Sereny is certain about her motives for writing the book. Around the time of the murders, Mary attacked other children, broke into a local preschool, ran away from home—behavior that might have broadcast her wish to be stopped or caught, if anyone had been paying attention or been qualified to interpret her behavior. "If Mary's painful disclosures of a suffering childhood and an appallingly mismanaged adolescence in detention succeed in prompting us . . . to detect children's distress, however well hidden, we might one day be able to prevent them from offending instead of inappropriately prosecuting and punishing them when they do."

Evidently, too, Sereny has weighed the implications of Mary's participation in the book—as have the British tabloids, which exploited the fact that the convicted killer was paid for her coöperation. Unrelenting media attention helped whip up the frenzied scandal that has greeted the book's publication in Great Britain. Reporters tracked Mary Bell to the house in which she was living with "Jim," her partner of many years, and her teenage daughter, who had been unaware of her mother's past until the press besieged them. (" 'I knew there was a secret,' the girl said. 'But Mum, why didn't you tell me? You were just a kid, younger than I am now.' ")

Such passages are extremely painful and troubling to read, but these harrowing, probing, and empathetic glimpses of her subjects' psyches and domestic intimacies are essential to Sereny's method, and for her purpose. They compel us to examine and deconstruct our received or simplistic notions of innocence and wrongdoing, and to confront the humanity of the very people we are most eager to despise and dismiss. In Gitta Sereny's competent hands, the faces of the guilty become distorting mirrors in which we are forced to acknowledge skewed but still recognizable versions of the faces we have seen, and lived with, all our lives. ◆



ON TELEVISION

THE HIT MAN'S BURDEN

The Old Country meets Prozac Nation on "The Sopranos."

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

ONE of the odder pop-culture coincidences in the last few months is the appearance in our nidst of both a movie and a TV series hat center on a Mafioso who seeks psychiatric treatment. Robert De Niro, in the novie comedy "Analyze This," is a career killer who has lost his nerve and cries all he time; in the HBO series "The Sopranos," which is now eleven-thirteenths of he way through its season, James Gandolfini plays a New Jersey Mob boss, Tony Soprano, whose trip to the therapeutic chair is occasioned by an overload of stress on the job (he's a "waste-management consultant"), at home, and in his elationship with his nightmarish mother. But "Analyze This" and "The Sopranos" don't actually have much in common, beyond perhaps implying that the best candidates for long-term therapy these days are people with access to a suitcase of ash. The De Niro movie sends up and einforces stereotypes, while "The Sopranos," which was created by David Chase, gives you something—almost oo many things—to think about. There has certainly never been anything like t on TV, and on network TV there never *could* be anything like it—it goes out on a limb that doesn't even exist at he networks. "The Sopranos" has become a phenomenon: the word of mouth ince it began has caused people to suddenly and urgently sign up for HBO after years of living contentedly without it.

Tony Soprano's sessions with Dr. Jennifer Melfi (Lorraine Bracco) are more than just a device for spicing up a genre that seems pretty well played out. They're essential to the show's very existence, like a pacemaker, and they also constitute an extraordinarily authentic-seeming depiction of what goes on between a psychotherapist and a patient, so much so that you're likely to find yourself caught up in a transference relationship of your own with Dr. Melfi. She dresses plainly, in order to appear professional, and you can tell she uses her face the same way—as an instrument of neutrality. But she is, after all, human, and it's fun to watch the inevitable leaks in her system: the involuntary little movements of her mouth and eyes, the fidgets, and the changes in posture in response to what Tony says. Tony initially resists the idea that therapy can work for him; when Dr. Melfi first mentions the word "depression," he's annoyed, because he thinks he knows what's next—he says, "Here we go. Here comes the Prozac." By the fourth episode, Tony is completely engaged in the process—and, yes, he is on Prozac, which seems to be helping him somewhat—and Dr. Melfi has, in classic fashion, entered his dreams. He hires someone to trail her and find out details of her personal life, and we're afraid for her (it's all too easy to imagine what a Mafia definition of "invasion of privacy" might involve), but we

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understand the impulse. We want to follow her around, too. In one scene, she's at a dinner party at the Sopranos' next-door neighbors' and goes to the bathroom to, it turns out, sneak a private peek at her patient's house. When she puts the toilet seat down and flushes (to give her trip to the loo the sound of legitimacy), we are fascinated to see that she doesn't touch the seat directly with her hand but uses a piece of toilet paper to hold it with. What does this tell us about her? Not much, or maybe nothing at all. But to us it seems like informational gold. And since we've witnessed this eruption of curiosity in Dr. Melfi, we're not completely surprised that, in a big professional lapse the next day, she tells her patient that she was at his neighbors' the night before. Of course, moments like these occur in real-life therapy—a therapist who doesn't make such mistakes is a retired therapist—and they only heighten the sessions' authentic feeling. So do the moments when Tony calls forth a slightly illicit conspiratorial response from the doctor. In one session, she asks Tony what the one thing is that his mother, his wife, and his daughter have in common, and he says, "They all break my balls." She can't suppress a laugh at his naughty-boy answer, and it's a moment of understanding and closeness for both of them. Her amusement shows Tony that she "gets" him, and it serves to widen the road on which they seem to be making some progress.

But what does it mean to say that we begin to understand Tony and have even come to sympathize with his problems? Is there a point to understanding that someone who's a lifelong criminal and brutal killer is not *just* a brutal killer? This conundrum is somehow embedded in every moment of the show. The brilliant writing (which is given its full due by the brilliant cast) illustrates many levels of self-awareness, and that quality is what both makes the show so profoundly entertaining and creates an ambivalence in you about the nature of the entertainment. And you have to wonder whether your understanding is even real, or just based on the fact that everyone now talks the same pop-culture talk. It's not just us and the show's writers who have copies of the Big Book of Mafia Movies. The characters have copies, too. One member of Tony's crew, who's played by Steve Van Zandt, entertains his fellow-soldiers with his rendition of Al Pacino's famous line from "Godfather III": "Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in." The local priest, when he's visiting Tony's wife, Carmela (Edie Falco), mentions that "Bobby D." was originally supposed to play the role of Jesus in "The Last Temptation of Christ," and then goes where every one of us has gone before—into an imitation of De Niro's immortal psycho in "Taxi Driver," but with a contextual twist: "You talking to me, Pilate? Well, you must be talking to me, 'cause I don't see nobody else here. Except Barabbas here."

But the cleverness of "The Sopranos" is never merely cute; the show doesn't spare us the ugliness of Mafia life. Some of the performances in particular bring out the terror that is always near the surface. Michael Imperioli, who plays Christopher, Tony's nephew, is like a factory-second stick of dynamite: you never know when he's going to blow up, you just know that he *is* going to blow up. And, in another instance of the show's deliberate ambiguousness, some of the most violent characters are also the funniest. When Christopher gets impatient while waiting in line at a fast-food joint in which all the other customers and all the workers are black, he calls out, "Whose fucking welfare check you gotta cash to get a burger around here? . . . Yo, hairnet central, what am I back here, Mark Fuhrman?" And Paulie, a hit man with a great ear, informs Tony that the job of killing a Latino man has been completed by saying, "Juan Valdez has been separated from his donkey."

At every turn, "The Sopranos" complicates our thinking about these characters, and never more so than when we see Tony at home with his family. Gandolfini and Falco together paint a wonderfully subtle portrait of a long marriage; they are inseparable partners and also, to some extent, enemies. It's not yet clear how or whether "The Sopranos" will come to terms with its own contradictions, though there's a hint of its baseline standards of right and wrong in the way that Tony's mother, Livia, is presented. She is, in short, a horrible person—mean, selfish, and manipulative (and she is played to monstrous perfection by, of all people, the stately Nancy Marchand). Her killer son—who is by definition and through no fault of his own a son of a bitch—seems redeemable by comparison. You can't help feeling that he deserves the help he's trying to get from Dr. Melfi; his work with her has, we know, already caused him to back off from one murder—and isn't that real progress? Doesn't it count for something? Getting to the answers isn't easy, but "The Sopranos" makes you feel that these questions are, at the very least, worth asking. ♦

DANCING

RELATIONSHIP COUNSELLING

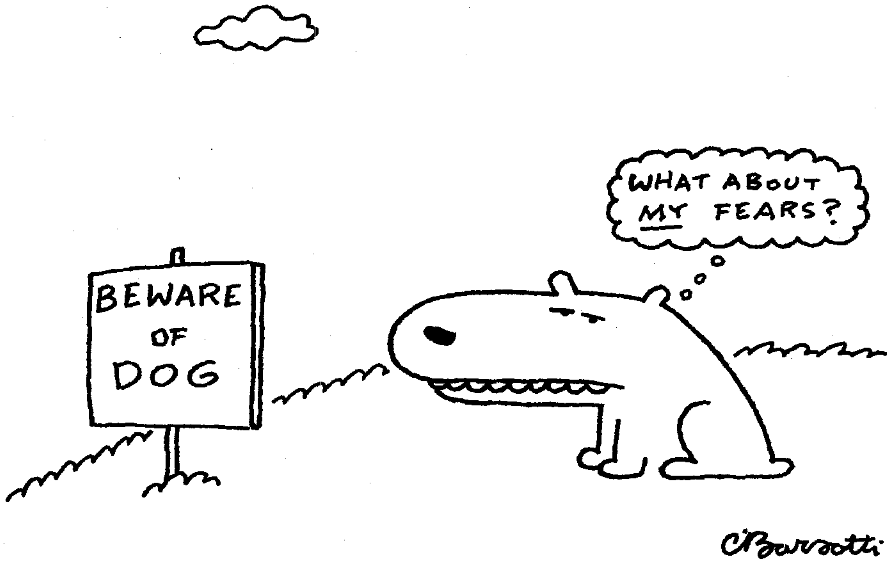
A fresh love bestirs Mark Morris.

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

THERE were a lot of raised eyebrows in the lobby of Boston's Wang Center a few weeks ago, after the première of Mark Morris's new piece, "The Argument." "What does this mean?" somebody asked. "Maybe he's in love," somebody else suggested. For Morris had finally made the thing he is famous for not making: a "relationship" dance.

Most ballets, and a lot of modern-dance pieces, are about love. Indeed, there's a whole subgenre—you could call it the Many Modes of Love—in which various male-female couples come out (the passionate couple, the warring couple, etc.) and dance their domestic dramas. Think of Jerome Robbins's "In the Night," or Twyla Tharp's "Nine Sinatra Songs." This is exactly the kind of piece that Morris does not produce. To start with, he's homosexual, and, while that didn't stop choreographers of preceding generations from producing male-female love

Yo-Yo Ma, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Mark Morris, who all take part in Morris's new couples dance, "The Argument." The choreographer opens up the genre with the emphatic rhythms and irregular accents of folk music. Photograph by Marc Hom.



dances, Morris is not of preceding generations. Once, explaining why he abandoned his early career as a ballet dancer, he said, "I got tired of pretending to be a straight guy in love with a ballerina."

But artistic considerations were probably more important. The relationship dance tends toward gestural realism, and Morris is not a realist. The woman punching her fists in the air to tell us how mean the man is, the man doing a "Whaddaya want?" (shoulders raised, palms out) to tell us how unreasonable the woman is—Morris would see this as acting, not dancing. Then, too, he has always been interested in other kinds of love. Morris got his basic training not just in ballet but in folk dance. Holding hands in a circle, dancing what the others were dancing—from this he learned generalized loves, village loves. Hence his beautiful group works of the eighties and nineties: "Gloria," "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," "Grand Duo." When he made a dance about couple love, it tended to be scabrous, or at least decidedly strange. In "One Charming Night" (1985), a little girl fell in love with a vampire and ran off with him, happily.

But Morris has grown older—he's forty-two now—and has looked around him, and he has finally made a dance about this widespread phenomenon, the male-female couple. In "The Argument," a woman punches her fists in the air; a man does "Whaddaya want?" As in other such pieces, the couples (there are three here) meet at the end, and mingle, but then return to their proper pairings: You are my destiny. This is going to set off some cheering in the hetero camp (Morris has been criticized for avoiding male-female love), and some annoyance, no doubt, in the homo camp.

But both sides should notice how much "The Argument" remains a Mark Morris dance. First of all, the scabrousness is not gone. All the couples are fighting. And underneath there's another argument going on, between the story and the score. The music, played onstage by Yo-Yo Ma on the cello and Ethan Iverson on the piano, is Schumann's "Five Pieces in Folk Style." Relationship dances are usually done to love songs or Chopin or something nice like that. Who in all the world would set a relationship dance to folk music, even art-folk music? Only Mark Morris, and not just because of his folk background but because of his need, in everything he makes, for a kind of tension, for difficulty.

In keeping with the Many Modes convention, the three pairs here do have different relationships. Whatever the first couple, Mikhail Baryshnikov (guest artist) and Marjorie Folkman, are arguing about, they have obviously been through it many times before. When she holds out a hand to him, he sees this even when his back is to her, and he goes to her. They will stay together, and she will be angry at him for the rest of her life. Folkman's expression of disgusted hauteur was simply perfect.

The second couple, Tina Fehlandt and Morris, are probably going to split up. In one moment, the saddest in the piece, she stands in front of him—he is embracing her—and she slowly drops into plié, out of his arms, and steps to the right. Then she thinks better of it and tries to move back into his arms, but the musical phrase keeps going, and so she keeps going, moving past him again. All this is done slowly, slowly: we watch the music pull them apart.

Ruth Davidson and Shawn Gannon are the comic, stormy-romance couple, the ones shaking their fists in the air. When they're not doing that, they're waltzing. They'll be O.K. once they have kids.

But while the couples are playing out these dramas, the folk qualities of the music—the uneven phrase lengths, the irregular accents, the emphatic rhythms—seize them, suck them into folk dance. Sometimes the folk ethos heightens the drama. In the Baryshnikov-Folkman duet, there's a little snapping phrase in the music that Folkman always answers with a little snapping bit of footwork: step, step, pull-back. Baryshnikov picks it up from her, and it becomes a kind of coded message between them—some secret words they know, always drawing them back together and also driving them crazy. Elsewhere, the folk rhythms crowd out the drama. "Forget this guy," Ruth Davidson seems to say as she punches the air for the third time. "I'd rather do this nice air-punching, to this fabulous beat." On still other occasions, the dancers resent the music. At one point, Folkman, thoroughly exasperated, charges at poor Yo-Yo Ma as if she were going to ram his bow down his throat. The courteous Ma pauses and stares at her. (This situation was not covered in his Juilliard training.) Folkman, one of the newer members of the company, was the star of the show, and to say that of a performance in which Baryshnikov and Morris were also dancing—wonderfully—is to say a lot.

"The Argument" is affecting in the regular way: it shows us our disorderly lives and dignifies them through art. But it is even more moving in its peculiar way, in its argument between the music and the narrative. With love songs, with Chopin, the human facts of the relationship dance tend to vanish into the convention. "Hey, that's love," we say, and sit back. With opposition, with folk music, the thing sticks in the throat, and gives us time to think: that maybe art is as interesting as "life," and that perhaps emotion is something ıore than just the blood on the floor. erhaps emotion is a kind of music, ɔo—rhythm, dynamics—and also a ramatization, an art work of the self.

It is no surprise that the musical ɔoice is the kernel of "The Argument." Iusic is the law of Morris's imagina- on. (He has said that he thinks music more interesting than dance.) But in ıother piece on the Boston program, Falling Down Stairs," the musical root ɔes even deeper. The project was suggested by Ma, who had the idea of :aming up with various other artists— ıe Kabuki actor Tamasaburo Bando, ıe ice dancers Torvill and Dean, even a arden designer—to do joint works ısed on Bach's six unaccompanied cello ıites. (The pieces, plus interviews about ıem, can be seen on the Sony Classical deo series "Yo-Yo Ma: Inspired by ach.") For the famous third suite, Ia chose Morris, and the resulting ance is a flat-out hymn to Bach and to ıusic. This goes beyond Morris's usual ıusic-mirroring, his habit of copying in ıe choreography the qualities of the :ore—repeats, variations, key changes. [ere the dance is physically contained y music. At one side of the stage sits Ia, playing the cello. At the back of the age is a staircase that looks very much ke a musical staff. When the perform- s dance on the stairs, they are *really* on ıe music.

Like Morris's other "music visualiza- ons," however, this one has a buried ory. Bach's work is *heilige deutsche unst*, and Morris hears the exalted ɔte. The dancers wear long velvet robes y Isaac Mizrahi) in stained-glass col- s. At the opening, they mass together, ms raised and tilted inward, to form hat looks like a single praying hand. his, it seems, could be one of those :arning-souls pieces from the thirties— "movement choir" by Mary Wigman, a ıggle of priestesses convened by Doris umphrey.

But, no, it couldn't. On the video, Iorris tells Ma that when he was start- g work on the piece he had a kind dream, or vision: "I couldn't get to eep. . . . I saw a horrible accident, which as, one of my dancers had a horrible ll down the stairs, so it was like exactly ah-nah-nah-nah' "—he mimes falling ith his fingers—"and then a little ickle of blood." The curious thing is at the dream was clearly not just frightening to him but also comical—a pratfall.

As the title indicates, the dream has gone into the dance. Near the opening, the dancers do fall down the stairs. Elsewhere, we keep encountering brutal little jollities. At one point, nine dancers do a marvellous hand dance, in which they start with the prayer motif but are soon doing dog paws; then they're flicking their hands as if to shake something icky off them. All this mixes strangely with the holiness, and yet the combination feels right. We seem to see not just the central, official metaphors in which we frame our griefs but also the less respectable corners of woe: the snigger, the banana peel.

For years, Morris was known in the press as the "bad boy" of dance. This was partly because of his offstage manners—he wore weird clothes, made smart-aleck remarks—but it was also because of his need for opposition, for mazurka versus love, for comedy versus sanctity. Today, the enfant-terrible business is less discussed, but it's not gone. "Is he still outrageous?" the reviewers ask plaintively. They liked him naughty and young. But what should have been recognized years ago was just how adult he was even then. The portrayal of the broadest possible range of experience, including opposition, is not the mark of a young artist. It's not what Keats did; it's what Tolstoy did. This is Morris's specialty. He is a modernist master, able to make a unity in art out of a confessed disunity in life, and it's good to have him around—a fresh specimen—at the end of modernism's century.

That quality is also, I believe, what makes him so popular. He simply tells people more about their lives than other choreographers do. How strange it was, in Boston, at a show that had no fun "angle"—no striptease, no "Nutcracker" sendup (though, admittedly, it had Mikhail Baryshnikov and Yo-Yo Ma)—to see almost four thousand spectators on the edge of their seats. For four performances, fourteen thousand tickets were sold. I don't know of another American choreographer who could do this. The same show—"The Argument," "Falling Down Stairs," and also "Rhymes with Silver," to Lou Harrison—will come to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which has two thousand seats, for one performance, on March 30th. It should be a good night for scalpers. ♦

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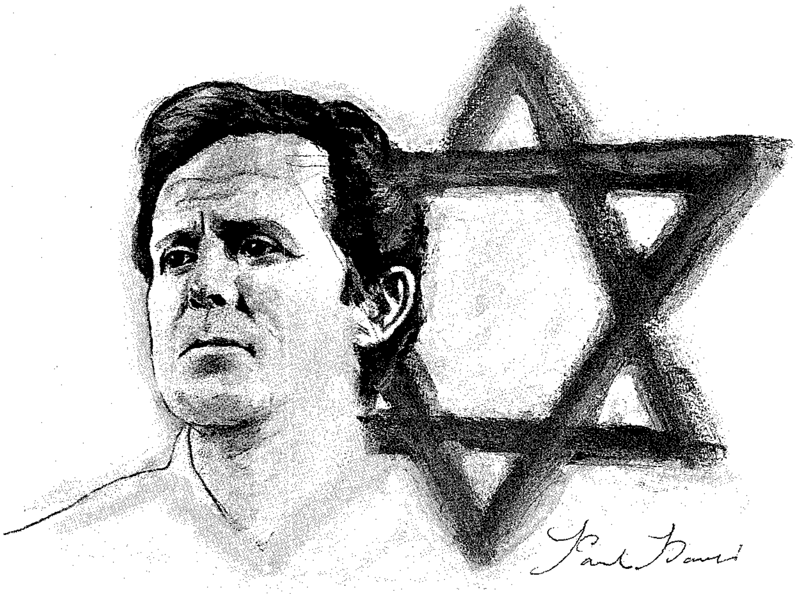
THE THEATRE

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PILGRIMAGE

An after-dinner talk about the Holy Land.

BY JOHN LAHR

"I USED to turn down all invitations to speak in public because I didn't want an audience to hear the tone of my voice," the British playwright David Hare says in his book of essays, "Writing Left-Handed" (1991). There has always been something prim and supercilious in Mr. Hare's public voice—a hint of the Head Boy—which he has never quite been able to shake. But a string of theatrical whoppers ("Skylight," "Amy's View," "The Blue Room") and a new knighthood (he's Sir David when he's not on Broadway) have emboldened Hare to take himself on the road, with the aid of the director Stephen Daldry, a master of the spectacular. In "Via Dolorosa," a lively monologue about his first trip to Israel, a couple of years ago, Hare enters from the exit door at the backstage wall of the Booth Theatre, passes over a rickety wooden bridge with iron pipes for rails, and stands before us on the raked wooden stage clasping his delicate hands together in front of him the way Jack Benny did, but without a whiff of Benny's sense of fun. Hare takes himself very seriously, and his gravity can always be counted on for some incidental hilarity; here, for instance, he compares his own birth with the birth of Israel. "For some time," he says, "my subject as a playwright has been faith. My subject is belief. And so it comes to seem appropriate—no, more than that, it comes to seem urgent—that the fifty-year-old British playwright should finally visit the fifty-year-old state."

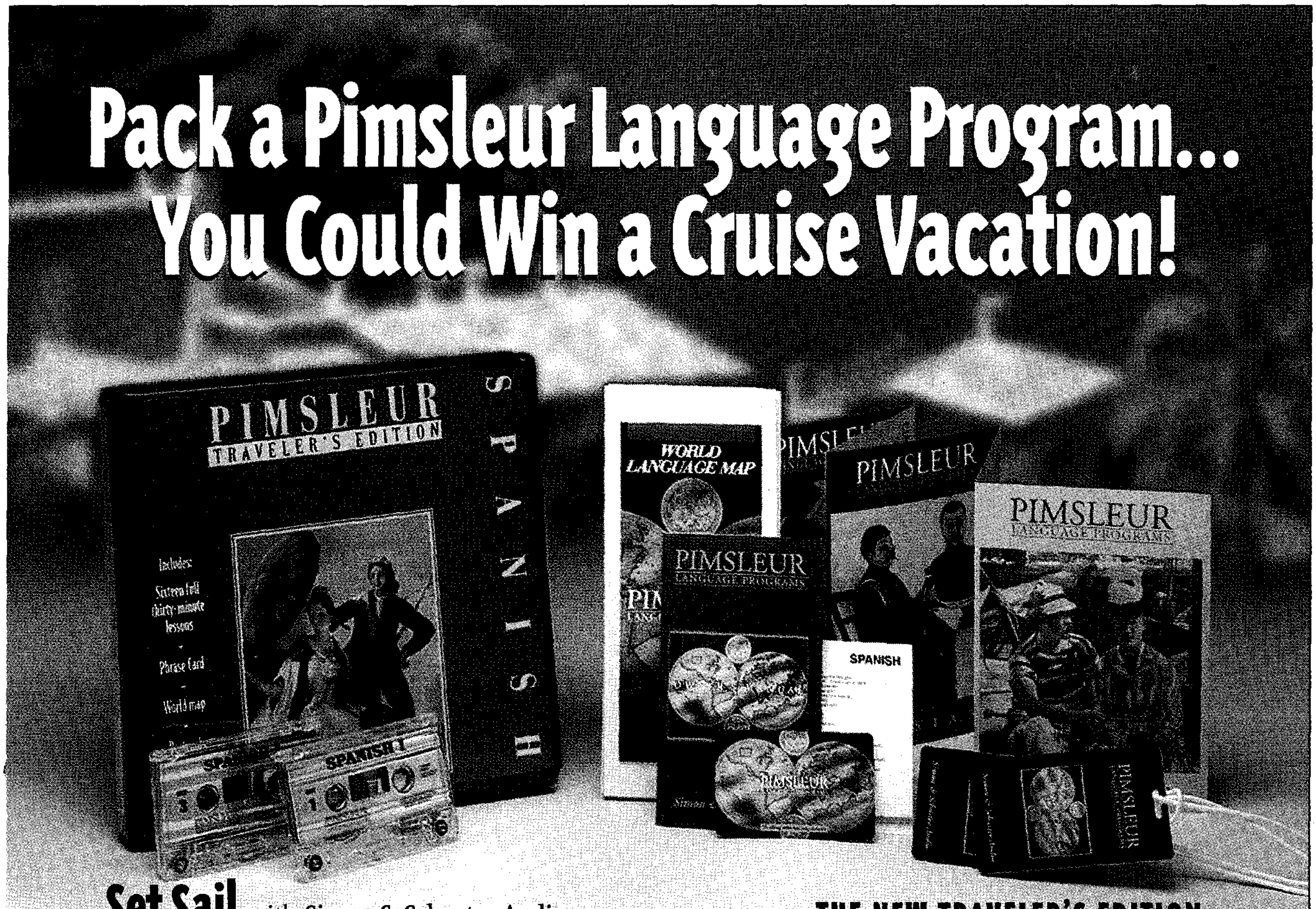


David Hare takes the stage and takes on the Middle East in "Via Dolorosa."

Ian MacNeil's set and Hare's simple costume of white shirt and black slacks are at pains to present the evening as one of earnest jerry-built modesty, but the project's grandiosity keeps seeping out around the edges. Hare tries to shrug off the chutzpah of the enterprise—his taking on the Middle Eastern problem as a Gentile day-tripper and his taking the stage—with his first breath. "Partly, of course, I just want to see what it's like. That's what I'm doing here," he says. His last acting experience, he tells us, was with Christopher Hampton in a school production of "A Man for All Seasons," when he was fifteen. He adds, "Since then, I've always tried to get Judi Dench to do this sort of thing." The line gets a knowin laugh and sets up a flattering collusio with the Broadway audience, whic basks in Hare's glib literacy. Just as i earlier eras of Broadway's history peopl paid to see curiosities like Geronimo i warrior headdress or Muhammad Ali i an Afro wig, the audience is queuing u to see a freakish endangered species: th successful boulevard playwright talkin about—well, whatever. Because hi monologue is about Israelis and Arabs Hare sees his journalism as activism; th advertisements and press announcement refer to the performance as a "play." I fact, it is neither. "Via Dolorosa" is somewhat overproduced ninety-minut after-dinner speech.

Hare is a better storyteller in prin than in person. Unlike Anna Deaver Smith's solo shows of sociological reportage or Wallace Shawn's ironic explorations of his interior, his colloqu doesn't really capture the characters h listens to. He's no mimic; he gets th shape of their ideas but no sense of thei souls. In contrast to the muscular authority of his words, his body, which is bit stiff in the shoulders and the hips gives him a strangely starchy, blocked uncoördinated presence. As in his plays everything in his persona is well worke out but inorganic. Hare wills himsel into animation: on cue, his hands go up t the heavens; on cue, he falls to his knee to kiss the stones of the Via Dolorosa on cue, he goes into a kind of St. Vitus' dance to signify the hubbub of contending sects sharing the Church of th Holy Sepulchre, which contains a ston that is thought to mark the spot wher Christ was crucified. "Seventy percen to the Greeks and the rest doled ou higgledy-piggledy between the Armenian Christians, the Coptic Christians the Latins, the Syrians and the Ethiopians," Hare says. As he hits the wor "Ethiopians," he gives a flick of his hips, a if he were the last man on a conga line He adds, "A people divided by a commo religion. Sects and the single Church.

Although the audience listens intently and seems to enjoy the intelligence of the evening, "Via Dolorosa does not shed any new light on th Arab-Israeli conflict. What the shov does bring is news of Hare's nostalgi for political mission and a sense of "th strife of the soul"—a phrase he picke up during his journey. The entropy o the London neighborhood of Hamp



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stead, where Hare lives, is both a blessing and a curse. "Sleeping houses, sleeping bodies, sleeping hearts," he says to himself in the taxi home after his adventure. "Passion receding up the broad tree-lined avenues." In contrast, Hare loves the noisy adamancy in the drama of Israeli daily life, and he reports it well: "In a single day, says an Israeli friend, he experiences events and emotions that would keep a Swede going for a year." Hare goes to the settlements, to the Knesset, to the Wailing Wall, to the Gaza Strip, and even to Arafat's house (where he doesn't interview the P.L.O. leader but surveys the tanks that protect him). All the while, argument—what he calls the Jews' "necessary dramatization"—fills the air. The endless contention comes out of the contradiction within the Zionist movement between the ideal and the real: the need, after centuries of injustice, to create an exemplary and just state, and to establish a normal existence after centuries of life distorted by anti-Semitism. Hare, who relishes the disputes, finds himself at times worn down by them, especially by the penchant of the religious Jew for using "the Bible not as a historical story, but as a contemporary operations manual." He says, "At lunch I try to avoid trigger words like 'Rabin' or 'Bible.' " He goes on, "Can we please stop *shouting* for a moment?—arguing about whether a girl of three can, or cannot, carry forty buckets to water her camels."

Pro-Palestinians will not be too happy with "Via Dolorosa," which doesn't really put forth the Palestinian case. In an interview in the forthcoming issue of the *Lincoln Center Theater Review*, Hare remarks, "One Palestinian said to me, 'Our international profile is so low that I don't care what you say about us. Just to hear the word 'Palestine' on a Western stage is, in itself, a huge cultural advance.' " But Hare's description of "the passage into Gaza" is perhaps his most memorable piece of narration. "One writer has said that driving from Israel into the Gaza Strip is like driving from California into Bangladesh," he says. "You become so used to the broad highways and the easy sensuality of Israel that it is the sight of dust, sudden dust, an unholy big brown storm of pure dirt, nothing else, which alerts you to the fact that you are about to enter a society where people earn precisely eight percent of what their opposite numbers earn in Israel." He goes on, "Dusk comes down and we have stepped back sixty years."

Hare is always eloquent and always vivid, and is always trying to get to his heart through the analytic power of his head. The production seems to sense this strain: just as he's winding up his evening, with a description of walking Jerusalem's Via Dolorosa, which follows the Stations of the Cross, the backcloth behind him is rolled up to reveal a panoramic vista of the gold-topped Dome of the Rock monument and the terra-cotta rooftops of Jerusalem. It's a kitsch glimpse of piety which lasts longer than the glimpse of Nicole Kidman's backside in "The Blue Room," but the craven impulse is the same. This little visual coup de théâtre, which is meant to give the Broadway audience a bigger bang for its buck, is the answer to the moral conundrum Hare poses about the sanctity of soil vs. psyche at the end of his Israeli visit. "Are we where we live, or are we what we think? What matters? Stones or ideas?" Hare asks. As he knows all too well, the answer is stones. ♦

MUSICAL EVENTS

THE CHOSEN

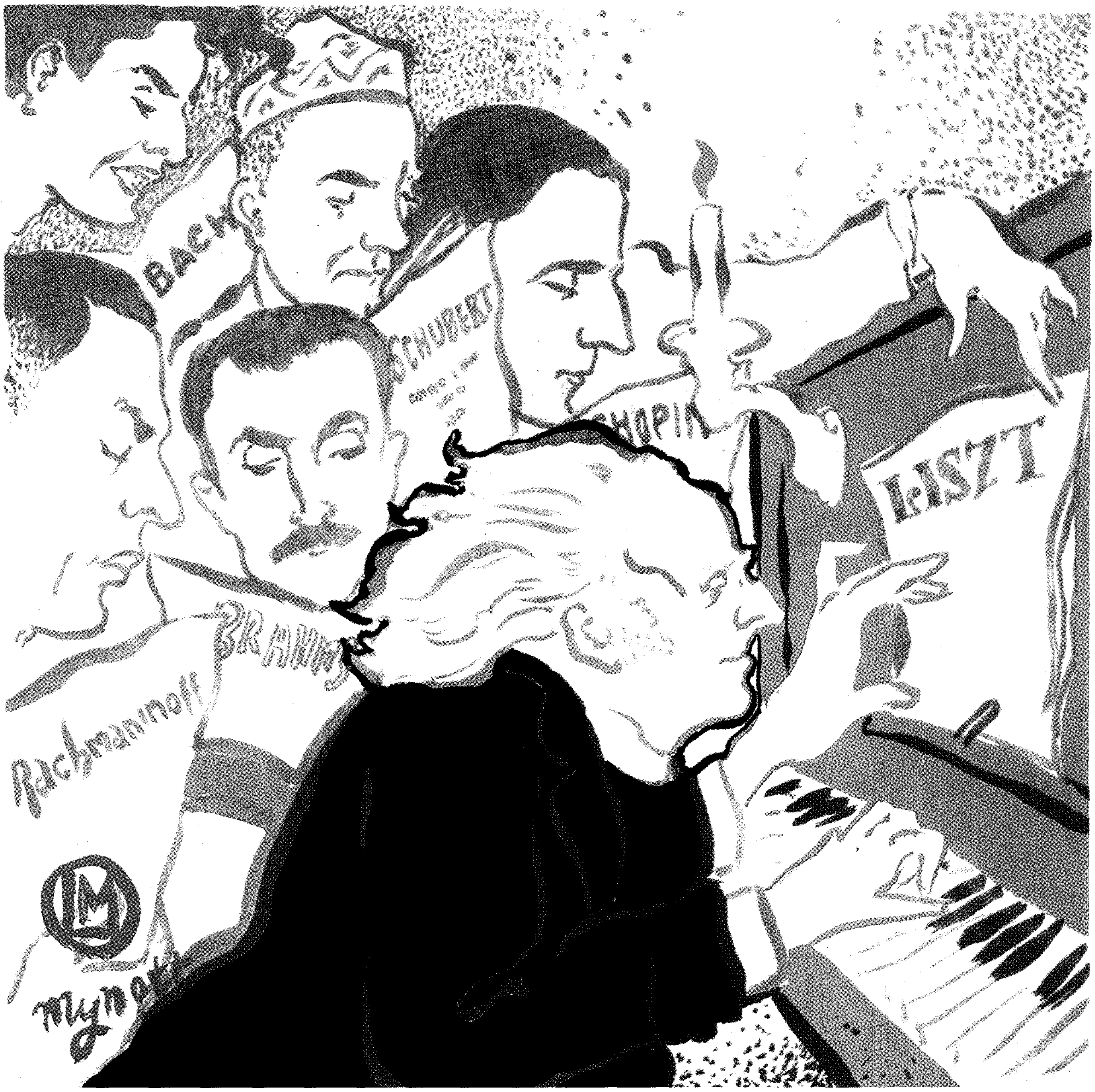
A new Who's Who of great pianists.

BY ALEX ROSS

I HAVE in front of me, all around me, and in little piles at my feet a hundred or so CDs in a series on the Philips label entitled "Great Pianists of the Twentieth Century." I'm a little flummoxed by this largesse—and suspicious of it. The first question to be asked about such mammoth projects is not whether they're any good but whether anyone can afford them. Critics who write about CDs sometimes forget that other people don't get them free. The listening experience is more anxious when you pay good money for a CD: you agonize, you winnow five choices down to one, and if you don't like it you feel betrayed. Critics may listen to the same CD, not care for it, and still feel obligated to call it "a worthy addition to the discography." Certain reviews read like hasty thank-you notes to the record companies.

The "Great Pianists" series, fortunately, is not a jumbo boxed set but a series of mid-priced, two-CD albums. About half the series has been released, and it will ultimately come to a hundred volumes. It invites the usual exercises in list-making—the "top five" or "top ten" pianists of all time. But piano-playing is such a peculiarly personal experience, both for the player and for the listener, that idiosyncratic crushes and grudges will disrupt any attempt at a hierarchy. Pianists are too strange a species to be classified. All last month at the Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center was showing a fascinating series of films of virtuoso pianists in action, and you could sense their lonely intensity as they sat down at the keyboard and were pulled into another world. One can lose oneself in that orchestra under the fingers, and the stories of the great pianists are full of eccentricities, breakdowns, silences, burnouts. "I don't like myself," Sviatoslav Richter murmurs at the end of a new documentary, "Richter: The Enigma." Sometimes it is also difficult for us to like them: they give us the music and also take it away, making it their own.

Piano mavens can quibble endlessly over the Philips list of seventy-three greats. Where are Egon Petri, Percy Grainger, Mieczyslaw Horszowski? Where are Horszowski's American pupils, Richard Goode and Peter Serkin? Certain European names may mystify those who don't dine out on the European festival circuit. Why was the classical and jazz pianist Friedrich Gulda



Singing along with Franz Liszt: clockwise from left, Rachmaninoff, Gould, Richter, Cortot, and Arrau.

iven not one but two volumes? I sat hrough two hours of his fussy Debussy nd was no wiser. The liner notes add o the Eurocentric tone, often erupting nto the sort of fan-club chatter that asses for music criticism in some overeas publications. (Peter Cossé on Aled Brendel: "Innumerable music-lovers we it to him and to his tireless workng that they have been transported inumerable times into a state of fantasic illumination.") And why the grudge gainst Schubert? Many pianists who ecorded his sonatas—Schnabel, Richer, Arrau, Curzon, Brendel, Schiff—on't play them here. Still, the series, hich is the work of the producer Tom Deacon, shows considerable, almost fanatical care and knowledge.

The most immediately impressive volumes are those in which a player's personality swamps every piece on the program. The lord of them all is probably Rachmaninoff. Of the Slavic pianists who fill the twentieth-century pantheon, Horowitz may have produced more electricity and Paderewski more tears, but Rachmaninoff is the one who pins you in your chair with the force of his mind. Unfortunately, his thin discography can't give a full picture of him. Chopin's B-Flat Minor Sonata and Schumann's "Carnaval" are the only major pieces on the Rachmaninoff set, and miniatures set the tone. According to the notes, Rachmaninoff wanted to record Beethoven sonatas but RCA/Victor never let him. Perhaps it's just as well: living pianists shouldn't have such an immense shadow falling over them. Another matchless personality is Alfred Cortot, the French polymath, whose Chopin and Schumann are drenched in wit, swagger, songfulness, and style. In Chopin's C-Major Étude, cascades of notes disappear into simple, sweeping gestures, natural intakes and releases of breath. Each piece has its own manner, like a well-turned-out café character. The immediacy of the playing is helped along

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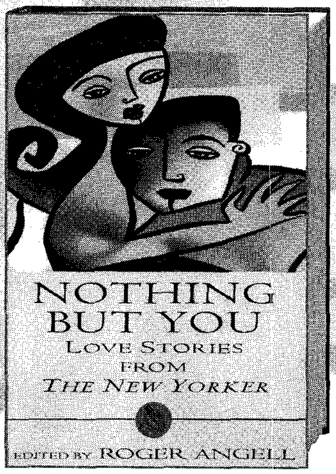

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by exceptional remastering. Cortot, like Rachmaninoff, addresses you as he plays.

Just as striking are the volumes in which personality is absent. There are pianists who project the music and pianists who merely present it; the second type attracts me more, and instead of naming another "big" presence—Lhévinne, Horowitz, Glenn Gould, Claudio Arrau—I'll single out Wilhelm Kempff, the German classicist, who had the ability to make you forget that he was playing at all. The Lincoln Center series included a film of Kempff playing Beethoven's Sonata Opus 90, with his head slightly tilted back: he looked for all the world like an elderly German music lover enjoying a recital by Wilhelm Kempff. This, of course, was just another pianistic sleight of hand. Kempff made all kinds of interpretive interventions, but the illusion of his disappearance was his greatest feat.

Another master of the unaffected was Walter Gieseking, whose hypnotically beautiful tone induces a state of stylistic forgetfulness: Debussy becomes Beethoven, Beethoven Debussy. As he plays the slow movement of the Beethoven Fourth, he presses the top note of each chord a split second early, and the line sings out as it does on no other recording. The "Great Pianists" collection should draw new admirers to Ivan Moravec, a Chopin player addicted to tonal perfection. Radu Lupu, whose volume is due shortly, never commits an ugly sound, and his rendition of the Brahms Intermezzos Opus 117 makes even Kempff's seem drab. But I also found surprises and revelations on the virtuoso side. Alexis Weissenberg belies his reputation as a faceless technician: the unholy precision of his Rachmaninoff and Prokofiev edges into icy beauty. Nelson Freire, the fifty-four-year-old Brazilian, brings an old-fashioned, devil-may-care attitude to a live recording of Schumann's Fantasy in C. And Martha Argerich couples her famously frenzy-inducing Ravel and Prokofiev concertos with some correct and vital Bach.

The pianist who broke down all categories, blending personality, virtuosity, and simplicity, was Sviatoslav Richter. He began his career as the most thunderous of Soviet pianists and ended as a messenger of late Schuber and late Beethoven. In the first of thre volumes devoted to him in the Philip series, he crashes magnificently throug "Pictures at an Exhibition"—a legendary, crummy-sounding 1958 recording from Bulgaria. It must have bee phenomenal for those who were luck enough to be living in Sofia in 1958 but for the rest of us it's like watching fantastic party through fogged-up windows. In the second volume—Beethoven recordings from various decades—Richter confines Romantic chaos t a classical frame. His hands were s strong that he didn't need to bang: h could press a lower key and make i boom like a Wagner tuba. He coul then shift without notice into a distan pianissimo, or hang on a note and liste to the echoes. At the end, in his Beethoven performances of 1991, his playing was all about sighs and silence. H seemed to be reading Beethoven backward from Schubert. (The omission o the Schubert sonatas from the Richte volumes is quite strange. Richter wa accused of taking liberties with Schubert, but some of his most dramatic effects came from a literal reading of th music. Richter refused to make Schubert cute, as previous pianists had don and some still do.)

And there was more to Richter tha the music. Bruno Monsaingeon's mesmerizing Richter documentary, whic was shown at the Walter Reade Theatr and is now on video, reveals a greatnes that was not just musical but moral You see it as Richter explains why h did not pursue conducting: "There ar two things I hate: analysis and power." You see it as Richter recalls a mandatory performance at Stalin's funeral, t which he travelled alone in a plan filled with huge wreaths. You see it a he rips into Herbert von Karajan, wh once cut short a recording session to attend to other obligations. "We hav something essential coming up," Karajan told him. "The photo!" As this unworldly man moves through the ceremonies of high culture, all the fakery i exposed. The main interviews, filme just before his death, are laced wit sadness: you sense missing pieces o his emotional life. Even so, you se his fundamental generosity of spiri It matches the openhearted, mysteriously happy tone that he brings to th second movement of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 111. Richter played not just the fact of the music but the dream of it—the will-o'-the-wisp that you chase when you play it yourself.

WHEN Richter died, in 1997, it was tempting to say that the last of the giants was gone. New York recitals this season haven't produced incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, but Richter did prove that a quasi-Lisztian career was still possible. Two recent recitals at Carnegie Hall gave ambiguous glimpses of the future. One was a Chopin program by Evgeny Kissin. It was brilliant but boring. The gestures of the grand style were in place—the left hand coming in just before the right, like antique clockwork—but there was no personality driving them. Kissin reminds me of one of those high-tech reproducing pianos that can summon the approximate ghost of Rachmaninoff from a piano roll. I admired much more the Carnegie début of the young Norwegian Leif Ove Andsnes, who played a demanding program of Liszt (his Ballade No. 2 and "Dante" Sonata), Nielsen (his craggy Chaconne), and Schumann (his F-Sharp Minor Sonata). Andsnes, like Kissin, went in for relentless precision, but he added a spell of warmth in the "Aria" movement of the Schumann sonata, suggesting that his technique will relax once he is over the hurdles of a young career. You could sense the workings of his mind as he played. On this night, unsurprisingly, his mind was tense. ◆

THE CURRENT CINEMA

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

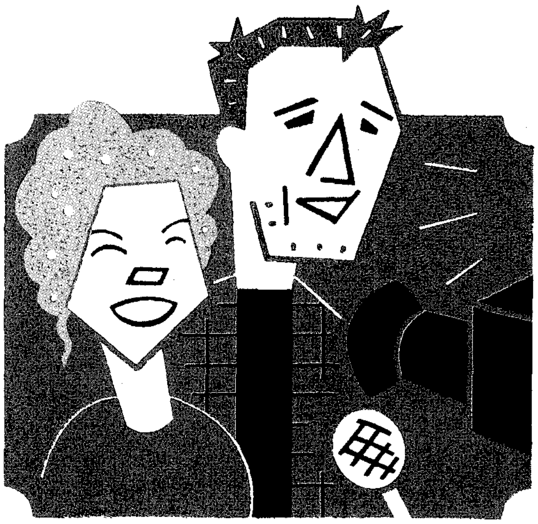
"EDtv" dives into the trashfest.

BY DAVID DENBY

SOUND
SCENE
TAKE
1
2
3
PROD
Etc...

ON daytime TV, men and women accuse one another of fornicating with their sisters, their cousins, their pet alligators; it's a good bet that the eager "talent" on the trash TV shows would not be revealing their secrets, and tearing one another apart, if the cameras weren't egging them on. Media ruthlessness and the lust for fame have joined together and created a thriving new market for privacy as an easily disposable commodity. To become a celebrity, you don't have to do anything, or even be anything. You merely have to offer your screwed-up behavior for the audience to identify with or howl at. Your reward is an immediate end to the unbearable condition of anonymity—for a day, a week, or, maybe, if you're lucky, a month.

Journalists are probably the last people in the world who should moralize about such issues: some of us chew over people's private lives in print, and all of us seek fame in one way or another. Filmmakers may not have much to say about the subject, either. "EDtv," Ron Howard's latest movie, from a screenplay by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, pokes fun at media cynicism and the desire for fame, but "EDtv" doesn't feel quite fresh or necessary—it tells us what we already know instead of taking us deeper, and in certain ways the movie actively participates in what it pretends to deplore. At a fading cable channel, two rancidly intelligent executives (Rob Reiner and Ellen DeGeneres) decide to juice their ratings by creating a new concept. They hold a contest, choose an appealing guy, and put him on the air, live, twenty-four hours a day. Their victim, one Ed Pekurny (Matthew McConaughey), is a video-store clerk in San Francisco, thirty-one years old and going nowhere. Ed is meant to be a prime specimen of democratic man—physically splendid, full of life, but ordinary in his talents and dreams. The cameras follow him everywhere, attending dutifully—it is a contemporary equivalent of Louis XIV's *lever*—as he wakes in the morning, stretches, and lazily reaches into his sweatpants to scratch his privates.



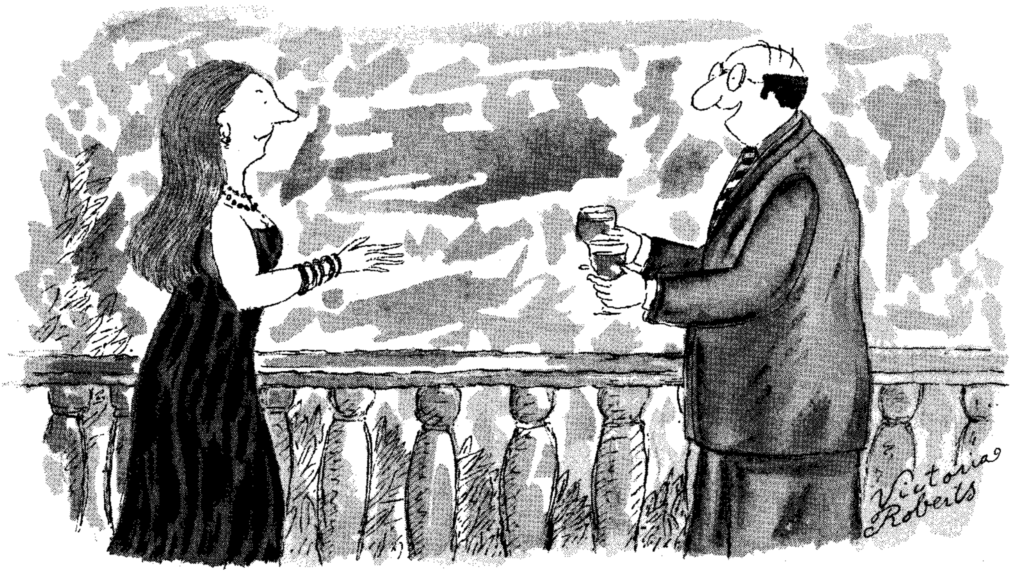
Daily soap: a guy of no distinction and his brother's girl.

"EDtv" does not have the metaphysical overtones of "The Truman Show"; it's meant to be gritty and real, a very slight exaggeration of the way we live now. One of the oddities of "The Truman Show" was that the movie never came close to letting us see the kind of material that actually glues people to television. Why would anyone spend hours every day watching Truman get up, get dressed, say hello to his co-workers, go home, and have dinner? The behavior that the whole world was alleged to have been obsessed with was much too bland to obsess anyone. In "EDtv," by contrast, the show that becomes Ed's life is very much like a soap opera. He quickly falls in love with the girl (Jenna Elfman) who happens to be going out with his loudmouth brother (Woody Harrelson); they kiss on the air, begin an affair, and the whole world applauds. The cameras push everything along: Too naïve to keep his mouth shut, Ed forces the secrets of his mom's marriage to come popping out of the closet, and the whole world enjoys that, too. Ed's face gets plastered on the sides of buses, and beautiful women who want to be famous drop dead at his feet. Overnight, democratic man relinquishes his soul: he belongs utterly to the public. This shambling guy, unintelligent but decent, is a good role for Matthew McConaughey, who stood around posing in "A Time to Kill" and disappeared into his frock coat and chin feathers in "Amistad." McConaughey is at his best when he's loose and easy. In "EDtv," he dances and shouts; he burrows inside his sly Texas accent, and the gleam comes back into his eye.

Ron Howard pulls a lot out of McConaughey, and he captures the mechanics of the situation with great skill. The edges of the movie are alive—the crowds gathering around Ed are characterized with flair, and so are the TV watchers at home, or in college dorms or bowling alleys, rooting for Ed, judging his family and his girlfriend, living their own lives through his. But how are we meant to take all this? It's very hard to say. Howard doesn't seem appalled; on the contrary, he seems highly excited by the little fiction he has created. The movie has a boiling physical energy, an atmosphere of noisy hilarity. Ed clips his toenails and examines his own rump on camera; his brother is a roaring jerk. The characters are of no great distinction, including Ed's new girlfriend (though Jenna Elfman, her cheeks swollen with hurt, makes her touching). "EDtv" is very broadly conceived, and it never achieves any distance on what it shows us. How can you satirize the crassness of the public if you are making a crude populist movie at the same time? And how can you "expose" the cynicism of TV executives when your own thinking is manipulative and borderline cruel? Casually, the movie trashes some of the female characters in a way that isn't much different from the way daytime TV trashes everyone. Howard so thoroughly blunts the edge of his satire that after a while we may wonder if the movie is satire at all—if it isn't, in fact, a covert celebration of the enormous media debauch it is showing us. Inevitably, Ed rebels against his situation and struggles to find a way out, but by that time he seems less like a particular man than like a generic hero in a conventional story of redemption. In the end, Ron Howard flatters the audience: he tells us we would choose love and privacy over money and fame. Well, I'm not convinced by his optimism—at least, not by the way it's expressed in this movie. For all their skill as entertainers, Howard and his screenwriters aren't tough enough to take on the media monster that is devouring us all.

In recent years, Clint Eastwood's face has hardened into rock; the skin covering his strong torso is now wrinkled, his voice is hoarse and bodiless. Yet Eastwood, at sixty-eight, is a more forceful actor than he was twenty years ago. As his flesh has withered, his presence has come to seem less opaque, less stylized, and altogether more singular. Playing a newspaper reporter in "True Crime," he is obviously too old for the part and not right in style (Eastwood doesn't talk like a tough city reporter), but he still has an authority that few younger actors could match, and one gladly endures his assorted vanities. In contrast to, say, John Wayne, who nearly flattened the horses with excess poundage in his later years, Eastwood has never given way to coarse self-parody. On the contrary, the inexorable killer he used to play has deepened into a figure of considerable melancholy. In "True Crime," which Eastwood directed himself, his reporter—working on the city desk of the Oakland *Tribune*—is a heavy drinker temporarily on the wagon; he's a faithless man, irresponsible and selfish in a whole series of relations. Yet he's also a hero. Like the private-eye figure of the forties, Eastwood's reporter has given up on everything but the truth: he's a connoisseur of truth, and therefore a lonely and bitter fellow. The screenplay, by Larry Gross, Paul Brickman, and Stephen Schiff, based on Andrew Klavan's 1995 novel, mythicizes the reporter's deductive skills—his hunches are so accurate that he overturns a dubious conviction for murder in a single day—but one can still be moved by the romantic appeal of a fallible outsider, who uses his intuition and courage and doesn't fear the consequences.

As a director, Eastwood takes his time. He has cast a fine young African-American actor, Isaiah Washington, as a man who is about to be executed for a murder he didn't commit, and Eastwood fills in the details of the convict's family life with dignity and emotional power. (It's an unstressed irony that the man in prison is devoted to his family, while the free man can't sustain a relationship with anyone.) The newspaper scenes, on the other hand, are pitched for temperament and comedy, with James Woods popping his eyes and going over the top as a hyperaggressive editor. I don't much mind that: the convention of the irascible editor is one of the most productive and entertaining clichés in American cinema. "True Crime" might have been a minor classic if the last twenty minutes hadn't sent the movie flying off a cliff. Eastwood cuts back and forth between the reporter driving madly to the governor's mansion and the ongoing execution of the strapped-down prisoner. The suspense techniques are so obvious that they insult the audience; they turn an outstanding portrait of a lonely, brilliant shit into just another movie. ♦



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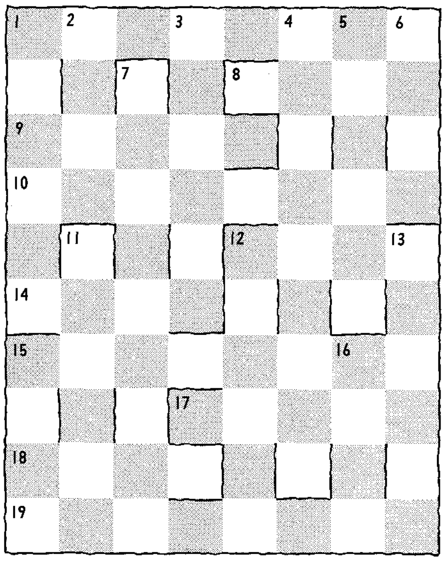

ACROSS

1 Discover yours truly invested in moneysaving item (4,4)
8 Low number that's raised to a power (4)
9 See you later in Buffalo hangout (5)
10 Elderly women carry out bets (8)
12 Passing border is proper (4)
14 Listener beginning to perceive Wild West gunfighter (4)
15 Jazz musician has put together gossip (8)
17 Hit man is in place (5)
18 Pronouncedly nasty appearance (4)
19 Norm cuts vegetables (8)

DOWN

1 Calder sculpted rocker (6)
2 Love endlessly dull city in Scandinavia (4)
3 Note somewhat stymies harpsichordist (1,5)
4 Suffering grips Australian city that's not dense at all (5-4)
5 Old man's title is "god" (6)
6 Overheard wildebeest's information (4)
7 Allow sports car user near one end of the stream (9)
11 First off, author Sheehy had raised flower (6)
12 Map can elaborate video game (6)
13 Mel's circling back to overnight accommodations (6)
15 Leader of military enters top bivouac (4)
16 Over tip of Africa, toward capital of Portugal (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 81 appears on page 93. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.

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BY MICK STEVENS

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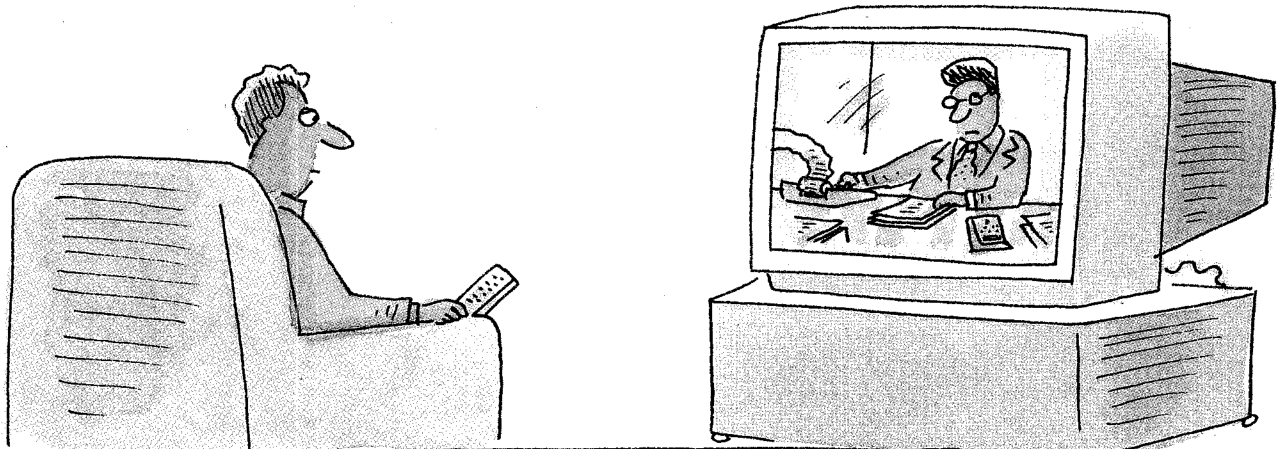

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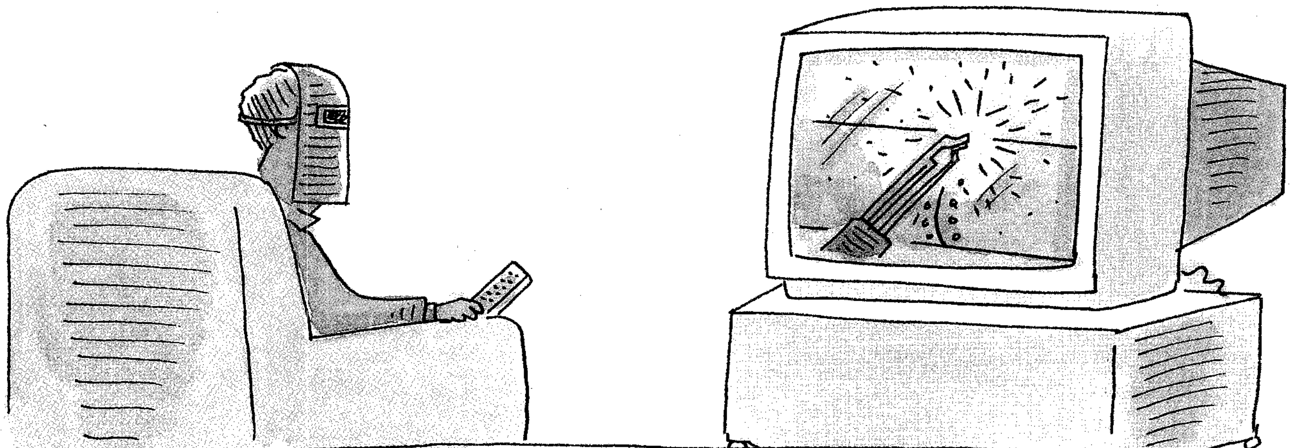

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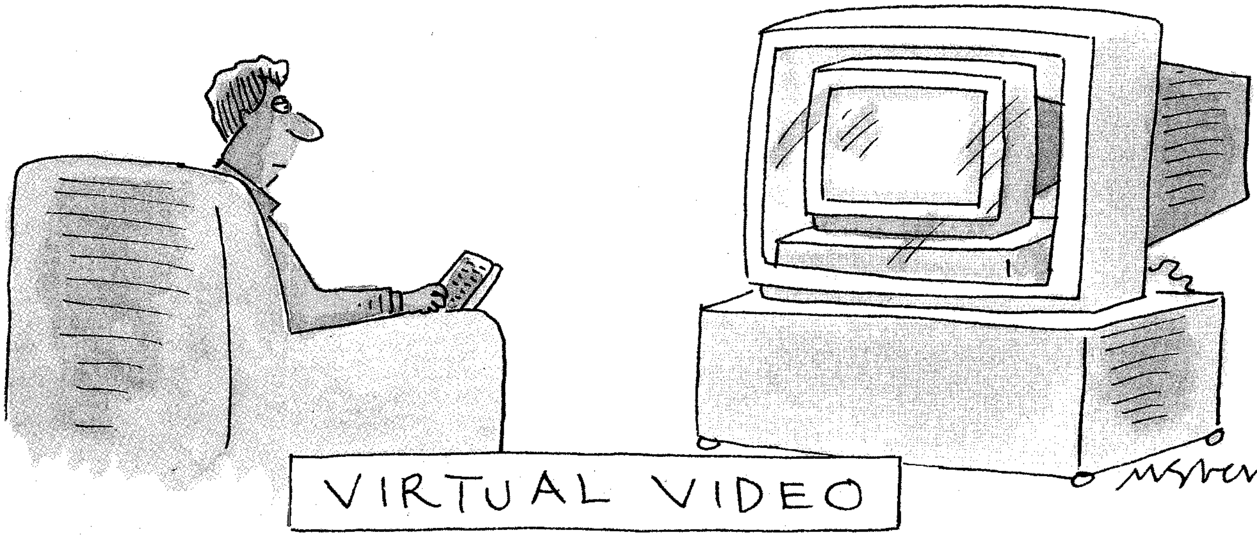

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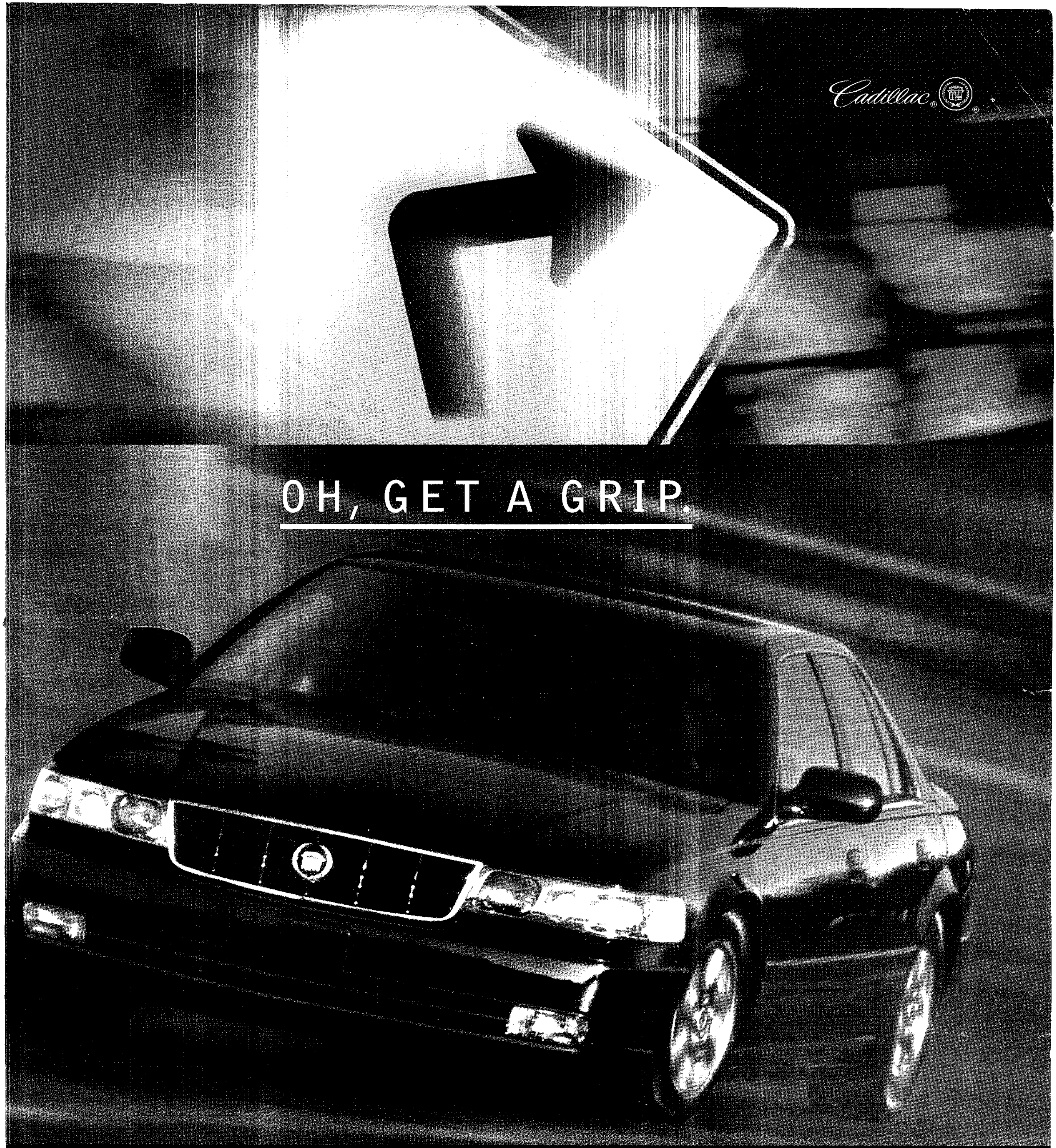

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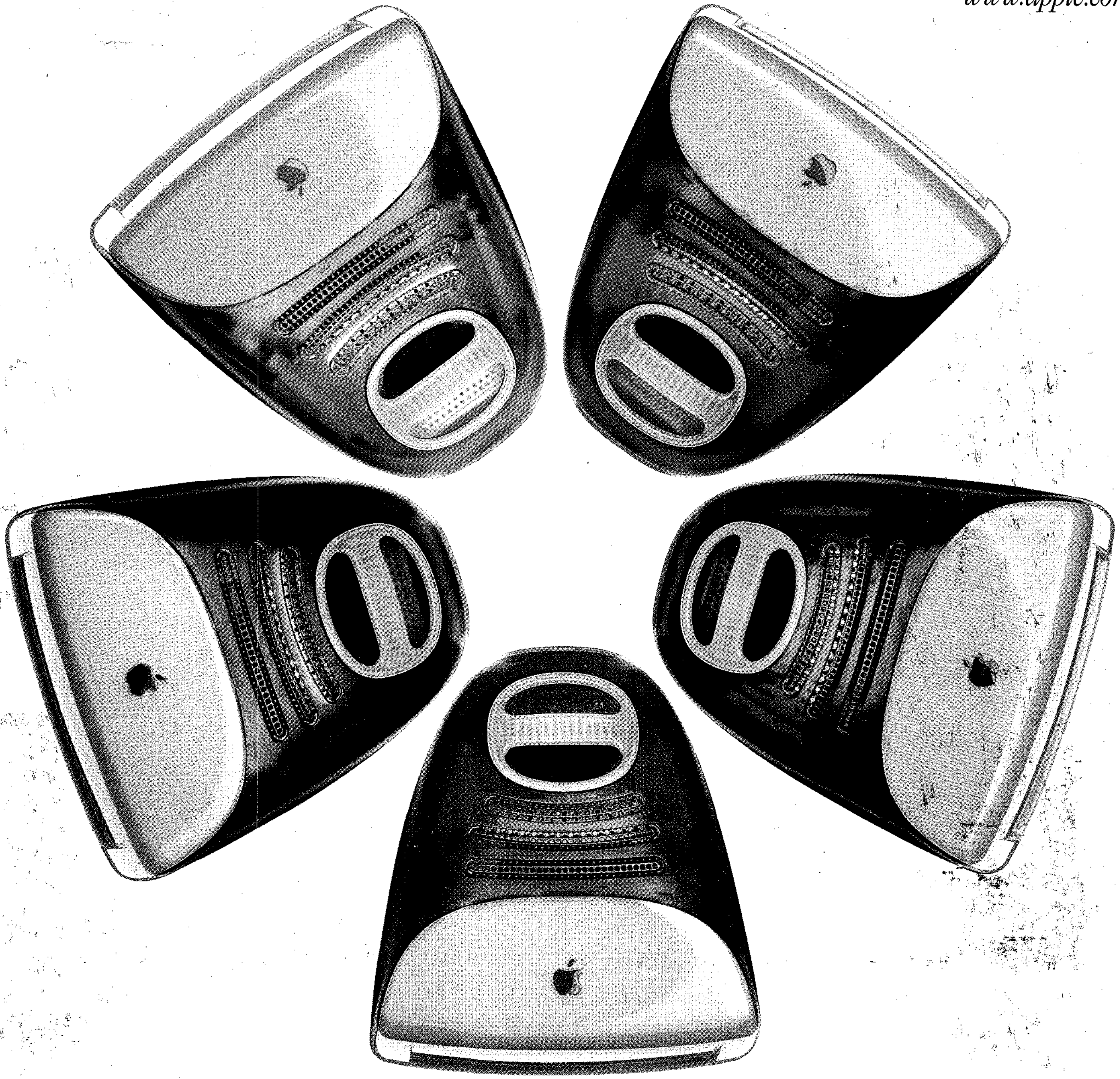

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